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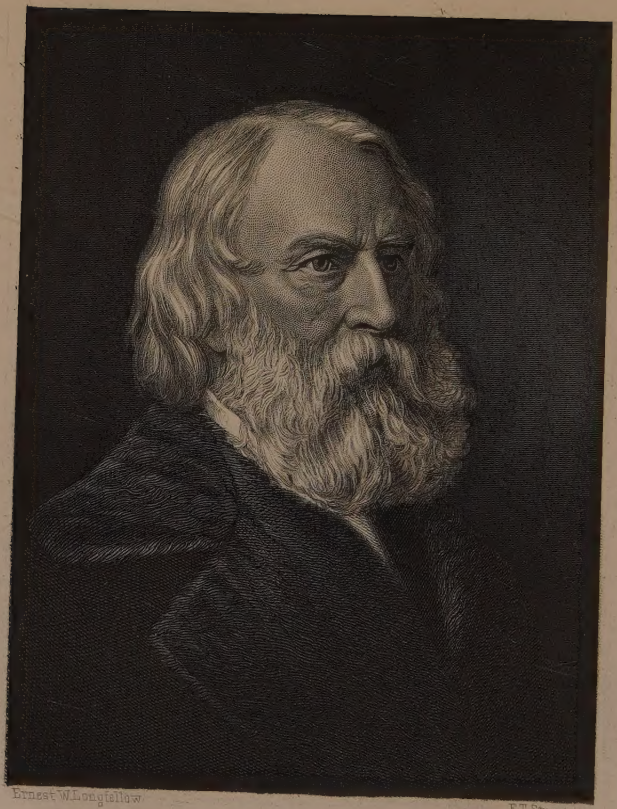
LIFE

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



Ernest W. Longfellow P.T. Stuart

Henry W. Longfellow

1878.

LIFE

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

EDITED BY

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION.

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CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	Marriage. — Correspondence. — Journal. 1843–1845	1
II.	Journal. 1846	29
III.	Evangeline. — Journal. 1847	70
IV.	Journal. 1848	105
V.	Journal. 1849	129
VI.	Journal. 1850	157
VII.	Journal. 1851	186
VIII.	Journal. 1852	214
IX.	Journal. 1853	231
X.	Journal and Letters. 1854	239
XI.	Journal and Letters. 1855	253
XII.	Journal and Letters. 1856	272
XIII.	Journal and Letters. 1857	291
XIV.	Journal and Letters. 1858	312
XV.	Journal and Letters. 1859	331
XVI.	Journal. 1860	349
XVII.	Journal and Letters. 1861	360
XVIII.	Journal and Letters. 1862	374

Chapter		Page
XIX.	Journal and Letters. 1863	390
XX.	Journal and Letters. 1864	399
XXI.	Journal and Letters. 1865	420
XXII.	Journal and Letters. 1867	432
XXIII.	Last Visit in Europe. 1868–1869	440
XXIV.	The Last Years. 1870–1881	453
XXV.	The Last Days. 1882	470

INDEX 477

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

PORTRAIT OF MR. LONGFELLOW. ENGRAVED BY F. T. STUART. FROM A PAINTING BY ERNEST LONGFELLOW, 1876 . . . . . *Frontispiece*

PORTRAIT OF MRS. LONGFELLOW. ETCHED BY S. A. SCHOFF. FROM A CRAYON BY S. W. ROWSE, 1859 336

PORTRAIT OF MR. LONGFELLOW. ETCHED BY S. A. SCHOFF. FROM A PAINTING BY G. P. A. HEALY, 1862 430

CARRIAGE ENTRANCE, CRAIGIE HOUSE (Vignette) . *Titlepage*

"THE CROSS OF SNOW" 373

FROM THE LINES, 'TO THE AVON' 460

THE LAST VERSE WRITTEN BY MR. LONGFELLOW . . 472

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHAPTER I.

MARRIAGE. — CORRESPONDENCE. — JOURNAL.

1843–1845.

Pleasantly situated as the "Smith Professor" was, in his delightful apartments, with congenial occupation, intellectual companionship, and attached friends, — there was yet something wanting, without which he found himself often unsatisfied and restless. He had known the happiness of domestic life, for which his nature was especially formed; he felt the need of a sympathy, not of friendship alone, but of more intimate affection. This want, fortunately, was not to remain longer unsupplied. In May of 1843 he wrote to a friend: "Of late my heart has quite turned my head out of doors. My correspondence suffers in consequence." In July he was married to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, the daughter of Mr. Nathan Appleton, an eminent and highly esteemed merchant of Boston. As will be remembered, he had first seen her, then a maiden of nineteen, in Switzerland, six years before. She was now a woman, of stately presence, of cultivated intellect,

and deep, though reserved, feeling. Her calm and quiet face wore habitually a look of seriousness, and then "at times seemed to make the very air bright with its smile."

After the marriage, which took place on the thirteenth of July, the first day of the college vacation, they spent a fortnight in the seclusion of the Craigie House rooms. Then they went on a filial visit to Portland, and to Nahant, where the Appletons spent their summers. And then came the longer wedding journey, to visit Mrs. Longfellow's relatives in Pittsfield, at "the old-fashioned country seat" under its poplars, in whose hall stood the "old clock upon the stairs," ready to give its benediction of "*Never — Forever*" to the past and future of their lives. On their way to Berkshire they made a long detour to the Catskill mountains. Through a part of this journey Mr. Sumner was their fellow-traveller; and some amusement was caused by their finding, when he met them at the station on setting out, that he had brought in his hand Bossuet's *Oraisons Funèbres;* certainly with no intention of presenting it as a warning mummy at the feast, a *memento mori* to chasten the new happiness. It was in this journey that, passing through Springfield, they visited the Arsenal. While Mr. Sumner was endeavoring to impress upon the attendant that the money expended upon these weapons of war would have been much better spent upon a great library, Mrs. Longfellow pleased her husband by remarking

how like an organ looked the ranged and shining gun-barrels which covered the walls from floor to ceiling, and suggesting what mournful music Death would bring from them. "We grew quite warlike against war," she wrote, "and I urged H. to write a peace poem." From this hint came 'The Arsenal at Springfield,' written some months later.

The vacation over, the Professor and his bride returned to Craigie House, which, with the grounds immediately adjoining, Mr. Appleton had purchased for them. He afterwards added the land across the street, reaching to the river; securing thus the open space, with the pleasant view of the winding Charles, the salt meadows, and the Brighton hills against the south-western sky.

A short time before his marriage Mr. Longfellow had overstrained his eyes, using them in the twilight. The trouble increased upon him; and it was not till a long time, and after using the severe remedies of a celebrated oculist, that they recovered their full serviceableness. So it happened that one of Mrs. Longfellow's first wifely duties became that of amanuensis. Nevertheless, he did not like to be idle; and in the autumn he accepted a proposal from Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, to edit a work on the Poets and Poetry of Europe, which grew into a large volume of nearly four hundred pages in double columns.[1]

[1] It contained specimens, in translation, of nearly four hundred poets of the European continent. It was published in 1845. A new edition, with a full supplement, appeared in 1871.

The infirmity of his eyes obliged him to call in the aid of his friend Mr. Felton, who prepared the greater part of the short biographical notices, sharing the *honorarium* as well as the labor. Mr. Longfellow furnished the various historical and critical "introductions," using sometimes material which he had already printed, and wrote a number of the translations.

We now turn back to the beginning of the year.

To his Father.

January 1, 1843.

I send you my most cordial and affectionate greetings; my most sincere wishes for a Happy New Year to all of you at home!

How do you like the Slavery Poems? I think they make an impression; I have received many letters about them, which I will send to you by the first good opportunity. Some persons regret that I should have written them, but for my own part I am glad of what I have done. My feelings prompted me, and my judgment approved, and still approves.

I have finished my lectures for the term, and have my examination to-morrow. The term, however, does not close before the middle of next week. I know not when I shall come to Portland, as I have a great many things on hand requiring immediate attention, and for which I must take the leisure of vacation.

In Graham's Magazine for January, I have a poem called 'The Belfry of Bruges,' which I should like to have you see. You will find it copied in the Daily Advertiser. In the next number is an *un*-likeness of me, reclining in an arm-chair, in a morning-gown, — a ridiculous caricature.

As soon as it was sent to me I wrote to Graham to have it suppressed, but too late; it was printed, and had cost him some five hundred dollars, and he was not willing to lose so much money. So he promises in some future number to have a good portrait engraved by a good artist; and thus the matter is left. You will be amused, and perhaps a little vexed afterward, when you see what a picture is distributed over the country, to the number of forty thousand, as my portrait.

From Lord Morpeth.

CASTLE HOWARD, January 2, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. LONGFELLOW, — Charles Sumner has sent me word that he could not send me any canvas-back ducks by the Columbia, but that he has sent me your Poems on Slavery, kindly addressed to me by yourself. I need not say how large a gainer I think myself by the substitution of the more ethereal food.

I have read the little volume with the greatest interest and pleasure. It is full of just and admirable feeling, most truthfully as well as beautifully expressed; and it has the only fault which an author may hear with perfect equanimity, — that there is not enough of it. The subject-matter is that which has more interest for me than any other, and which I am glad to think may still breathe through your poetry, though it can no longer inspire the prose of Channing.

I was very sorry to miss you, narrowly, on your last transit through London. I trust that your wanderings conferred on your health all the benefit you could wish. I must not hope that the same cause should bring you again within our latitudes, but there may well be some other. In the mean while I must wish that every happy influence may visit and inhabit, throughout the coming

year, that comfortable room to the left of the top of the stairs in that old house at Cambridge, which is consecrated in my memory by having given me shelter on the first night of my arrival in America, and also on the first of my more protracted and happy residence at Boston. You must let me convey through you to two fellow-sharers of your hospitality on that last occasion, Prescott and Sumner, my cordial wishes of a Happy New Year.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Longfellow,

Very sincerely yours,

MORPETH.

From John Forster.[1]

LONDON, January 3, 1843.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — It was a great pleasure to me to receive your friendly note and to know that you remember kindly the few happy days we had together here. I adjure you so to continue to remember them, and not to fail to let me hear from you as often as you can until we meet again. Thus we can shorten the long years and the weary distances that this world puts between friends.

The Poems on Slavery have not yet reached me. Heartily I thank you for having entered that field. Go on, with all our prayers!

Milnes, I told you, had gone to the East. He is on his way home again. How grieved he will be to find that he has missed you. If you see the next Examiner you will notice an Eastern scrap of his. I have others here, — some lines on the veritable Helicon and all its influence, down to

[1] Editor of the Examiner, and author of the Life of Dickens and many other biographies.

When new worlds for man to win
The Atlantic's riven waves disclose,
The wildernesses then begin
To blossom with the Grecian rose.

Which "Grecian rose" I swear to be Felton. How I envy you the intercourse with Felton! What a creature to love he is! How justly, and with what heart, he writes!

Then, not only are the poems missing, but, my dear Longfellow, the — ducks. Yet what would the real ducks have been to the imaginary ducks I have ever since been feasting on! To-day, for example, I have again ordered that brace to be served up on my solitary little table here; and in some hour or two hence, here will Dickens and myself be smacking our lips, and washing down their immortal flavor with that port you honored with your praise, in brimming bumpers in honor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

You will like Martin Chuzzlewit; and Felton will like him; and those of your set, I think, will like him. The idea you will recognize at once, and heartily applaud, — the exposure of Self in all its varieties. . . . Dickens would tell you of our trip to Cornwall and what a great success it was.

God bless you, my dear Longfellow.

With all affectionate wishes, most cordially yours,

JOHN FORSTER.

To George Lunt.

January 4, 1843.

I have been so busy for the last week, that I have not been able to answer your letter until now. I have, however, found time to read your Age of Gold; and am delighted with the elevated spirit it breathes, and the fine poetic passages which stud its pages, and particularly the

solemn and beautiful melodies of its close. I sympathize with you throughout. The theme is one which should be repeated and re-echoed from every good heart and true, through the whole country; for the country seems bent upon disgracing itself in every possible way. I say it with deep humiliation and grief, the American character seems often wanting in many of the more generous and lofty traits which ennoble humanity.

I am sorry you find so much to gainsay in my Poems on Slavery. I shall not argue the point with you, however, but will simply state to you my belief.

1. I believe slavery to be an unrighteous institution, based on the false maxim that Might makes Right.

2. I have great faith in doing what is righteous, and fear no evil consequences.

3. I believe that every one has a perfect right to express his opinion on the subject of Slavery as on every other thing; that every one ought so to do, until the public opinion of all Christendom shall penetrate into and change the hearts of the Southerners on this subject.

4. I would have no other *interference* than what is sanctioned by law.

5. I believe that where there is a *will* there is a *way*. When the whole country sincerely wishes to get rid of Slavery, it will readily find the means.

6. Let us, therefore, do all we can to bring about this *will*, in all gentleness and Christian charity.

And God speed the time!

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

January 6, 1843.

From this side of the great ocean, I send you my friendliest greetings, with my best and sincerest wishes for a Happy New Year to yourself and your dear wife.

I am now in my old rooms again. Close by me on the shelf of my book-case stands the portrait of Freiligrath, in a black walnut frame, and beside it "Charles Dickens, Esquire." On my left hand, the view of St. Goar given me by our worthy friend the Landrath. And now, surrounded by these reminiscences, let me take up the golden thread of my adventures where I last dropped it, that is to say, in London. I passed a very agreeable fortnight with Dickens. His whole household is a delightful one. At his table he brings together artists and authors,—such as Cruikshank, a very original genius; Maclise, the painter; Macready, the actor, etc., etc. I saw, likewise, Mr. Rogers; breakfasted and dined with him, and met at his table Thomas Campbell, and Moxon the publisher and sonneteer. Campbell's outward man disappointed me. He is small and shrunken, frost-nipped by unkindly age, and wears a foxy wig. But I liked his inward man exceedingly. He is simple, frank, cordial, and withal very sociable. Kenyon, Talfourd, Tennyson, Milnes, and many more whom I wanted to see, were out of town.

Taking reluctant leave of London, I went by railway to Bath, where I dined with Walter Savage Landor, a rather ferocious critic,—the author of five volumes of Imaginary Conversations. The next day brought me to Bristol, where I embarked in the Great Western steamer for New York. We sailed (or rather, paddled) out in the very teeth of a violent west wind, which blew for a week, —"*Frau die alte sass gekehrt rückwärts nach Osten*" with a vengeance. We had a very boisterous passage. I was not out of my berth more than twelve hours for the first twelve days. I was in the forward part of the vessel, where all the great waves struck and broke with voices of thunder. There, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote seven poems on Slavery; I meditated upon them in the stormy,

sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth, and there I lay on my back and soothed my soul with songs. I send you some copies.

My intimate friends Felton and Sumner were waiting for me in New York; and the day after landing we came back together to Cambridge, where I entered immediately on my college duties, and have been very busy ever since. And here I am again, as if the summer had been but a dream. I think of you very often, and look at your portrait and then at the picture of St. Goar; and see you pacing the wintry shore and "singing out into the dark night." Are you now in your new dwelling? Are you alone? Has H—— departed? Make my peace with her when you write, and say to her that on again beholding Bruges I saw my error, and now acknowledge that Nürnberg bears away the palm. I did the old town injustice.

By the first vessel to Rotterdam I shall send you a small box of books, magazines, etc., merely as specimens. In Graham's Magazine for February you will find a poem of mine, 'The Belfry of Bruges,' — the first of the travelling sketches we spoke about in the steamer on the Rhine. I mean to continue with Nürnberg, etc., as soon as I have time. I have been trying to translate some of your poems into English, but find them too difficult. Do not fail to send me some copies of the new edition, that I may give them to the lovers of German poetry here, and make you more known in the New World. Mrs. Howitt's translalation from the Swedish (or did she translate from a German version? I suspect she did; for she uses such expressions as "Fetch me the devil," which is very different from "Devil take me!") — this translation, The Neighbors, has been republished here, and is very much liked. It is printed as an extra number of The New

World, a newspaper, and sold for four groschen! In this form it will be scattered far and wide over the whole country. A handsomer and dearer edition is also in press. Again and again and again have I read to myself and others your *Nacht im Hafen*, — that wondrous, untranslatable poem. It meets universal applause. So does the *Blumen Rache*. When shall I be able to translate them?

January 10. A delicious, spring-like day. I am writing with open window, and wondering whether it is as warm with you. And now, dear old Hector, fare thee well! Write to me soon, as soon as possible; and know that I cherish your memory and that of your beloved and lovely wife most tenderly. Keep for me a warm corner by the fireside of your hearts, and think of me as ever your very sincere friend. I have just been gazing at your portrait with *considerable tenderness!* God bless you! Be true to yourself, and burn like a watch-fire afar off there in your Germany.

To his Father.

February 5, 1843.

The week after I left you I passed in Boston with the Ticknors. I had a pleasant visit. Mr. Cogswell was there also, but has gone back again to New York. I told him he ought first to go to Portland, to see his friends there; but he was too busy in Boston. I saw also my old friends the [A. H.] Everetts, who have returned again to Boston. Mr. Everett, you perhaps remember, has been for a year or two past president of a Southern college; the college has been burned down, and he has left. Adversity seems to pursue him.

I shall come again to Portland before long, — as soon as I accomplish some work which I have on hand. But

I find vacation a very bad time for working, and cannot bring my mind to bear upon anything with much power.

The long notice of my poems in the New York anti-slavery paper, which I sent you, was written by Mr. Jay, son of Judge Jay. The judge is now the great anti-slavery apostle, since Dr. Channing's death.

I have had very pleasant letters from Dickens and Lord Morpeth by the last steamer.

To Mrs. Andrews Norton (in New York).

March 21, 1843.

. . . For the last fortnight I have been in Boston but once. That was to dine with Mr. Ticknor, on Saturday. Mrs. Ticknor was unusually well and cheerful. She recommended one of the dishes as a successful attempt of the cook, — "quite a *coup*." Mr. ——, who was eating thereof, assented, and said, "Yes, it is what the French call a '*copper monkey*.'" All looked very wise, and no one comprehended. Mrs. T. contented herself with saying that she had never heard it called so. Now, what do you suppose he meant? By dint of hard study I have made it out to be a "*coup pas manqué*"! . . .

How different from this gossip is the divine Dante, with which I begin the morning! I write a few lines every day before breakfast. It is the first thing I do, — the morning prayer, the key-note of the day. . . . I really have but a few moments to devote to it daily; yet daily a stone, small or great, is laid upon the pile.

Hawthorne dines with me to-day. He has just published in the Pioneer a remarkable story called 'The Birth-mark.' If it falls in your way pray read it.

I heartily wish that the next person you meet in Broadway might be myself. It *may* be Dr. Howe, who is supposed to have gone in that direction, drawn by the

"religion of the place." Last evening, after the Faculty-meeting, I went up to Shady Hill with Felton. The Apthorps were there. A —— sang Spanish songs to his guitar. Mr. Norton, Felton, L——, and I joined in the concert by playing a sonata arranged for four hands, by Hoyle; a fine piece of music, with *trump-it obbligato*. Do you know it?

To his Father.

March 26, 1843.

The fifth edition of the Ballads goes to press in a few days, and The Spanish Student in a few weeks. From the latter I expect a good deal among a certain class of readers. Two hundred and fifty copies of each are to be printed for a London publisher, Edward Moxon, and to be published there.

Shall I send you the numbers of Dickens's new book, Chuzzlewit? I do not think it very amusing as yet, but it will no doubt grow better when he gets fully under way.

On Monday night there is a grand ball in Boston, — a subscription ball. I shall go, for the purpose of dancing with the elderly ladies, who I think are much more grateful for slight attentions than younger ones.

To George W. Greene.

August 21, 1843.

This is really too bad, — that you should have been at home [from Europe] for more than a fortnight without my having the slightest suspicion of it. I did not receive your letter till last night, on my return from an absence of more than a month. The only way to make all right is for you to come immediately to Cambridge, where a room is waiting for you with open arms, — that is, doors.

I write you but a short letter, because, as you perceive, I am obliged to write with the eyes and hand of another. It is the first time in my life that I have been troubled in this way, and I am afraid I do not submit to the dispensation with very exemplary patience.

This is Commencement week. To-morrow are the college performances, and on Thursday an oration by Hillard before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. I want you to hear this; but will my letter reach you in season?

I want to write you about my wife; but she refuses to record any of the fine things that I suggest.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

November 24, 1843.

At length I have received news from you. Your two most warm and friendly letters have arrived. The last came three weeks ago, by mail; the first, three days ago, by Mr. M——, who, being a clergyman, fulfilled the Scripture, making the last first and the first last. Right glad, indeed, was I to hear from you. The Landrath's long letter had previously given me some intimations of your doings at St. Goar, of the visitors you have had during the summer, and your merry evenings.

I am very sorry Mr. M—— should have been the first to announce to you my engagement, as I hoped and wished to do it with my own hand; but all summer long I have been deprived entirely of the use of my eyes by an affection of the nerves, and have naturally postponed all letter-writing to a more convenient season; which, alas, is slow in arriving, as I have not yet recovered any farther than to be able to sign my name.

But nevertheless, eyes or no eyes, engaged I was, and married I am, — I could see clearly enough for that. If I were writing with my own hand, I should indulge

in a little sentiment. But how could I make it flow through another's quill? We are living at my old lodgings in Cambridge. All literary occupation is, however, suspended; I am as idle as a lord, and have some idea of what a man's life must be who can neither read nor write. I have taken to planting trees, and other rural occupations; and am altogether rather a useless individual.

To be more particular, we have purchased an old mansion here, built before the Revolution, and occupied by Washington as his headquarters when the American army was in Cambridge. It is a fine old house, and I have a strong attachment to it, from having lived in it since I first came to Cambridge. With it there are five acres of land. Charles River winds through the meadows in front, and in the rear I yesterday planted an avenue of linden-trees, which already begin to be ten or twelve feet high. I have also planted some acorns.

As to intellectual matters, I have not done much since I left you. A half-dozen poems on Slavery, written at sea, and a translation of sixteen cantos of Dante, is all I have accomplished in that way. I agree with you entirely in what you say about translations. It is like running a ploughshare through the soil of one's mind; a thousand germs of thought start up (excuse this agricultural figure), which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground. Still, it sometimes seems to me like an excuse for being lazy, — like leaning on another man's shoulder.

I am just beginning the publication of a volume of specimens of foreign poetry, — being a selection of the best English translations from the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The object of the book is to bring together in one volume what is now scattered through a hundred, and not easily got at.

I shall write the introductions. Most of the translations, of course, will be by other hands.

What merry wags you are at St. Goar! I wish I could appear among you in my Huron dress, with my tomahawk and my "*Huh, huh, huh, der Muskokee.*" I would set fire to Ilium, carry off Helena, smoke the apothecary to death, — but I forget, *Ilium fuit;* you are now living in your own hired house, like St. Paul. From my heart of hearts I hope I may live to see you in it. Don't leave St. Goar, either for Berlin or any other *inn.* It is a delightful place, and you illustrate it and render it famous. When I see how much work you do, I am quite ashamed of my own idleness. In a city you could not, or would not, do half so much. Have you seen the translations from your poems in the Dublin University Magazine? They are not very literal, but exceedingly spirited, and excite a good deal of commendation from all readers. How remiss I have been in not translating from you for our reviews and magazines; but love and blindness, my dear friend, coming both together, were too much for me. We Hurons are proverbially idle, except in battle and the chase. By the way, your Muskokee translation is capital, as well as those from Tennyson. I am very glad you translated also the preface to the Ballads. Thanks to Simrock for his Macbeth. If there is a spare copy among the books I send you, pray forward it to him.

And so, my dear friend, farewell for the present. My kindest remembrances to your wife, and assure her from Mary Ashburton herself that I am wholly mistaken in my impression of her dislike to Germany [see Hyperion]; she only disliked the Hotel de Hollande in Mainz, where she was seven weeks under the hands of a pompous German doctor, and thereby defrauded of the sight of St. Goar and the rest of the Rhine! At all events, she is a great admirer of your poetry, and is already

disposed to be as true a friend of you and Ida as her husband is.

To his Father.

November 27, 1843.

I hoped ere this to be able to write to you with my own hand, but my eyes are still so bad that I cannot venture beyond signing my name. I therefore make pretty poor work of all my correspondence, and write as little as possible. I find it very awkward to dictate a letter and therefore trust to A. to tell you all about us. He will bring you a plan of the house and the adjoining grounds, and explain to you the projected improvements, which will not be very great for the present. I have been setting out a few trees, and trying to transplant some large elms to take the place of those destroyed by the canker-worms in front of the house. It is getting so late and cold in the season that I don't want to see a tree again till spring.

To his Father.

March 24, 1844.

I have recovered eyesight enough to write you a few lines, though I cannot venture on a long letter. I can now use my eyes an hour or two during the day, but have to be very careful; and with care I trust that by next autumn I shall be well again. A week or fortnight ago a bust of me by Brackett, not very good, was sent you. Did it arrive safely? We have not yet commenced repairing the house, but shall probably do so in April. Some of the Boston papers say we are going to have one room filled with old furniture, once belonging to General Washington; but we know nothing of this.

In the spring of 1844 Mrs. Longfellow wrote to Mr. Greene, in Rome: —

Now, thanks to Dr. Elliott, Henry's eyes begin to emerge from their long captivity, and he is able to use his pen a little, and read a good deal, — that is, comparatively. He has written lately some poems which his friends praise very enthusiastically. One upon Peace ['The Arsenal'] is my favorite and Sumner's, who intends to send it to Dr. Howe by this steamer. But H. himself thinks better of another, upon the ancient city of Nuremberg. This is not so spirit-stirring, or so likely to inspire high hopes of humanity, and is therefore less interesting to me; but it is a fine picture of the olden time. . . . H. has resumed his lectures, and I am sometimes tempted to disguise myself *à la* Portia, and be a listener. We get on bravely with the book of translations. You would be amused to see how completely I have entered into league with the printer's devil, and await his familiar knock. Felton and the rest of the club flourish in immortal youth, and are often with us to dine or sup. I have never seen such a beautiful friendship between men of such distinct personalities, though closely linked together by mutual tastes and affections. They criticise and praise each other's performances with a frankness not to be surpassed, and seem to have attained that happy height of faith where no misunderstanding, no jealousy, no reserve, exists. H. and I often dream of walking on the Pincian to see a Claude sunset, or listen to the melodious fountains of the Villa Borghese between those heaven-propping pines. But it is dangerous to dwell too long on such unattainable visions, while shivering, as now, before a coal fire, with snowdrops looking askance at snow-banks outside, and the poor spring-birds singing dolefully through the descending flakes.

To Charles Sumner.

April 14, 1844.

DEAR YOUTH. — How are you this hot day? *We* are sitting in cool white, waiting for a cold dinner with a salad. Why cannot some invisible breath of air waft to you our wishes, that you might come in to take a glass of iced claret with us? Our wishes are so fervent sometimes that they seem to have the power of lifting a man from the ground, as the fervor of the old saint did, and transporting him bodily through the air. I should not therefore be surprised if you came.

Graham's Magazine has arrived. On the back of my peace poem ['The Arsenal'] is a paper called 'The Battle-grounds of America.' This is the *reverse* of the medal. I begin to-morrow with the grounds — not the battle grounds — and the gardens about the house;[1] a delightful thought, after being so long surrounded by ruins [of the burned barn and gardener's house].

To ———.

July 24, 1844.

My engagements with Mr. Graham of Philadelphia [to write exclusively for his Magazine] prevent me from taking any part in your proposed "Poet's Magazine." Nor can I say that your design strikes me very favorably.

I dislike as much as any one can the tone of English criticism in reference to our literature.[2] But when you say, "It is a lamentable fact that as yet our country has

[1] Mr. Longfellow himself laid out a small flower-garden, in the form of a lyre; and over the entrance set the carved pediment of a door-way rescued from an old house. He afterward designed the present larger garden, in an elaborate Gothic pattern with borders of box.

[2] This was forty years ago.

taken no decided steps toward establishing a national literature," it seems to me that you are repeating one of the most fallacious assertions of the English critics. Upon this point I differ entirely from you in opinion. A national literature is the expression of national character and thought; and as our character and modes of thought do not differ essentially from those of England, our literature cannot. Vast forests, lakes, and prairies cannot make great poets. They are but the scenery of the play, and have much less to do with the poetic character than has been imagined. Neither Mexico nor Switzerland has produced any remarkable poet.

I do not think a "Poets' Convention" would help the matter. In fact, the matter needs no helping.

To John G. Whittier.[1]

[September, 1844.]

It is impossible for me to accept the Congressional nomination you propose, because I do not feel myself qualified for the duties of such an office, and because I do not belong to the Liberty Party. Though a strong anti-slavery man, I am not a member of any society, and fight under no single banner.

I am much gratified that the Poems on Slavery should have exercised some salutary influence; and thank you for your good opinion of them. At all times I shall rejoice in the progress of true liberty, and in freedom

[1] Mr. Whittier had written thanking him for the Poems on Slavery, which had been published as a tract, and which, he said, had "been of important service to the Liberty movement;" and inquiring whether he would allow his name to be used as candidate for Congress upon the ticket of the Liberty Party. "Our friends think they could throw for thee one thousand more votes than for any other man."

from slavery of all kinds; but I cannot for a moment think of entering the political arena. Partisan warfare becomes too violent, too vindictive, for my taste; and I should be found but a weak and unworthy champion in public debate.

To his Father.

November 26, 1844.

I am very sorry I cannot pass this week with you. I hope, however, to make you a visit soon, — if possible next week, on *your* Thanksgiving-day.[1]

This term I have been very busy, — rather too busy for my eyes, which have not improved much of late. With such a drawback, the book of translations has been rather a burdensome task, but it will soon be finished. The printers have got half through the Italian part, and only the Spanish and Portuguese remain. Upon them I am now at work. With eyes of my own, I should have finished the whole long ago. I have also in press a small volume of poems, — a selection merely, of favorite pieces, — to be called The Waif, with an introductory poem by myself.

We have lately discovered in Boston my old schoolmistress, Mrs. Fellows, and have had a visit from her here. I was very glad to see her. She looks well, and is in good circumstances, I believe. She keeps an Intelligence Office, — perhaps in her mind a modification of schoolkeeping.

Journal.

October 1, 1845. The month begins with rain. The river is full, and a black schooner lies at anchor opposite the window, among the hay-cocks. I see by the papers

[1] The annual Thanksgiving, the great harvest and home festival of New England, so frequently spoken of in this book, was, at that time, often appointed on different days in the different States.

that Nicholas Becker, the German poet, is dead. He is not a great poet, but had the felicity to touch the hearts of his countrymen in a song of the Rhine.

2d. A glorious day. Worked in the morning at a poem, 'To a Child.' Richard Henry Wilde, from New Orleans, called, with his white floating locks.

3d. Coming out of college to-day, I met Lowell. He says that Emerson has a volume of poems in press.

5th. F. read me some of Parsons's essays on the faith of the "New Jerusalem." Many of his views present themselves with the force of truth; others more dimly and doubtfully.

6th. F.'s birthday. I ought to have written a poem for the occasion. Instead of doing so, I wrote the song without rhyme, 'To an Old Danish Song-book.'

7th. Retouched and finished the song of yesterday. What is said of the Scald refers of course only to some of the melodies, which may possibly be as old as the days of Hakon Jarl, or older. Yorick and Hamlet are only symbolical of any old king and his jester.

8th. S. Eliot dined with me. He brought a volume of Zorilla's poems, and several very good translations of his own. One on Calderon, particularly well done.[1] Zorilla has caught a note or two from Victor Hugo's clarion, though he disdains the accusation, I understand. He is a vigorous young poet, but at times diffuse, like the older Spanish poets.

9th. Finished 'The Bridge over the Charles;' and made a dash at the 'Occultation of Orion,' which I think will turn out good. I have had several poetic mornings of late; and hope soon to have my volume ready.

11th. Bad day for work. No glow or enthusiasm. Tried 'Orion,' but with small success. Hoped to have finished it, but gave up in despair.

[1] See Poets and Poetry of Europe, edition of 1871, p. 908.

14th. Finished the 'Occultation of Orion,' and read it to F. and E. before the ink was dry. The concluding lines, however, dropped into my brain in the evening, as I was coming down from my dressing-room.

17th. Retouched 'The Bridge,' and the lines 'To the Driving Cloud,' in hexameters, — better than the translation from Tegnér.

19th. A fine sermon from Dr. Francis, on Living by Faith. Sumner and Felton came up. Sumner described Cushing's oration and Poe's poem [before the Mercantile Library Association] in a graphic and amusing style. We dined at Felton's with Howe. It is long enough since we have dined together. Howe is in a nervous state. He has no enjoyment in social intercourse, being painfully conscious of the passing of time, as if life were slipping from under his feet. At the Asylum a bell rings every quarter of an hour, — a constant *memento mori*, and wherever he goes he hears this melancholy bell.

27th. Somebody has written a pamphlet to refute Sumner. If it be ——, I fear he will be like a fly bumping his head against a window, through which the bright light streams, and exhibits the darkness and littleness of the fly.

30th. The Indian summer still in its glory. Wrote the sonnet, 'Hesperus' [afterwards called 'The Evening Star'], in the rustic seat of the old apple-tree.[1]

November 1. Wrote the 'Birds of Passage.'

2d. T. read to us the wonderful book, Festus.[2] For a youth of twenty to write thus is a miracle. The figurative language is magnificent.

3d. A black, horrible day of fogs without and within. It is hard work to journalize without eyes.

[1] This is noticeable as being the only "love-poem" among Mr. Longfellow's verses. It is addressed to his wife.

[2] By Philip James Bailey.

10th. Last night we had a wild tempest of wind and rain, shaking the windows like a maniac, and howling about the house fiercely. Slept late, fanned by its vampire wings.

11th. Wrote a sonnet on 'Autumn.'

12th. Began a poem on a clock, with the words, "Forever, never" as the burden; suggested by the words of Bridaine, the old French missionary, who said of eternity, "*C'est une pendule dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux, — Toujours, jamais! Jamais, toujours! Et pendant ces effroyables révolutions, un réprouvé s'écrie, 'Quelle heure est il?' et la voix d'un autre misérable lui répond, 'L'Éternité.'*"

13th. Walked in the garden and tried to finish the 'Ode to a Child;' but could not find the exact expressions I wanted, to round and complete the whole.

14th. Felt more than ever to-day the difference between my ideal home-world of Poetry, and the outer, actual, tangible Prose world. When I go out of the precincts of my study, down the village street to college, how the scaffoldings about the Palace of Song come rattling and clattering down!

16th. Before church, wrote 'The Arrow and the Song,' which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrowy speed. Literally an improvisation.

24th. Got my last proof from the printer; so that my second boy and my fourth volume of poems [The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems] come into the world about the same time.

25th. Walked to town. Dined with T., and afterward went to see the Hydrachon[1] and Mr. Koch, who knows it *comme s'il l'avait fait*, which some people maintain is the case. Met Emerson in the street, smiling and friendly.

[1] Some exhibited monster or other.

Called on Prescott in his new house in Beacon Street, and took a leisurely survey of his library, and the study above, with the *escalier derobé à limaçon.*

27th. Thanksgiving-day, — with such a rain as I have seldom seen at any season. Sumner dined with us. We drank the baby's health under the title of the *Chevalier Neukomm*, on account of his being a new-comer and a great musician, — in his way.

28th. Set about 'Gabrielle,' my idyl in hexameters, in earnest. I do not mean to let a day go by without adding something to it, if it be but a single line. F. and Sumner are both doubtful of the measure. To me it seems the only one for such a poem.

30th. In the night, rain, rain, rain. A pleasant sound. Lying awake I mused thus: —

Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the rattling rain upon the roof,
Ceaselessly falling through the night from the clouds that pass so far aloof;
Pleasant it is to hear the sound of the village clock that strikes the hour,
Dropping its notes like drops of rain from the darksome belfry in the tower.

December 2. Letter from Hart [the publisher], saying they shall soon have to put to press a new edition of the [illustrated] Poems. Very good, as the book has been published but ten days, and the first edition was a thousand copies. Also a letter from a Mr. —— of Buffalo, asking my opinion of a poem of his, called 'The Rhyme of the Tempest Fiend.'

7th. I know not what name to give to, — not my new baby, but my new poem. Shall it be 'Gabrielle,' or 'Celestine,' or 'Evangeline'?

8th. Skated on Worcester Water in the afternoon, and did it better than I thought I could. I have not been on skates since 1835, in Heidelberg. The time

before that was in 1826, in the garden of Versailles, on the *grand bassin.*

9th. Read a very abusive article upon my poems, by Mr. Simms, the novelist. I consider this the most original and inventive of all his fictions.

10th. In Graham's Magazine for January, received this morning, is a superb poem by Lowell, — 'To the Past.' If he goes on in this vein, Poe will soon begin to pound him.

11th. Miss Fuller makes a furious onslaught upon me in The New York Tribune. It is what might be called "a bilious attack." In the evening, went to hear Emerson's introductory lecture on "Great Men." The Odeon was full. T. and myself mounted to the third row. Many striking and brilliant passages, but not so much as usual of that "sweet rhetoricke" which usually flows from his lips; and many things to shock the sensitive ear and heart.

14th. I have no heart for anything to-day. Little C. was ill all night, and seems worse this morning. When the doctor came, he found four persons to be prescribed for. A day of gloom.

15th. Mr. T., of York, England, a Quaker, called with his travelling friend, — a visit which I must take as an honor, as it was paid to me as an author.[1]

16th. Little C. seems almost well again; and his sweet voice in the entry and on the stairs has the ring of health in it, and cheers my heart after the low wail of pain.

17th. Carlyle's new book on Cromwell is advertised. Mr. Rives has sent me his discourse on John Hampden.

18th. Heard Emerson's second lecture, on Plato. A theatre full. It is curious to see such an audience, — old

[1] The first of a long procession, stretching out to the end of his life.

men and young, bald heads and flowing transcendental locks, matrons and maidens, misanthropists and lovers, — listening to the reveries of the poet-philosopher.

19th. After all, old Chateaubriand is a glowing writer. His description of the French, in the *Études Historiques*, is graphic and true. Niagara is also well sketched, — the English fall, which *s'arrondit en un vaste cylindre, puis se déroule en nappe de neige;* and the American, which *descend dans une ombre effrayante; on dirait une colonne d'eau du déluge.*

22d. Got a copy of The Belfry of Bruges, — to be published to-morrow. And so ends my series of books, for one year, at least.

24th. Christmas eve. We decorated the drawing-room with evergreens, but had no Christmas-tree, — which I mean shall grow abundantly in this house hereafter.

25th. F. and I were alone to-day, and we passed a delicious day, — a happy, if not a merry, Christmas.

26th. Sumner and —— came to tea, and passed the evening. Sumner thinks Garrison "an angel we are entertaining unawares." —— thinks him almost a demon.

27th. In the evening the Club supped here; the first time we have been together for many months. A pity these meetings should be so interrupted, as much good comes of our discussions and friendly comparison of opinions.

30th. The Belfry is succeeding famously well. The poem 'To a Child,' and 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' seem to be the favorites. This is the best answer to my assailants.

31st. So closes the year 1845. Peace to his ashes! Peace to the embers of burnt-out things; fears, anxieties, doubts, all gone! I see them now as a thin blue smoke,

hanging in the bright heaven of the past year, vanishing away into utter nothingness. Not many hopes deceived, not many illusions scattered, not many anticipations disappointed; but love fulfilled, the heart comforted, the soul enriched with affection!

CHAPTER II.

JOURNAL.

1846.

From this time on, for many years, Mr. Longfellow's life flowed in a tranquil and full stream, brimmed with added home affections, as children came to fill the measure; reflecting the clear or slightly clouded sky, and the near persons and events as it passed them, — with his continuous and little-varied college duties as a background to the landscape. Of this life, the best picture will be his own journals, with here and there a passage from his correspondence.

January 6. We read in the evening Jean Paul's *Flegeljahre*, translated (alas, how poorly!) by Mrs. Lee. It is a delicious book, and gives us the greatest delight.

7th. A great rain; the whole village under water. Continued the *Flegeljahre*. How fine are the figures! The pendulum of the clock in the belfry "mowing like the scythe of Time;" the beggar's staff "a spoke from Ixion's wheel."

8th. Striving, but alas, how vainly! to work upon Evangeline. One interruption after another, till I long to fly to the desert for a season.

9th. Last day in college for this term. Mrs. Lee makes innumerable blunders in her translation of the *Flegeljahre.* One of the worst is this: *englisches Anlächeln* — "angelic smile" — she translates "English smile;" and appends this note, — "Jean Paul often expresses his admiration of the frank English smile." This is a step beyond Gower's "lisp in English when they lie," in [his translation of] Faust.

11th. Time speeds away, and with these dim eyes I accomplish little. "Oh, give me light!"

12th. The vacation is at hand. I hope before its close to get far on in Evangeline. Two cantos are now done, which is a good beginning.

13th. At Papanti's Assembly; but alas, F. not being there, it was to me a heavy business. Not as of old. The lights seemed dimmer, the music sadder, the flowers fewer, and the women less fair. A moonlight drive home alone, through the frosty air, in a coach with eight windows.

14th. A note from Dempster, with the wish to set some poem of mine to music. I recommend the 'Old Clock on the Stairs,' or 'Sea-weed,' or 'The Day is Done.'

22d. Walked to town in a fierce, cold wind, toward sunset. Took tea with Sumner in a small café near the foot of School Street. Then to Emerson's lecture on Goethe. Very good, but not so pre-eminent as some of his discourses. There is a great charm about him, — the Chrysostom and Sir Thomas Browne of the day.

24th. Began Dickens's new Christmas story, — The Cricket on the Hearth. It has in it some of his happiest touches of humor.

28th. Mr. Whipple lectured this evening on "Wit and Humor." A very keen discourse, with many good illustrations. A constant coruscation of brilliant fancies.

29th. Must walk to town to throw off my dull mood.

Walked in, accordingly, with Lowell, whom I joined on the way. Dined with T. In the evening, took tea with Lothrop Motley at the Tremont, and to the opera afterwards. "Cinderella," by the Seguins.

31st. This dull, dismal cold crushes me down, as if the sky were falling; or as if I were one of the four dwarfs of the Northern mythology, who uphold the dome of heaven upon their shoulders.

From William Cullen Bryant.

New York, January 31, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I have been looking over the collection of your poems recently published by Carey and Hart with Huntington's illustrations. They appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more than ever on my ear; and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling and spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.

I have been reading aloud to my wife some of the poems that pleased me most, and she would not be content till I had written to express to you something of the admiration which I could not help manifesting as I read them. I am not one of those who believe that a true poet is insensible to the excellence of his writings, and know that you can well afford to dispense with such slight corroboration as the general judgment in your favor could derive from any opinion of mine. You must allow me, however, to add my voice to the many which make up the voice of poetic fame.

Yours truly,

W. C. Bryant.

February 1. This, from the Countess Hahn-Hahn, the German novelist: —

Lass, O Herr! zu deinen Füssen
Gleich der glühenden Mdgdalene, etc.,

Let me, Lord! thus fall before thee,
Like the glowing Magdalène;
With these tears alone adore thee,
And be reconciled to pain, —
Not with balsam, but with living
Waters from the contrite soul;
Though to thee no honor giving
Yet, O Lord, they me console.

3d. Preparing new edition of Outre-Mer. Not the pleasantest work in the world, this reading over what one wrote so long ago.

4th. Putting to press a cheap edition of my poems, complete in one volume, double columns.

Emerson took tea with us; rather shy in his manner, but pleasant and friendly. We all drove down to hear him lecture, Lowell and T. being of the party. The lecture was on Napoleon. Very good and well spoken, and to the evident delight of the audience. We like Emerson, — his beautiful voice, deep thought, and mild melody of language.

6th. Walked with T. Struck across the fields for the river. On the causeway met Lowell. Then round to Fresh Pond, into the ice-houses, and back over the fields.

The anti-slavery papers attack me for leaving out the "Slavery poems" in the illustrated edition.[1] They are rather savage.

[1] They were omitted, perhaps, by a too good-natured concession to the expressed wish of the publishers. However, in the edition mentioned a few lines above, issued by the Harpers, they were inserted.

9th. Walked to town for exercise. Dined with Sumner at Parker's, on grouse or prairie-hen from Illinois, — not equal to canvas-backs. Hillard sat with us a while. Long discussion on Goethe, — his art in poetry; and in general, on the *subdued tone* of the best artists, in song as in painting.

10th. In the evening, Zschokke's tale, The Sleep Waker; magnetic and fascinating, a charming story.

11th. In a newspaper a high-strung article on Festus; with introduction stating that "the Age is still waiting for its Poet" — one who should be hailed by acclamation as the Seer of this nineteenth century. Was ever a poet acknowledged by his age as its poet? Do the critics expect his advent heralded by signs and wonders? Or will he, too, come "like a thief in the night"? In the evening began reading The Wandering Jew. Large canvas, and bold strokes with a coarse brush.

14th. St. Valentine's Day, and no poems written. T. and the Motleys drove out to tea, and we had a pleasant chat. What a handsome fellow Motley is, and how much talent he shows![1]

18th. After dinner a Mr. —— from Michigan, collecting money and books for a college there. Smelling the air of my study, he said, "A pleasant fragrance," and shortly afterward, "I don't care if I take a cigar with you." And a little later, taking off his overcoat, "If my horse were hitched, I would sit down and have a talk with you."

In the evening we all drove in [to Boston] to hear Sumner lecture on "The Improvement of Time." We were late, and sat far aloft in the crowded Odeon. It was very good, and the close eloquent. Sumner looked very handsome with his dark hair and pale face. He was dressed for a party, in blue coat and white waistcoat.

[1] John Lothrop Motley, the historian.

His manner like a clergyman's, and his discourse high in its moral tone. The audience very attentive, save some shop-boys in our upper region, who were frolicking with the girls.

19th. The English steamer came in last night. The free-trade doctrine prevails in England, Sir Robert Peel advocating it.

20th. Another storm threatening. On it came, wild wind and snow. We gave up our party at the Ticknors', and sat at home all the evening reading The Wandering Jew.

> Shall we ever get through
> This mighty ado,
> The old and the new,
> The false and the true,
> In the volumes two
> Of the Wandering Jew
> Of Eugène Sue?

21st. Heard Dr. Gray's closing lecture on Botany. What a wide sweep the subject has; and how poetical! Among other things he told us that the Greeks brought the vine into Europe; the Roman armies, wheat and cherries; and the Arabs, the orange and the olive. In a triumphal entry of Lucullus into Rome, a cherry-tree in full bearing was carried in the procession.

27th. My birth-day: thirty-nine years old. Term begins to-day, and President Everett enters the groves academic.

March 1. "The stormy March" it bids fair to be; if anything can bid fair to be stormy.

3d. Saw Dr. Elliot from New York. He says the disease is gone from my eyes, and only a torpor of the nerve remains.

6th. A musical party at Mr. Ticknor's. Julia Ward sang the "Stabat Mater" of Pergolese; and beautifully

she sang it. Afterward, some of Beethoven's sublime music, on two grand piano-fortes, by four young ladies.

April 2. I chanced to cast my eyes this morning upon a map of Italy, where my old route was marked in red, — the red vein of my young life-blood. Instantly I went mad for travel. It is spring, and the sun shines bright; and it seems a waste of life to stay here.

5th. After a month's cessation resumed Evangeline, — the sister of mercy. I hope now to carry it on to its close without break. Walked to town and back again. In the evening F. read Fichte's Life. Very interesting and curious.

6th. In the afternoon, Ingraham the novelist called. A young, dark man, with soft voice. He says he has written eighty novels, and of these twenty during the last year; till it has grown to be merely mechanical with him. These novels are published in the newspapers. They pay him something more than three thousand dollars a year.

9th. Tried a pipe, after long abstinence. Not very pleasant. Decidedly, the calm, dull husbanding of one's nervous energies, though less conducive to swift intellectual effort, is more so to happiness. Let us be calm and happy, rather than excitable and *nervous-minded*. In the evening, Fichte's Lectures on the Nature of the Scholar, — very interesting, with its doctrine of the "Divine Idea," which is like Swedenborg. It dwells more or less with every one, and to it must every scholar conform himself.

12th. Finished Fichte's Lectures. Nobly done; and from the highest point of view. I can imagine what a powerful effect they must have had on his hearers, — the young men of the University. And this is a German philosopher! Why, there is more of the soul of Christianity in these lectures than in the sermons of all the rebel crew of narrow-minded, dyspeptic, so-called *orthodox*

preachers who rail against German philosophy, should they preach from one end of the year to the other!

13th. —— amuses me. His organ of self-esteem is so large that it seems sometimes as if it would lift him off of his legs, as the zeal of Thomas Aquinas in prayer is said to have lifted him into the air.

15th. Owen wants me to destroy all the wine I have in my cellar.

17th. Going down to college, met Felton and talked with him about a hexameter translation of Homer, one book of which has appeared in Blackwood. This is the only way to translate Homer. It gives at least some idea of him.

18th. Translating Schelling's paper on "Dante in a philosophical point of view;" deep, — obscure, rather. To the student of Dante, interesting, though throwing much "darkness visible" upon the subject to minds not philosophic.

19th. A lovely day. I had my darling C. out walking. He always aims for the street and the largest freedom. He is already very fond of hearing stories, though he will not allow them to be read from a book. Improvised they must be, and instantly.

23d. Commenced a course of lectures on Dante. Read to the class Schelling's essay. It must have been darkness deep to them.

28th. Second lecture on Dante. It has become an old story to me. I am tired. In the evening read Howe's very interesting report on the Blind Institution for 1845. The account of Laura Bridgman particularly good. Excellent Howe! Also read a part of Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton*, a very skilfully written play. Bertrand is Talleyrand.

29th. Looked over the *Receuil de Cantiques à l'usage des Missions*, etc., Quebec, 1833. A curious book, in which

the most ardent spiritual canticles are sung to common airs and dancing tunes. For instance, —

La Mort du Juste: sur l'air, "On dit que vos parents sont autant de Centaures." Pieux sentiments envers Jesus Christ: sur l'air, "Des Folies d'Espagne."

Other airs are *Le Carillon de Dunquerque; Charmante Gabrielle; Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres.*[1]

30th. Mr. Everett's inauguration [as President of the College]. The address excellent and admirably well delivered. I did not go to the dinner, because Prescott and Sumner proposed to dine with us. We had a merry dinner. Prescott is very young in manner and very jolly. Sumner has a much loftier character; in fact, breathes in quite another atmosphere. He is more truly a *great* man than Prescott. In the evening an illumination [of the colleges]. Mr. Everett's reception so crowded that we could hardly find our way in and out.

May 4. I cannot get much work done, with my poor eyes. I feel constantly driven out of doors, by the desire of getting well; and when out, constantly driven in again by the desire of writing.

5th. Exhibition. Everett presides with dignity, but cannot always lay hold of his collegiate cap in the right place. Did not dine with the College; I have not for a long time, and shall not till they have a proper dining-room and service.

9th. Finished a poem called 'The Builders.'

11th. Read Scribe's *Camaraderie*, a jovial comedy, dashing, clever, and of course exaggerated. "*Il faut de la charge; la nature n'est bonne qu'à se faire siffler.*" In the modern French plays the actors are infinitely more natural than the incidents.

13th. A bright, soft morning. Played with C. out of doors, wheeling him in a hand-barrow, and other like

[1] See Evangeline, Part I. 4.

things. In the evening read Legaré's Diary at Brussels,[1] published by his sister, since his death. Inconceivable imprudence! — all the names in full!

14th. On account of the bad condition of my eyes, forced to suspend for the present my lectures on Dante. Instead, therefore, of going to college, I played with dear C. in the grass, and saw him buffet the mighty south wind, that blew his cape and his hat into his eyes, sped him away through the sea of grass, like a boat under full sail, and made him furious. Sat with him on the steps of the apple-tree. Afterward went to the Nortons', to ask J. to play to me 'The Arrow and the Song,' just sent me from New York; the music by a German with a French name, Perabeau. Very sweet and somewhat pensive, in the beautiful key of six sharps.

16th. Went to town. Found Felton at Hillard's, and took him to an Intelligence office to inquire for a servant. What curious places they are, — these offices; best possible introductory chapter to a novel. Then we took ices at Mrs. Mayer's. Alexander Everett came in and sat down at a solitary table, looking diplomatic.

17th. Played with C. all the afternoon. In the evening F. read to me Weil's Biblical Legends of the Mussulmans, — a curious book, a kind of compound of the Arabian Nights and the Bible.

20th. Tried to work at Evangeline. Unsuccessful. Gave it up and read Legaré's letters, which give one a favorable idea of his abilities and aims. In the afternoon drove to town. Dined at Prescott's at five. He received us in his library, where I found Rev. Mr. Young, Rev. Mr. Ellis, and West the painter, looking at the two rival Mexican editions of the Conquest of Mexico. Near by, Theophilus Parsons and Alexander Everett talking

[1] Hugh Swinton Legaré, of South Carolina, was *chargé d'affaires* at Brussels in 1833–36.

together. Felton, Sumner, and Hillard came in later. We discussed the French liquid *ll*, whether it should be heard or sunk into a *y*. Then marched down to dinner. Many matters discussed at table; among others the Puritans; then the Fathers of the Revolution.

21st. The most interesting books to me are the histories of individuals and individual minds; all autobiographies and the like. This is my favorite reading.

24th. Two very good sermons to-day from John Weiss. The morning's discourse particularly fine; "One generation but *acts* out what the preceding has *thought* out."

25th. The days die and make no sign. The Castalian fount is still. It has become a pool which no descending angel troubles. Morning at college. Afternoon drive to Pine Bank. A delightful picture; so much youth and ease and refinement under one roof!

26th. An overcast morning, pleasant to the eyes. Drove to town and called on the Lyells[1] at Mr. Ticknor's. Found Mrs. L. alone, the geologist having gone with old Dr. Warren to pay his respects to a fossil mastodon. In all his digging and delving he never found aught so fair and precious as she! We then drove to see the Howes at South Boston. They have gone from the *Palazzo dei Ciechi* to a cottage under the hill, looking upon the sea; with a pretty garden and orchard, and the hillside cut into terraces. Home at eight. Unpacked some beautiful Bohemian glass, — ruby, with wreaths of golden grape-vines.

27th. So little interest is felt here in this shabby and to us disgraceful war with Mexico,[2] that the New Orleans paper in our reading-room has not been cut open for the

[1] Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Lyell was making his second visit to the United States.

[2] The war brought on by the annexation of Texas in the interest of Slavery.

last two weeks. I met Mr. Sales, who expressed his great disgust at our republic's breeding ill-blood between itself and a sister republic. Good old man! his heart is in the right place. Interesting and laudatory reviews of Hood and Savage Landor in the Edinburgh Review, with sonorous passages from the "deep-mouthed Bœotian," as Byron called the latter. I enroll myself among his admirers, and find great charm in his well-rounded, ponderous periods.

28th. In town, saw Sumner and Hillard. They have both been making good speeches, — Sumner before the Prison Discipline Society, and Hillard before the Unitarian Association.

29th. Called to see Lowell this morning; and climbed to his celestial study, with its pleasant prospects through the small square windows, and its ceiling so low you can touch it with your hand. Read Donne's poems, while he went down to feed his hens and chickens. . . . We then discoursed upon the Abolitionists for half an hour. He is very ardent on this topic.

30th. "In the sight of humanity and reason," says Landor, "it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities." Hillard came to pass the night and the Sunday. After tea we drove to Felton's to see the young American Pascal, Henry Safford, son of a Vermont farmer. A very pleasing, attractive boy, ten years of age, solving with great readiness exceedingly difficult mathematical problems. When the question tasks his mind, he runs about the room, into the hall; hops up a stair, down again; turns round in this corner, then in that; then into the middle of the room, like a top. It was painfully, but intensely, interesting. He was lounging in a chair, when four numbers were given to be multiplied by four others. "Come, wake up, Henry," cried the father; "you may get up and *travel* if you want to."

The father, when asked at what age this extraordinary talent began to show itself, invariably answers by the formula, "The thirst for knowledge was always like a fever in his blood."

June 1. In the evening Mr. Folsom came to see the Tintoretto I promise him for the Atheneum Exhibition.[1] Excellent Folsom! How much we like him and rejoice that he should be the Curator of the Atheneum.

At Hillard's office this morning I met Hawthorne. He walked with me to the bridge and half across. He seems weary; and having obtained an office in the Salem custom-house, I fear he will grow idle in literature. He says he shall write no more tales. I advise him to write up to one hundred, and then give them a good round title, such as The Hundred Tales, and let them go at that.

3d. A small musical party at our house. We had music of Chopin, Schubert, De Meyer, Liszt, and some German songs. A delightful evening. We lighted the library for the first time. Out of doors a lovely June night with a bright moon; and the odor of the new-mown hay crowned the whole.

4th. A true summer morning, warm and breezy. F. sat under the linden-tree and read to me Heine's poems, while I lay on a hay-cock; and C., red as a clover blossom, ran to and fro and into all possible mischief. Heine, delicious poet for such an hour! What a charm there is about his *Buch der Lieder!* Ah, here they would be held by most people as ridiculous. Many poetic souls there are here, and many lovers of song; but life and its ways and ends are prosaic in this country to the last degree.

5th. We joined to-day a picnic-party at Spot Pond, driving out in our own carriage. A lovely drive, through Malden, round the lake, with its green, well-wooded slopes

[1] This fine old Venetian painting is now in the library at Craigie House.

and flowery lawns. We drove about for a while at random, but at length overtook the party. We then struck across through the woodlands, a road having been cut through, but not made, — leaving us the fresh turf to walk on, — and came to an old mill; where we had our dinner under the trees, within sound of the falling water. We drove back through Medford just at sunset. Found Sumner sitting on the piazza, waiting for our return. After tea, walked down to the village with him in the moonlight, talking of his Phi Beta Kappa oration, which he is now planning.

7th. S. preached against the unrighteous Mexican war. If all the clergy in the country had done this three months ago, the war would not have been. Parker in Boston, as I hear by Sumner, who came out to dine, preached also a grand peace sermon. But it is melancholy to see how little true Christian feeling there is on the subject in the community.

8th. In the morning, before going to college, I read the first part of Goethe's *Italiänische Reise*, — from Carlsbad to the Brenner. It is written in his usual lucid, simple style, and resembles the conversation of an elegant and very intelligent man, who has all his faculties of observation keenly alive. In the afternoon drove to Prospect Hill, with its fine panorama of the cities and the sea. Then through the new village of Somerville, on the crest of the hill; a double row of white houses and a staring church; a chalky little village, — the mere ghost of a town. Drove on till our way was barred by the field-bars of the neighboring pastures. Got back at tea-time, and found Lowell waiting. He says his heart sinks within him at the times being so out of joint. The evening lovely, with a placid moon standing just over the tree-tops as the twilight darkened. After the Faculty-meeting, went to Owen's to talk of business, and came home

at eleven through the delicious moonlight. Not a sound on the air, not a foot-fall to break the stillness! Truly speaks Goethe, — "Night is the better part of day."

9th. C. is two years old to-day. We had a child's party for him, — a multitude of lovely children, playing among the hay-cocks and dancing on the piazza. It was a charming *fête*.

10th. Read in the morning two French plays, — *Michel Perrin* and *Renaudin de Caen*, — sitting in the lovely sunshine under the trees. The first is a charming piece, by MM. Mélesville et Duveyrier. The chief character — the *curé* of a village in Normandy, coming to Paris to seek his fortune — is beautifully portrayed. In the evening, drove to Pine Bank, where E. P. gave a superb *fête champêtre*, on occasion of his marriage. The evening, the blue lake, the boat with its white sail; the music, the dance on the greensward; the broad-spreading tent, "like a morning-glory inverted;" the crowd, well dressed and fair to see; the gleam of lamps through the gathering twilight; the procession to supper, — the young bride led on by the white-haired Mr. Otis, — all make a picture in my mind of great beauty. Then followed fireworks; and as we drove away, the broad moon rose over the trees.

11th. Sat under the trees and read Goethe's *Italiänische Reise*, part second, — from Brenner to Verona. The traveller's heart dilates as he journeys south into the sunshine. He is curious to see "whether the wrinkles that have formed and pressed themselves in his mind will come out again;" he rejoices as if he had been born and bred in Italy, "and was returning from a journey to Greenland;" he is glad that "the beloved language is living, and the language of daily use." In the Southern Quarterly Review, published at Charleston, is a favorable notice of 'The Belfry of Bruges.'

12th. In the afternoon, open a bale from Italy. It contained a bust by [Henry K.] Brown; a portrait of a Roman woman, — a baker's wife, and a model by profession. A striking and beautiful head, which we placed immediately in the drawing-room.[1] There is a great difference — as I said to T., walking down the village in the evening — between sculpture and painting on the one hand, and poetry on the other; namely, in the manipulation, — the delightful sensation of the busy fingers, the electric pleasure of the touch; in the creative power of the hand following the creative power of the mind. This poetry has not; the conception is all in all; the record has more pain than pleasure in it; the pen does not give form and color, as the chisel and the brush. After I returned from my walk, Sumner came in. I am delighted to see him so often; the face of a friend, and such a friend, is what one cannot see too much of, — never enough. When he had departed, F. took up Dickens's Letters from Italy, now published in a volume, and read his visit to Venice, which he describes as a dream. Thus far, his book of travels is the finest and the funniest I have ever read. It is striking to read it in connection with Goethe on the same theme. One is all drollery, the other all wisdom. They were of about the same age when their journeys were made. In 1786, just sixty years ago, was Goethe in Italy. If I had my eyesight, I would write a review of these two books together. It would be curious.

13th. Drove to town with the whole family. C. was delighted, and cried, "Yide, yide!" half an hour before the horses came. Little E. wagged his head in the carriage and nodded off to sleep, with his cape and straw hat shaped like the helmet of Mambrino. Called upon Mrs. B——, the beautiful. She recalled the gay week Sumner

[1] Now in the hall of Craigie House.

and I passed in Philadelphia, and all the changes since. In the evening, went with T. to old Father Heinrich's concert. . . . I rejoiced in the old man's triumph. Few has he had, probably, in a long life.

14th. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth preached two excellent sermons, — excellent in matter and manner. Sumner dined with us. We read some chapters of Fichte's Destination of Man. He believes the doctrine of necessity, — a pious, Christian fatalism. Sumner rejoices in my shower-bath, — its spacious size, its abundant water. It is curious to hear him discourse as he stands ready to pull the string: —

"This is a kind of Paradise."

"And you a kind of Adam."

"With all my ribs."

And then the deluge of water descending.

15th. Another lovely summer morning, with merry, loud carol of birds, and the odor of mock-orange streaming in at the windows. Ah, how such mornings affect me! Switzerland, the Tyrol, the north of Italy, — all rise before me, and seem to draw me away, away, bodily, as if in some dream, where all things are possible.

16th. I slaked my thirst for foreign travel by driving to town in the omnibus, and walking twice through the market, where the mingled and delicious odors of the vegetables, and the sight thereof, transported me straightway to France There is no more powerful medium of association than odors. On my way out, I stood awhile on the bridge, looking at the water and saying to myself that this was a portion of the same sea that washes the shores of England and of Italy. I then got into the omnibus, and found there some Spanish people, — men and girls; and heard that sweet tongue again, and saw the well-known Spanish beauty of face and form, and imagined myself in Andalusia. In town I saw Burritt, the

"learned blacksmith," who is on his way to England in the steamer to-day. He is no longer a blacksmith, but an editor and philanthropist. God speed him! In the evening, F. read King Réné's Daughter, — a lyric drama from the Danish of Henrik Hertz, by Jane Chapman; a copy of which the translator has sent me. It is a short but beautiful piece, in a single act; the interest depending upon the restoration to sight of a blind girl, as in Eugène Scribe's *Valérie*.

17th. Read A. Dumas's *Henri III. et sa Cour*, a drama in prose. He is a vigorous, elastic writer; and in this piece gives a striking picture of the civilized savagery of the French at that period, 1578. In the evening a ball at Mrs. Norton's, quite charming, with lamps in the trees, flowers, and ices. Hillard was there, but no Sumner. He had stayed at home reading the works of Aguesseau, the great economist of *quarts-d'heures*, who wrote so many books in the moments between "*Qu'on serve le diner*," and "*On a servi;*" between ordering dinner and eating it.

18th. A man came begging for money this morning to help pay off a debt of fifty dollars, and confessed that he had a salary of three hundred and his board. Cool! Read a French play, *L'Ami Grandet*, well written. Likewise Dumas's charming *Un Mariage sous Louis XV.*, full of elegance, cleverness, and skilful intrigue. In the afternoon drove to Waltham; delightful country-seats. In the evening continued Dickens's Pictures of Italy. It begins to flag a little.

19th. In college, forenoon and afternoon. In the evening a small and rather dismal party at ——'s, which I enjoyed upon the whole as well as most parties. Sumner was there. His oration on Peace is hawked about the streets in England, as "Mr. Sumner's Speech agin the War!"

21st. I dreamed last night that Goethe was alive and in Cambridge. I gave him a supper at Willard's tavern. He had a beautiful face, but his body was like the Belgian giant's, with an immeasurable black coat. I told him I thought Clärchen's song in Egmont was one of his best lyrics. The god smiled.

22d. Read Delavigne's *Don Juan d'Autriche*, which the author calls a comedy, but which we should call a melodrama. The French confine the word drama to a piece with a tragic end. It is written with great vigor, and there are fine scenes in it. I did not think Delavigne had so much blood in him. In the evening we had a fire lighted in the study, and sat round it as of yore above stairs. It seemed somewhat as if the old study had descended through the floor. Alas! the old study, now given up as a play-room to noisy C., whose feet incessantly patter over my head. Those were lovely days and nights above there. That room is so full of associations: this has none as yet.

24th. We drove out, along the river-road, through Watertown, down cross-roads and alleys green, near Fresh Pond, and home again in the cool, sunless air. Beautiful these cross-roads are. In the evening F. read us a charming sketch by Hawthorne, 'The Fire-worshippers.'

25th. Authors and artists of every kind have one element of unhappiness in their lot, namely, the disproportion between their designs and their deeds. Even the greatest cannot execute one tenth part of what they conceive.

26th. Raining again. We went through the domestic offering of burning out the chimneys, a rather wild and sublime spectacle out of doors; and a roaring within, like pent-up bulls and lions. In the evening Mr. Henson, a negro, once a slave, now a preacher, called to get subscription for the school at Dawn, in Upper Canada, for the education of blacks. I had a long talk with him, and he

gave me an account of his escape from slavery with his family. There was never anything more childlike than his manner. Not one word of abuse. The good-natured ebony face, the swarthy-bearded lip, the white teeth, the whole aspect of the man so striking and withal so wild, — it seemed as if some Egyptian statue had come to life and sat speaking in the twilight sonorous English not yet well learned. What pleases me most in the negro is his *bonhomie*. Moreover, almost every negro has the rheumatism. This man had it. His right arm was crooked and stiff. It had been broken by a savage blow with a stake from a fence.

July 2. A warm delicious day, but waxing rather too like the dog-days. A dog's day it was to me, paying tradesman's bills and the like, from morning till night. But in the evening came coolness and some consolation; likewise Sumner and Felton, who stayed to tea. And then we sat on the piazza and enjoyed the freshness of the air from the marshes. And so came on the ambrosial night, and I was happy. F. is reading one of Mrs. Marsh's novels, Emily Windham. Occasionally I catch a chapter or two, — free, spirited, and interesting. The scene with her husband when she reads in the newspaper the death of her old lover, is very dramatic and powerful. A note from Buchanan Read, with a glass goblet, or "Luck of Edenhall," all the way from Philadelphia, and unbroken, — a Bohemian goblet with views of Prague etched upon it.

4th. Sumner passed last night with us, and is to stay till Monday. This morning dawned serene and cool, and bright. We breakfasted late, and lounged the morning away with books and talk. At noon we walked to Lowell's. He had gone to the anti-slavery picnic in Dedham. But we saw his gentle wife, who, I fear, is not long of this world. Speaking of the Abolitionists, she said, "They do not modulate their words and voices.

They are like people who live with the deaf, or near waterfalls, and whose voices become high and harsh." During the day, we heard the far-off sound of cannon, and occasionally the bells rang. To us, the day passed quietly away. A procession of the "Irish Protestant Relief Society" marched by the house with a banner and music; and took off their hats in honor of Washington's Headquarters.

5th. Sumner would not go to church, but lounged in huge chairs reading a great work on English schools. After dinner we sat on the piazza and talked of many things.

6th. Examination in Modern Languages. The Spanish classes did very well; the Italian not so well; the German best of all, as is usually the case. A warm, weary day, made more weary by a long Faculty-meeting in the evening. So ends the college year with me, and vacation begins. Dear vacation, when alone I feel that I am free! I have a longing for Berkshire or the sea-side. Both Nahant and Stockbridge beckon; and Niagara thunders its warning and invitation. And now let me see if I cannot bring my mind into more poetic mood by the sweet influences of sun and air and open fields.

7th. Looked over accounts with printers and publishers. Find that between eleven and twelve thousand copies of the Voices of the Night have been sold. . . . Drove to Howe's in South Boston to tea. Sat on the piazza, or rather piazetta, looking seaward, a charming view. The other guests were Felton, Codman, and the Emersons. Juices of poppy seemed to distil upon my brain. Oh, how dull I was! Drove back through the moonlight. Afar over the sea beautifully rose the moon, and we saw boats and sails in the broad silver sheet of water.

8th. Found that I took cold last night in the romantic moonlight. T. and S. Eliot came to dine, and brought an unexpected but most welcome guest, Mr. M ——. We had a pleasant dinner; and I, a long talk with M—— about the dangers of keeping a diary.

9th. Idly busy days; days which leave no record in verse; no advance made in my long-neglected yet dearly loved Evangeline. The cares of the world choke the good seed. But these stones *must* be cleared away.

13th. Our wedding-day. Three years of married life; and each year an added grace, and a new charm, and increase of affection. But these things refuse to be recorded, or expressed in words. Let me dream of them, and meditate upon them.

14th. Poems, Songs, and Sonnets, by Hartley Coleridge. This is a son of the old man eloquent. But alas, where is the father's inspiration? The law of entail is abolished on Parnassus.

16th. Class-day. The Oration by Child, extremely good; one of the best — on the whole the best — I have heard on such occasions. The poem was by Swan; with great skill in versification, and more poetry in it than in any college poem I remember. In the afternoon a dance in Harvard Hall; then the farewell shouts at the doors of the several colleges, and the wild ring around the old "Liberty Tree." The evening at President Everett's.

18th. Exhibition of young theologians: their dissertations read in the chapel. Twelve in all, and no Judas among them, I trust. O. B. Frothingham, son of our friend, was very good; so was Samuel Johnson.

19th. In the twilight Mrs. ——, an English poetess, with pale blue eyes and long, light curls, came to consult me about publishing a volume of poems; the manuscript of which she held in her hands, and from which she read me some commonplace poems. She rather prides herself

upon coming from the same town with Mrs. Hemans. Gave her what advice and hope I could, and she departed. In the evening we gathered about the fire in the study, and F. read Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.'

20th. A rainy Sunday. We sat round a wood-fire, and F. read Dr. Channing's sermon at the church dedication in Newport; a very interesting discourse, particularly the passages of autobiography and the allusion to the sea-beach of Newport.

25th. *Portland.* Strolled down the town with my father. Old familiar faces of grocers and shop-keepers that I knew when a boy. I already feel the effects of the sea air, stealing over me with its drowsiness and oblivious spell, — the song and breath of the Sirens. In the evening Mr. Giddings of Ohio gave a lecture on the Rights of the North, in reference to Southern Slavery. A plain, straightforward man, and no orator. I hope his words will have a good effect here, where there has been such apathy on the subject. Saw Whittier there.

26th. Mr. —— preached. I was doubly disappointed; first in not hearing Dr. Nichols; secondly in Mr. ——'s preaching better than he looked. In the afternoon stayed at home and read Mackay's Legends of the Isles. The 'Sea-king's Burial' is very striking, saving two weak stanzas. Then took a long walk alone round Munjoy, and down to the old Fort Lawrence, which as a boy of seven I helped to build, by rolling stones down the hill. I lay down in one of the embrasures and listened to the lashing, lulling sound of the sea just at my feet. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the harbor was full of white sails, coming and departing. Meditated a poem on the Old Fort. In the evening G. D. and his brother came in, and we discussed a sail to Diamond Cove.

27th. In the morning, sundry callers. In the afternoon, a long drive round Munjoy, and across the bridge to

the Plains. Leaving our carriage, we crossed the fields on the soft warm turf among the pines, and climbed Granite Rock (we called it, when we were boys, "Stony Mountain"). A beautiful pile of granite with a crown of pines, looking townward and seaward; a charming view, and a lovely spot for a picnic, as we all exclaimed. I have not been there since I was a boy.

28th. Sat an hour with John Neal, in his office. He is mellowing down a good deal, not so fierce as he was five years ago. Find that Whittier has left town, for which I am sorry; I should have liked to see him. He seems very shy. In the afternoon drove to Gorham. We drove out by the Stroudwater road and back by Westbrook. How dreary these environs of Portland always seemed to me; the rough roads, the gloomy houses, the haunted tin-factory, and the patches of woodland which, when a little boy, I believed infested with robbers.

29th. Soft sea-gales fan the air, and cool the heat of the sun. In the afternoon drove to Martin's Point, the beautiful promontory north of the town, with its oak groves and fine sea views. In the evening we finished the first volume of Typee [by Herman Melville], a curious and interesting book with glowing descriptions of life in the Marquesas.

31st. Dr. M.'s house was struck by lightning last evening. What a ferocious visitor; bursting into the house so unceremoniously, yet ringing all the bells to announce his presence, and away again after shaking hands with the inmates and dancing wildly on the bell-wires. A kind of Robin Goodfellow, with his ho! ho! ho!

August 1. The mail brings me an Anti-Slavery Standard, with a long and violent tirade against me for publishing the Poems on Slavery in the cheap edition, — taken from a South Carolina paper. How impatient they are, those hot Southrons. But this piece of violence is quite

ridiculous. In the evening walked with F. down Elm Street to the Cove. It was a delicious scene. The inverted green and purple shadows of the opposite shore deepened on one edge into the blacker hues of the woodlands and fields, and on the other softened into the silvery tints of the water. Two boats hung with idle sails in the midst of the cove. On the shore were boys bathing and playing. Suddenly over our heads we heard the sharp scream of a sea-bird, who threw himself heavily, with one wing broken, into the water, and struggling vainly to rise, was caught by the boys in one of the boats. The crowd on the shore welcomed his capture with the delight of young savages, running to and fro and yelling like little fiends. One cried out, "Show him for a sight and ask a cent apiece." And a more gentle boy who ran by us — the future poet of the rising generation, said,

> "It was a crane
> Flew down the lane."

He little dreams that his couplet has been recorded. I remember how, when I was a boy of his size, with two companions I dashed through the street on a stick, crying,

> "We three
> Champions be."

2d. Dr. Nichols preached on the Infinite Paternity of God. Some massive thoughts and fine views. The most eloquent passage was a eulogium on Cicero and his doctrines, which failed, — in this one thing, the idea of the *Father*, — to support the great man in his hour of trial. He called Cicero "a herald and John Baptist of Christianity, clothed not in the camel's hair of the Jewish eremite, but in the pompous and flowing robes of the Roman Senator."

. . . . . .

15th. *Pittsfield.* A long break in the journal. The children have both been so very ill that I have not had the heart to write. Thank Heaven, they are better. It is difficult to write in this house, so closely is it shut in with trees. We lounge on the doorsteps through the morning, playing with the children, and occasionally dipping into Alfieri's Autobiography.

16th. Dr. Todd preached. Among other things he said of the hard-hearted, "Nay, they may go up Calvary so far that they can hear the blood dropping from the Saviour's side upon the stones below, and yet they will not be moved." The parish consider it a great sermon.

18th. Before I was out of my bedroom, —— called. Poor ——! he has been ill all summer of a fever in Rome, — not Italian Rome, but the New York counterfeit; penniless, and groping his way to Boston. I gave him some money and a letter to Mrs. ——, who is on the lookout for an Italian instructor. At nine o'clock started with Mr. Appleton for Williamstown, a pleasant drive of twenty miles. The town is finely situated on swelling uplands, in a great valley among the mountains. The college charmingly placed. Here, one would think, if anywhere, a young man would be "out of temptation." . . . After dinner drove to North Adams. On returning to the hotel, the student who had showed us the President's house rushed up to me with paper, pen, and ink, and said, "Mr. L., I am collecting autographs; will you favor me with yours?" The landlord begged five more, and thanked me for them in behalf of five young gentlemen invisible.

20th. Strolled along the banks of the Housatonic, through fields and pastures down to the meadows; a shallow brown stream, not over clear. In the afternoon, letter from Sumner [who was staying at the Craigie House], saying his oration is finished. He encloses a letter from Mrs. Basil Montague, who has had great losses. She

says, "I throw myself more into books than ever; for they never fail me or disappoint me. They find me sadly seated, summer long, in the hot, dusty city, but they bring me green fields and flowers that never fade; dear friends that never desert me, unchanging, unchanged."

22d. Drove to Stockbridge. Came upon the "Ox-bow." It is a beautiful place. We stopped at the farm-house. The old barn was the church in which Kirkland preached to the Indians. Strolled to the river and along its banks. But the clouds darkened the landscape, and F. was not there! After dinner it began to rain, and we turned our faces homeward without calling on the Sedgwicks. Up the hill we went from which the view is so fine; beneath us wound and circled upon itself the slow Housatonic through the meadows fair, forming the Ox-bow. We stopped a moment to see the Lowells, who go back [to Cambridge] on Monday, as we do. I shall not soon seek country air again. Give me the sea-side in summer, and the town in winter.

25th. Worcester is a very pretty place. Walked to the upper part of the town, with its fine rural views. Started at noon. At Winship's garden found Sumner waiting with the carriage to bring us home.

27th. Phi Beta Kappa. A grand, elevated, eloquent oration from Sumner. He spoke it with great ease and elegance; and was from beginning to end triumphant.

31st. The last day of summer. Began my college work; classes unusually large. In the afternoon a delicious drive with F. and C. through Brookline, by the church and "the green lane,"[1] and homeward through a lovelier lane, with barberries and wild vines clustering over the old stone walls.

September 1. To-day begins a new month; so *volta subito*, and turn over a new leaf. Busy till dinner in looking

[1] The scene of the poem 'A Gleam of Sunshine.'

over papers and getting my study in order. Wearisome work. How long will my tables and chairs and window-seats remain unincumbered? In the evening, Alfieri.

2d. A call from Mrs. —— about her poems. She thinks of a subscription, which is the safest way. Poor woman! She looks sad, and tears come into her eyes. Hard at work in college all day. After which drove to town to see Mr. L—— about Mrs. —— and her poems.

3d. Went to town and over the ferry to East Boston. Delighted to behold the lovely sea again. Ah, why did we not pass the summer on its shores, instead of putting ourselves into the close custody of the imprisoning mountains? I prefer the sea-side to the country. The idea of liberty is stronger there.

4th. Four hours' work in college consumed the day. Could use my eyes no more. In the evening F. read me some of Fuseli's Aphorisms of Art. Very fresh and strong.

13th. F. not well enough to go to church; and I stayed at home to keep her company. We sat reading Jeremy Taylor. We tried Massillon also; but agreed that he was very heavy and dull. In the evening began the second part of Alfieri's memoirs, when commences his literary career.

14th. While we were at tea, Mr. Fields was announced "with Mr. Taylor." I went into the library in the twilight and found also Mr. W. and Mr. D. So we had an extemporaneous tea-party. Mr. Taylor turned out to be the young poet, Bayard Taylor; though I did not know it at the time. He has been through Europe, mostly on foot; and has a book in press called Views Afoot. He seems modest and ingenuous.

18th. The steamer Cambria arrived this morning. Washington Irving is among the passengers.

19th. In town. Young Eastman Johnson began a crayon sketch of my head. From the first sitting, I augur

well of it.[1] Met —— in the street, with his red cravat, looking as if his throat were cut; a funny little fellow, all alive, and voluble as the air. Sumner seems to be all engaged in politics and philanthropy, — to the great neglect, as Hillard says, of the law.

20th. As yet the season wears no look of glorious autumn, but rather of a yellow and seedy summer. Nor do I feel any of the delicious sensations which always visit me in autumn; but as yet only languor, and no excitement.

21st. I have dreams and visions of foreign travel today, — *châteaux* and gardens in the south of France, and delightful rooms in Paris. Restless, restless; and at the present moment no love of books.

25th. Last night old John Quincy Adams presided at a monstrously crowded meeting in Faneuil Hall, about the slave taken in the streets of Boston and carried back to his master in New Orleans by the captain of a coaster. Sumner, Wendell Phillips, and Howe all spoke. Alas, that I was not there to hear!

27th. Mr. —— preached, — a youth with a delicious voice. A good sermon, but hardly direct enough for such a text as "What do ye more than others?" After church we called on Mrs. Follen, who has come back to Cambridge to live.

29th. A delicious drive with F. through Malden and Lynn to Marblehead, to visit E. W. at the Devereaux Farm by the sea-side.[2] Drove across the beautiful sand. What a delicious scene! The ocean in the sunshine changing from the silvery hue of the thin waves upon the beach, through the lighter and the deeper green, to a rich

[1] He afterwards made the interesting heads of Sumner, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Felton, which are still on the walls of the study in Craigie House.

[2] From this visit came the poem, 'The Fire of Driftwood.'

purple in the horizon. We recalled the times past, and the days when we were at Nahant. The Devereaux Farm is by the sea, some miles from Lynn. An old-fashioned farm-house, with low rooms, and narrow windows rattling in the sea-breeze. After dinner we drove to Marblehead, — a strange old place on a rocky promontory, with narrow streets, and strange, ugly houses scattered at random, corner-wise and every-wise, thrusting their shoulders into the streets and elbowing the passers out of their way. A dismantled fort looks out seaward. We rambled along the breast-works, which are now a public walk, and asked in vain for the reef of Norman's Woe, which is, nevertheless, in this neighborhood. On returning to the Devereaux Farm, we sat on the rocks and listened to "the bellowing of the savage sea."

Marblehead has one old tradition, if no more, — "the Screeching Woman," brought in by pirates and murdered in the marshes back of the town; and now her poor ghost shrieks on gusty nights.

October 1. I record with delight the name of October, —

> Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
> Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun.

Gave Mr. Y. an hour for my miniature, then went to town and gave Johnson a sitting. After dinner, drove to S. Eliot's, in Brookline. Saw on his table a beautiful cast of Dante, — a full-length figure, about two feet high; the head from Giotto.

4th. In the evening, our souls panted for the southern landscapes, and for song; and we took Shelley, and were wafted on his wings far up and far away. There are certain moods which his poetry meets and satisfies more than any other.

6th. We drove to town with the Portland visitors. Went to Johnson's room. All delighted with his portrait, thinking it the best ever made of me. Then to the

United States Hotel, to see Mrs. R. and Anne L. They came to tea with us. We talked of old times, — the farm in Gorham, the old blacksmith's-shop with the gay mosses on its roof, and the like. A magnificent autumnal moonlight; tranquil, dewy, cool. And why is it that no poetic visions come to me? Or, rather, why do I find no words for those that come?

9th. Four hours' consecutive teaching in college. I was so weary that I slept all the afternoon. Took a walk in the twilight, just as the stars were beginning to glow in the purple western sky. The village streets are paved with gold. At the end of "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History in smooth and easie Verse, written long since by John Chalkhill, Esq., an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spence," the editor inscribed this odd line: "And here the author died; and I hope the reader will be sorry."

10th. Went with Hillard to Salem, to see Hawthorne. He dined with us at the hotel.

11th. I am in despair at the swift flight of time, and the utter impossibility I feel to lay hold upon anything permanent. All my hours and days go to perishable things. College takes half the time; and other people, with their interminable letters and poems and requests and demands, take the rest. I have hardly a moment to think of my own writings, and am cheated of some of life's fairest hours. This is the extreme of folly; and if I knew a man, far off in some foreign land, doing as I do here, I should say he was mad.

13th. In the evening, we had a tremendous gale from the south. Broken branches from the old trees were flying about in all directions. Down came a dead tree, crashing in the darkness. Blinds got loose, and banged about like mad. Anon, the wind lulled, and with one great expiring blast exhaled its soul.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem, October 14, 1846.

Dear Longfellow, — Your devoted admirer, C., was infinitely mortified at not seeing you on Saturday, — so much so that it seems to have turned his brain; and he has absolutely broken off all intercourse with me, from an idea that I did not use my best efforts to bring about a meeting! What a terrible thing is poesy! Thank Heaven! I am a humble proser, and run no risk of bedevilling honest Christians, as you have Mr. H. L. C.

. . . If you wish to heal all wounds, you can do so by inviting us both to dinner; and you may do it without dread of consequences; for I hereby bind myself, most positively and immitigably, to refuse to come with him, on the score of his having behaved like a ——.

If you will speak to Mr. Johnson, I will call on him the next time I visit Boston, and make arrangements about the portrait. My wife is much delighted with the idea, — all previous attempts at my "lineaments divine" having resulted unsuccessfully.

Your friend,

Nath. Hawthorne.

15th. Went to Leopold de Meyer's concert. A wonderful performer, pouncing on the keys like a lion on the reeds of a jungle; and shaking the notes from his paws like drops of water. Great delicacy, likewise, and evenness of touch; and yet he does not touch the soul.

21st. I am anxious to get out The Estray, as a companion to The Waif, and cannot get to the level of writing the introductory poem, for which I have the idea in my mind, namely, 'Pegasus in Pound.' For years I have not had so unpoetic an autumn, which grieves me sore. I

always rely upon the autumn, and chiefly on October. Last year how many poems I wrote; and this year, as yet, not one!

23d. Hillard gave a lecture, and Holmes a poem, before the Cambridge Lyceum. Both were delightful. Hillard's lecture was noble and elevated in its tone, and very well written and spoken. Holmes surpassed himself, particularly in the serious parts of the poem. His description of Sunday morning in the city particularly delighted me. When Hillard closed, Mrs. —— said to me, with what elocutionists call the "rising inflection" and a smile, "Pretty!" Good heavens! anything but that; and yet that was all her comment on a fine intellectual performance. But criticism is double-edged; it criticises him who receives and him who gives.

26th. Completely exhausted to-day by college work. Ought I to lead this life any longer? If I mean to be an author should I not be one in earnest?

27th. Hawthorne and Conolly came from Salem to dine with me. I am more and more struck with Hawthorne's manly beauty and strange, original fancies. He thinks I ought by all means to give up college. And so I think, and I mean to do it. I will stay here till I am forty. Then I will see what I can do in literature by devoting myself to it. As things now are, with blind eyes and only the morning to work in, my time passes without result. Nothing permanent; nothing of what I feel myself capable of doing.

30th. Read Sumner's Letter to R. C. Winthrop in The Whig; a very noble, powerful, direct, unflinching appeal. As a speech it would have echoed through the land. Though here and there a phrase might have been omitted, it must carry conviction with it.

31st. Call upon Camillo Sivori, the celebrated violinist, and his companion De' Ferranti, "guitarist to his majesty

the *Roi des Belges*." S. is a little fellow with bright, keen, yet soft eyes. Ferranti's face I remembered. Where had I seen him? In Paris in 1826. He gave my cousin, Eben Storer, lessons on the guitar, and I took of him my first lessons in Italian. What strange trumps turn up, as time shuffles the cards!

November 2. Yesterday I should have recorded a visit from Buchanan Read, the young poet-painter, who passed the night with us. He has a volume of poems in the press. He repeated one or two which pleased me much.

4th. Sivori's first concert. Signora Pico sang, and brought back Italy and the whole warm South. Sivori played deliciously. There never was a better concert given in Boston, I am sure. I heard the first part only; having to go to a party in Colonnade Row. An elegant supper, and old china without end.

5th. Met, at the President's office, a committee about the studies in my department. They propose that I shall keep the Italian classes, and that hereafter when Mr. Sales goes, the Spanish be added also to my duties. I will consent to nothing that shall harm a hair of Sales's venerable head. The whole system of college studies is now undergoing revision. My department is to be reduced. Do as you please, gentlemen. Like a bird, as Victor Hugo says, I feel the branch bend under me, but — "*j'ai des ailes*."

6th. An Italian came into my lecture-room this morning with letters asking for Bachi's place. He looked not unlike Dickens's Mantalini; and was attended by a little fat, black poodle, who whimpered and hid himself under the chairs.

7th. Walked across the country to see Park Benjamin. Had a long talk with him. At dinner he gave some capital imitations of Macready. Yesterday Samuel Lover passed the night here. He is a pleasant

fellow, — not a scholar, but has been a part of his life a painter.

9th. Work in college all day. Voted for Palfrey, in the rain. In the evening, Faculty-meeting. After which I sat by the fire in my deep chair and wrote [with pencil] the greater part of 'Pegasus in Pound,' — a proem to the collection to be entitled The Estray. It is doubtful if I can get it out this autumn, it is now so late. I have been waiting for a young man who has prepared a similar volume and wants to get it out before mine.

12th. I long to be fairly at work on Evangeline. But as surely as I hope for a free day something unexpected steps in and deprives me of it.

14th. In the afternoon walked to the bridge, meaning to go into town to the Academy concert. But when I thought of my own warm fireside and F. and C., my heart failed me and I came back.

15th. Dr. Noyes preached. In his sermon he had this poetic figure: "Our duties to God ascend like the vapors, not to refresh the sky, but to fall again in genial showers upon ourselves." Sumner and Felton in the evening. Sumner looks ill.

17th. I said as I dressed myself this morning, "To-day at least I will work on Evangeline." But no sooner had I breakfasted than there came a note from ——, to be answered forthwith; then ——, to talk about a doctor; then Mr. Bates, to put up a fireplace; then this journal, to be written for a week. And now it is past eleven o'clock, and the sun shines so brightly upon my desk and papers that I can write no more.

19th. H. told me last night that Upjohn — an architect of New York — had, "after prayerful consideration," declined making a design for a new Unitarian church, on the ground of conscientious scruples. At first glance this seems only ludicrous. But it has its truly poetic

side. If the architect's mind is full of the sublime idea of his profession, building temples for the Lord, it would be profanation to build for any but Christians, and such he deems Unitarians not to be. *There* is the meanness and the narrowness of the matter, that his soul does not embrace all sects of Christians.

20th. I have taken to long walks of late; down through the Port to the bridge and back, in the afternoon. When I get home again the lamps are lighted, and little C. bursts out of the study, jubilant.

21st. Went to the law library in search of 'Estrays in the Forest.' The rest of the morning occupied in putting The Estray together. Afternoon, my usual walk. Met Ticknor [the publisher] and arranged matters with him. In the evening Sumner came out for a day or two.

22d. Weiss preached. I told him after church that I felt like applauding him, as the people of old did St. Chrysostom. Went with Sumner to see [Professor] Silliman. Brought him home to dinner and showed him my house. In the afternoon Sumner and Silliman went to church, and I walked to town and back.

23d. A German letter from Perabeau about songs. How few true *songs* we have in English! And here in America hardly any. Ah, here the heart struggles, and aspires, but does not sing!

24th. Had the double windows put on, and cracks and crevices stopped; making the old house ready for winter, as at sea one would a ship for rough weather.

26th. Thanksgiving-day. Bright, but dreary. The ground covered with snow, and the roads in the worst possible state. Nevertheless, we drove to town to dine, taking the children; C. with the reddest of cheeks and of leggings, and E. with a new white plush cocked-up hat, and his face almost as white. At dinner we had General ——. Rather a jolly man, with a body too large for his

legs, and a wig too small for his pate. One thing I remarked in him, — that as he was unsuccessful in getting up war against England, he has on his own private account declared a war against the English grammar, which he carries on vigorously and successfully.

28th. Hear that the steamer Atlantic was wrecked last night on the Sound. On Wednesday night she started from New York. In the storm her machinery broke. She drifted toward Fisher's Island, and lay at anchor all Thursday within a few feet of the breakers. Friday morning her cables broke, and she was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Nothing remains of the huge ship save the upright posts and the cross-bar of the bell. There it hangs, swinging and tolling in the midst of the surges. Wild and strange!

December 1. The Estray is going swiftly through the press. In the afternoon Mrs. —— came out, with her poems. I am glad the matter is over and the book printed. I was a little annoyed, however, when she asked me to write a notice of it, and said that Mrs. —— had told her "to ask Mr. L. to write a puff for her." I declined, saying that I never did such things.

2d. Got some of the proof-sheets of Read's Poems. There is great beauty in them; but sometimes a finical air, and too many *concetti*. F. read to me Browning's Blot on the 'Scutcheon; a play of great power and beauty, as the critics would say, and as every one must say who reads it. He is an extraordinary genius, Browning, with dramatic power of the first order.

3d. In the evening F. read Frémont's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842; highly interesting and exciting. What a wild life, and what a fresh kind of existence! But, ah, the discomforts!

5th. Well, another week gone! It has given me no literary results, but much material. Frémont has

particularly touched my imagination; and I trust something may come of that.

6th. —— preached. A funny little man, but an old hand at a sermon. In the afternoon took my walk as usual through the Port, meeting numberless congregations. This walk pleases me. I like to go to the mouth of the Charles and see the tide-waters spreading out sea-like, flashing, and freshening the air. Then, I walk with the sun at my back; and when he sets, return with all the glory full upon me. And then I meet few people whom I know. The constant saying of "good-evening" disturbs thought.

8th. Looking over Brainard's poems, I find, in a piece called 'The Mocking Bird,' this passage: —

> Now his note
> Mounts to the play-ground of the lark, high up
> Quite to the sky. And then again it falls
> *As a lost star falls* down into the marsh.

Now, when in 'Excelsior,' I said, "A voice fell like a falling star," Brainard's poem was not in my mind, nor had I in all probability ever read it. Felton said at the time that the same image was in Euripides, or Pindar, I forget which. Of a truth, one cannot strike a spade into the soil of Parnassus, without disturbing the bones of some dead poet.

10th. Laid up with a cold. Moped and mowed the day through. Made an effort, however, and commenced the second part of Evangeline. I felt all day wretched enough to give it the sombre tone of coloring that belongs to the theme.

11th. Took down Chapman's Homer and read the second book. Rough enough; and though better than Pope, how inferior to the books in hexameter in Blackwood! The English world is not yet awake to the beauty of that metre. Could not go to the Whist Club. But

Slidell Mackenzie came, and passed the night; and we talked of the old and the new. A very good fellow, with very sound sense and great love of literature.

12th. I looked out of the window just as the sun was rising, tinging with a faint rosy blush the feathery snow on the trees, — a lovely glimpse. Slidell took his leave, and F. resumed Homer, which, with the children, occupied the day and evening. Some passages come out finely in Chapman's rough translation; for instance, the description of old King Priam with the other old king on the top of the tower, like grasshoppers on a tree; and the hosts gathering like flies on a milkmaid's pail.

15th. Stayed at home, working a little on Evangeline; planning out the second part, which fascinates me, — if I can but give complete tone and expression to it. Of materials for this part there is superabundance. The difficulty is to select, and give unity to variety.

16th. As I sat in the twilight this evening, Emerson came in. He came to take tea, having a lecture at the Lyceum. After tea, walked down with him. The lecture good, but not of his richest and rarest. His subject, Eloquence. By turns he was grave and jocose, and had some striking views and passages. He lets in a thousand new lights — side-lights and cross-lights — into every subject.

17th. Finished this morning, and copied, the first canto of the second part of Evangeline. The portions of the poem which I write in the morning, I write chiefly standing at my desk here [by the window], so as to need no copying. What I write at other times is scrawled with a pencil on my knee in the dark, and has to be written out afterward. This way of writing with a pencil and portfolio I enjoy much; as I can sit by the fireside and do not use my eyes. I see a panorama of the Mississippi advertised. This comes very *à propos*. The river comes

to me instead of my going to the river; and as it is to flow through the pages of the poem, I look upon this as a special benediction.

18th. In the evening, seventh and eighth books of Homer. Rather heavy, all this fighting; but the magnificent close of the eighth book redeems all. I mean, the description of the Trojan night-fires round the walls of Troy.

19th. Went to see Banvard's moving diorama of the Mississippi. One seems to be sailing down the great stream, and sees the boats and the sand-banks crested with cottonwood, and the bayous by moonlight. Three miles of canvas, and a great deal of merit.

20th. In the afternoon as we were sitting in the study, the door suddenly opened, there were voices in the entry, and young H. W. came leading in poor Mr. Sales, with his bald white head gashed and bleeding. He had been run over by a sleigh, and his clothes rent and almost stripped from his back. Luckily his wounds were not deep. He refused to take the young man's name who had done the deed; saying, "No; I wish you all success in life." He soon rallied from the fright and confusion; and we got him comfortably home in a cab with the doctor.

22d. The Estray is published.

24th. Emerson has sent me the second series of Channing's Poems. They are much in the vein of the first; written in a low tone, to use a painter's phrase, — and sometimes in the lowest tone. There is a good deal of poetic perception in them, but the expression of it is not very fortunate.

25th. We went to town for Christmas. In the evening a child's party: we saw only the beginning of it. We came out in the murk and rain, the earth and sky dissolving, and passed a quiet evening, talking by the fireside.

26th. Received from Emerson a copy of his Poems. F. read it to me all the evening and until late at night. It gave us the keenest pleasure; though many of the pieces present themselves Sphinx-like, and, "struggling to get free their hinder-parts," offer a very bold front and challenge your answer. Throughout the volume, through the golden mist and sublimation of fancy gleam bright veins of purest poetry, like rivers running through meadows. Truly, a rare volume; with many exquisite poems in it, among which I should single out 'Monadnoc,' 'Threnody,' 'The Humble-bee,' as containing much of the quintessence of poetry.

27th. —— preached a sonorous sermon; seeming to me like the huge Grecian porticos on modern houses, leading to no dwelling of the gods, but to narrow staircases within the homes of ordinary men.

28th. There is a great "stampede" on Parnassus at the present moment, a furious rushing to and fro of the steeds of Apollo. Emerson's Poems; Story's Poems; Read's Poems; Channing's Poems, — all in one month.

29th. I hoped to do much on my poem to-day; and did nothing. My whole morning was taken up with letters and doing up New Year's gifts. Then went to the College Library with C. and showed him Audubon's huge book of birds, to his infinite delight. So passed the morning.

31st. And here comes the last day of the year; and the greybeard,

> "Like Denmark's spectre king, with motion slow
> Beckons the young year"

CHAPTER III.

EVANGELINE. — JOURNAL.

1847.

THE event of 1847 was the completing and publishing of Evangeline, the "tale of love in Acadie." The familiar story of its inception must for completeness' sake be told again. Mr. Hawthorne came one day to dine at Craigie House, bringing with him his friend Mr. H. L. Conolly, who had been the rector of a church in South Boston. At dinner Conolly said that he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton. It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who at the dispersion of her people by the English troops had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of its heroine, and said to his friend, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem;" and

Hawthorne consented. Out of this grew Evangeline, — whose heroine was at first called Gabrielle. For the history of the dispersion of the Acadians the poet read such books as were attainable; Haliburton, for instance, with his quotations from the Abbé Raynal. Had he been writing a history, he perhaps would have gone to Nova Scotia to consult unpublished archives. But as he was writing a poem, a tale of love and constancy, for which there was needed only a slight historical background, he took the authorities which were at hand. Later investigations and more recent publications have shown that the deportation had more justification than had been supposed; that some, at least, of the Acadians, so far from being innocent sufferers, had been troublesome subjects of Great Britain, — fomenting insubordination and giving help to the enemy. But if the expatriation was necessary, it was none the less cruel, and involved in suffering many who were innocent of wrong. It is very possible that the poet painted in too soft colors the rude robustness which may have characterized the peasants of Grand Pré; as artists are apt to soften the features and clean the faces of the Italian peasant boys they put on their canvas. The picture of Acadian life, however, was but a part of his background. The scenery of Grand Pré he painted from books, having never visited the place; but it is sufficiently accurate for his purpose.

The hexameter measure which he chose for the poem brought upon him much critical animad-

version, in public and in private. Some of his friends objected to it; Mr. Felton and Dr. Holmes approved;[1] so did Dr. Whewell, in England, himself a writer of hexameters, to whom Mr. Everett sent the volume, and who reviewed it with praise in Fraser. The extreme classicists insisted that the hexameter was a Greek and Latin metre which could not possibly be transferred to the English language, because that had only *accent*, and not *time*, for its syllables. They did not perceive that accent *is* time, — an accented syllable being necessarily long, that is, prolonged in utterance, while unaccented syllables are short in time, being hurried over in speaking. "*Solvitur ambulando;*" good English hexameters are good, if read by the ear, and not by a mind that is fixed upon the rules of a foreign tongue. For their reading, it is

[1] Dr. Holmes wrote, "As I have some acquaintance with the art of versifying, and a natural ear for the melody of language, I will only say that in this respect I see no place for criticism, but only for admiration. This particular measure has less poetical effect, as I think, than most others. In fact, it marks the transition of prose into verse, and requires some art in reading to mark the cadences which belong to the more musical of the two. But all that can be done for it, you have done; and the continuousness of a narration is perhaps more perfectly felt in these long reaches of slowly undulating verse than in the shorter measures, such as the octosyllabic, with its *va et vient* movement and the clattering castanets of its frequent rhyme."

The editor is tempted to add the closing paragraph of Dr. Holmes's note: "The story is beautiful in conception as in execution. I read it as I should have listened to some exquisite symphony, and closed the last leaf, leaving a little mark upon it which told a great deal more than all the ink I could waste upon the note you have just finished."

only needful that stress be laid upon the first syllable of each line, and the rest left to follow naturally as in prose. And a good English hexameter line will be sure to have for its first syllable one upon which stress would naturally be laid.[1]

Apart from all technical discussion of its form, the poem had a warm reception for its touching story and for the beauty of its descriptions. It was also praised for being "American," by which was meant that the theme and scene were in America; which certainly is not the only, or the most important, sense of the word, as a characteristic.

Evangeline was published at the close of the year 1847. We now go back to its beginning.

Journal.

January 1, 1847. With me the New Year begins gloomily enough, in small matters. What with the steaming, melting weather, and mud up to one's knees, and hundreds of tradesmen's bills pouring in, I have a fit of the blues, — which I do not often have. But what vexes me most is being cribbed and shut up in college. Not that I dislike work, but that I have other work to do than this.

6th. Much is said now-a-days of a national literature. Does it mean anything? Such a literature is the expression of national character. We have, or shall have, a composite one, embracing French, Spanish, Irish, English,

[1] Add that in English hexameter monosyllables are common, — that is, either long or short, as the verse may demand; and that a trochee may take the place of a spondee.

Scotch, and German peculiarities. Whoever has within himself most of these is our truly national writer. In other words, whoever is most universal is also most national. Emerson's Poems are not so enthusiastically received by the public as I thought they would be. The Old School seems to be making a vigorous rally, — lauding The New Timon and the like.

7th. What strange weather! It has given me a headache, with my eye-sight swimming all abroad, and my thoughts hanging suspended in a gloomy brain, like impending snows that fill the air but will not fall. Went to the Library and got Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, and the Historical Collections of Pennsylvania. Also, Darby's Geographical Description of Louisiana. These books must help me through the last part of Evangeline, so far as facts and local coloring go. But for the form and the poetry, — they must come from my own brain.

8th. Got through college work to-day. In the evening, whist club at Felton's. Sumner came out. We had a nice supper, and were very gay. Sumner particularly talkative and jovial.

9th. In the evening, a re-union at Felton's, to meet Mr. Agassiz, the Swiss geologist and naturalist. A pleasant, voluble man, with a bright, beaming face.

13th. Wasted the forenoon by going to town on business, which I but half accomplished. Sumner came to dinner, after which we called on the ——s [from New York]. Mrs. ——, with inimitable tact, asked me if I had ever published a volume of poems. I answered gayly, "Yes; one volume in Philadelphia, one in New York, and four here." To which she responded that she had never seen them. Her husband, seeming to suspect some escapade, came to the rescue by praising an old article of mine in the North American, on Hawthorne.

14th. Finished the last canto of Evangeline. But the poem is not finished. There are three intermediate cantos to be written. An attack on The Estray, in a Philadelphia paper, in which the writer says that I am trying to make the public believe that I am the author of the [anonymous] poems collected in that volume; and that if I am "allowed to go on," I shall appropriate to myself all the finest poems of England and this country. Prodigious critic!

16th. [These foreigners] grow inexpressibly tiresome, with their crude opinions about the country. I have rarely met one who desired information. On the contrary, they desire to give you *their* opinion.

17th. B—— came to see me, in pursuit of Story's Poems, to complete the collection of new stars. He is going to write a review of the whole band. He thinks The New Timon "the greatest poem which has appeared for fifty years"! O Apollo! What a scourging the New School will get!

18th. Billings came to hear some passages in Evangeline, previous to making designs. As I read, I grew discouraged. Alas, how difficult it is to produce anything really good! Now I see nothing but the defects of my work. I hope the critics will not find so many as I do. But onward! The poem, like love, must "advance or die."

19th. As I was walking on the piazza this morning, an Italian beggar made his appearance with a printed paper. The same old story, — inundation in Sicily, etc. I resolved straightway to give him nothing, — and after he was gone, repented. I have no doubt his story was false; yet one thing was true, — his poverty. Martin came at noon, and made a full-length sketch of me for a newspaper.

20th. Not in the mood for writing, but made it up in walking and meditating. In the evening, F. read

Southey's 'Vision of Judgment.' What a very disagreeable poem! It is enough to damn the author and his hexameters forever. To take the taste out of our mouths, we followed it with Byron's wild and wicked travesty, which is full of wit, and hits the Laureate hard on his wreathed head.

21st. Went to town. After dinner, walked with Prescott, who is jovial, and in the best possible humor, — having the Conquest of Peru now in press.

22d. Wrote in Evangeline. Then walked a couple of hours. After dinner, a couple more. In the evening, the whist club.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Surveyor's Office, Salem, January 23, 1847.

Dear Longfellow, — I shall be in Boston on some uncertain day next week, and will call on Mr. Martin and arrange a sitting either here or there. Since you do not shrink from the hazard of a newspaper woodcut, I shall readily face it in my own person; though I never saw one that did not look like the devil. Full length, too! I am puzzled what costume to adopt. A dressing-gown would be the best for an author; but I cannot wear mine into Boston. I once possessed a blue woollen frock, which saw much service at Brook Farm and Concord, and in which I once went to Boston to buy pigs. Gladly would I appear before men and angels in that garment; but on leaving the manse I bequeathed it to Ellery Channing. In a dress-coat I should look like a tailor's pattern, — which certainly is not characteristic of my actual presence. So that I think I shall show myself in a common sack, with my stick in one hand and my hat in the other.

I rejoice to hear that the poem [Evangeline] is near its completion; and I will certainly come to listen to as

much of it as you will vouchsafe to read, in no long time. The Estray came safely; it is a beautiful collection. Common things — or what might be mistaken for such — are seen to possess a rareness after you have held them in your hand. Is it an innate virtue of the thing, or a magic in the touch?

Your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE, Surveyor.

23d. Morning as yesterday, — sitting by the fire in a darkened room, writing with a pencil in my portfolio, without the use of eyes. [In the evening] F. read our favorite Sealsfield.[1] His descriptions of the Southwest are very striking. The Creole Ball quite life-like, and the passage through a cypress-swamp terrible.

26th. Finished second canto of Part II. of Evangeline. I then tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird: —

> Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
> The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
> Poured such delirious music from his throat
> That all the air seemed listening to his note.
> Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
> It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
> Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
> The multitudinous music from his tongue, —
> As, after showers, a sudden gust again
> Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

30th. Went into town to dine and see the "Viennese Children" dance. A pretty show of some forty or fifty little girls, from six to sixteen years of age. In the evening, Dickens's Christmas book, The Battle of Life, which we find quite charming.

[1] A German-American writer, whose tales were very popular at the time.

31st. Laid up with a cold, I sat by the fireside all day long; in which there is a kind of comfort, after all. In the evening, Mr. Horne's poem, Orion, in nine cantos of blank verse. It is the old classic fable with modern application. It is a striking work, deserving much more fame than it has attained. But it can hardly be popular, for it comes more from the brain than the heart; and readers now demand passion, — at least, feeling.

February 1. Horne's ballads. I liked best 'The Noble Heart,' and 'The Monk of Swineshead Abbey.' Quite remarkable poems both of them. How much good poetry is written now which attracts but a passing notice. Why is it? Some element must be wanting in it, or not recognized. During the day worked busily and pleasantly on Evangeline, — canto third of Part II. It is nearly finished.

2d. Shrouded in a cold, which covers me like a monk's hood. I am confident it is often sheer laziness, when a poet refrains from writing because he is "not in the mood." Until he begins he can hardly know whether he is in the mood or not. It is reluctance to the manual labor of recording one's thoughts; perhaps to the mental labor of setting them in due order. In the afternoon, a visit from Lowell, who talked very pleasantly. In the evening, Audubon's Sketches of Adventure sprinkled through his Ornithology. What a miserable writer, save when he is describing birds or their habits. Closed the evening with the first chapter of George Sand's *Maitres Mosaïstes.*

3d. Dinner-party [at Mr. N. Appleton's] for Agassiz. Exceedingly agreeable. Though I could hardly speak above my breath, I enjoyed it to the full.

4th. The recollection of the pleasant dinner is charming. Agassiz lounging in his chair, or pricking up his ears, eagerly listening to what was said at the end of the

table. Opposite to him ——, endowed with a *grand talent pour le silence.* The other guests were Mr. Ticknor, F. Gray, Dr. Hayward, Dr. Holmes, Professor Rogers the geologist, Abbott Lawrence, and David Sears. From our end of the table I heard Agassiz extolling my description of the glacier of the Rhone in Hyperion; which is pleasant in the mouth of a Swiss, who has a glacier theory of his own.

5th. To-day the vacation is half over, and heartily sorry am I. I wish it would never end; heartily desiring quietly to slide out of the college.

8th. Went to town to dine, with F. and the children. E. took his first walk in Beacon Street, and made patriotic struggles to enter John Hancock's premises. How splendidly he looked in his white cocked-up hat and plumes, his blue coat and red gaiters. Saw Sumner, who is writing a lecture on "Algerine Slavery," which he begins with a comparison between the African Barbary States and the American. After our return in the evening, read Hoffmann's story, Olivier Brusson, translated into French. This is the story of Réné Cardillac, the goldsmith of Paris. It would make a good drama. The miser in love with his jewels for the sake of their beauty, — a new kind of miser. This is not precisely the case in Hoffmann's story, but it might be made so.

9th. Went to town, having grown a little morbid by being shut up so long. In the evening, George Sand's Simon, which contains some powerfully drawn characters, individual, dramatic, strong. Her style is delicious.

11th. Worked, walked, and wished for many things; mainly for better eyes. In the evening finish Simon, which begins, and advances, with vigor, but flags toward the conclusion.

17th. Find the ground covered with snow, to my sorrow; for what comes as snow departs as mud. Wrote

description of the prairies for Evangeline. In the evening began with Mr. Corwin's excellent speech against the war [with Mexico].[1] Then Kendall's Santa Fé Expedition.

18th. Looked into Kip's Early Jesuit Missions in North America; a curious and very interesting book.

21st. A snow-storm. Tasted the sweet luxury of sitting all day by the fireside and hearing some one read. Sumner delivered to us from an arm-chair his lecture on "Algerine Slavery," which is exceedingly clever, simple, and striking.

23d. Evangeline is nearly finished. I shall complete it this week, together with my fortieth year.

24th. Walking down to Felton's this morning, seduced by the magnetic influence of the air and the approach to classic ground, I composed the following, a pendant to Schiller's, —

> In Hexameter headlong the cataract plunges
> Down, and the eddying mists in Pentameter rise.

In my afternoon's walk I changed it and added three more.

I.

> In Hexameter plunges the headlong cataract downward,
> In Pentameter up whirls the eddying mist.

II.

> In Hexameter rolls sonorous the peal of the organ;
> In Pentameter soft rises the chant of the choir.

III.

> In Hexameter gallops delighted a beggar on horseback;
> In Pentameter, whack! tumbles he off of his steed.

IV.

> In Hexameter sings serenely a Harvard Professor;
> In Pentameter him damns censorious Poe.

[1] Thomas Corwin, Governor of Ohio, and afterward Secretary of the Treasury.

25th. EPIGRAMME *par un ci-devant jeune homme, en approchant de la quarantaine.*

"Sous le firmament
Tout n'est que changement,
Tout passe."
Le cantique le dit,
Il est ainsi écrit,
Il est sans contredit,
Tout passe.

O douce vie humaine!
O temps qui nous entraine!
Destinée souveraine!
Tout change.
Moi qui, poète rêveur,
Ne fus jamais friseur,
Je frise, — Oh, quelle horreur!
La quarantaine!

26th. In the afternoon I drove to Fresh Pond to see the ice-cutting. The horses passing up and down among the pines; the green gloom above, the white snow beneath; the men on the lake; the square blocks of ice sliding along their canal, then borne up through the trees to descend the inclined plane on iron grooves into the great ice-houses, — the whole was indeed very striking. It would be a good subject for a poem, — a dithyrambic on Water. I have long thought so. Various scenes would come in: the icebergs, the frozen seas, Labrador; and in contrast, the hot tropics, to which the ice is carried to cool the wines of Hindustan.

27th. Evangeline is ended. I wrote the last lines this morning And now for a little prose; a romance, which I have in my brain, — Kavanagh by name.

28th. The last day of February. Waded to church through snow and water ankle-deep. The remainder of the day, was warmly housed, save a walk on the piazza.

When evening came I really missed the poem and the pencil. Instead thereof I wrote a chapter of Kavanagh.

March 1. Term begins. Farewell the sweet *insouciance* of lettered ease, and lounging pencil in hand in deep arm-chairs. Instead thereof, the class and lecture-room. This term I have three classes, two in Molière and one in Dante. No college work could possibly be pleasanter.

2d. Prepared lectures for to-morrow. Made out a list of the books which we read last year. Hillard commences his lectures on Milton. In the evening, as the moon rose behind the Park Street tower, I went to the Tremont Temple. It was already crowded from floor to ceiling. The lecture was excellent and extremely well delivered.

Hillard and Sumner are both eloquent men, but very different in their eloquence. Sumner stands like a cannoneer, and gesticulates as if he were ramming down cartridges. Hillard is more elegant, and occasionally you think he is going to say, Let us pray.

After the lecture went to the meeting of the American Academy at No. 39 [Mr. N. Appleton's]. A long discussion about the great discovery of the age, — the Nepenthe, — sulphuric ether. Dr. Charles Jackson claims it; and Dr. Morton, who first used it in extracting teeth, lays claim to the honor of a discoverer. Drove out with Felton and Bowen. A splendid night; bright as day; the ice sparkling and flashing in the moonlight.

4th. The first canto of the *Inferno* is for the most part simply narrative, only here and there a poetic touch. This *low tone* — to use the painter's phrase — gives great relief to the poetic passages. It is the plain gold setting of jewels. In the evening continued Kendall's disastrous Santa Fé Expedition. It strips the prairies of half their illusion.

6th. A lovely spring morning. I began to revise and correct Evangeline for the press. Went carefully over

the first canto. In the evening continued Kendall. The march of the prisoners to Paso del Norte is terrible. There the scene changes. The description of Paso, with its *Cura* and hospitable inhabitants, is charming. I longed to go there. I find a great charm in travelling along with him through the Mexican towns under the Sierra Nevada; the places are so strange, and the incidents so novel and striking. A sparkling, clever, interesting book. The impression left on our minds is much against the Mexicans; and yet in what a fair light shines the character of the Mexican women!

11th. A chill March morning; the frozen earth half-covered with snow looks like a brown-faced beggar in a tattered shirt. In the evening we read Milton's 'Comus,' flashing with all its gems, unnaturally bright. It is in English poetry what Undine is in German prose. Heuberer, the German musician, came out to play to me his new composition for Lessing's drinking song, "Death." Both poem and music are very striking. He wants a translation; but I am not eager to plunge into the bacchanalian strain.

12th. A letter from Calvert containing a poem on Freiligrath. In the evening we read the news from the seat of war [in Mexico]. In a letter from Tampico to the N. C. Fayetteville Observer (is the writer a Carolinian?), I find the Anglo-Saxon expression *sun-up*, for sunrise. "By sun-up, Patterson's regiment had left the encampment." This is the word used in the 'Ode on the Battle of Brunanburgh,' in the Saxon Chronicle (An. 938). *Sun-down* is a common expression in America. I did not know that *sun-up* was still in the mouths of men.

14th. We kept Sumner after the feast [the Club dinner] and he passed to-day with us. For a rarity he went to chapel with us. We had a good sermon.

15th. Delighted my Dante class by showing them Ary Scheffer's picture of Francesca da Rimini.

18th. Dined at Prescott's. Dr. Frothingham, Kent, Ticknor, Sparks, Gardiner, Choate, Sumner, Bowen, and myself. It was a pleasant affair, on occasion of closing the Conquest of Peru. Some one said that a dinner to *authors* was very appropriate, for what could he do better than invite the *Inkers* on such an occasion.

22d. A storm of snow, rain, and sleet. Dante's

piova
Eterna, maladetta, fredda e greve,

not forgetting the "grandine grossa." In the evening continued Ford [The Spaniards and their Country], who is a prodigious John Bull; and, moreover, has written two books in one, — that is, has said everything over twice.

27th. Henry Nelson Coleridge's Six Months in the West Indies is a lively, amusing book. I remember reading it some fourteen years ago in the hotel at Northampton, one cold dismal winter day, when I went to see Cogswell at his Round Hill school. He lent me the volume; and it filled the wintry day with sunshine. We are now reading it again, to get the form and pressure of scene and climate in the Mackintoshes' new home.

30th. A call from Emerson, who gave us an account of William Page's new picture of Ruth, which he thinks very fine. "It imposes silence upon you, which is the effect of all great paintings. The figures are solid and like sculpture, could be weighed, and as some one said, if you scratched them they would bleed." Afterward —— came in, full of the picture. He said the same things that Emerson had said, about the figures being weighed, and bleeding if scratched, and imposing silence. So that is probably the received phraseology in regard to the painting. He said, moreover, that —— had uttered the following judgment on the piece: "It is the greatest thing

that America has yet done, in painting or in anything else." Let me breathe! It is the fashion with Young America to consider Allston a mere dauber in comparison with Page.

31st. Got from the printer the first pages of Evangeline. In the evening we read Boswell's Johnson, beginning with the beginning, and advancing no further than his marriage and his school and his "tumultuous and awkward fondness for Mrs. Johnson."

April 1. Went to town the first time for several weeks, and had a conversation with Dr. Keep about the sulphuric ether and its use. In the evening read the North American for April. The paper on "Nine new Poets," by the editor, is full of pepper. They are all judged by their defects, not their merits.

2d. Good Friday in the *alleinseligmachende Kirche.* Instead of continuing Johnson, took up a long, prosy article on Addison. How can the good people afford to be so dull!

3d. The first canto of Evangeline in proofs. Some of the lines need pounding; nails are to be driven and clinched. On the whole I am pretty well satisfied. Fields came out in the afternoon. I told him of the poem, and he wants to publish it.

4th. Sumner and Felton came to tea, and we discussed Evangeline. I think Sumner is rather afraid of it still; and wants me to let it repose for a six-month.

5th. Death of Tegnér. Poem by Böttiger.

7th. This morning was born in the Craigie House a girl, to the great joy of all.

8th. Fast-day. Went to town to see Dr. Elliott about my eyes. Stepped into Dr. Keep's and had a double tooth extracted under the ethereal vapor. On inhaling it, I burst into fits of laughter. Then my brain whirled round, and I seemed to soar like a lark spirally into

the air. I was conscious when he took the tooth out and cried out, as if from infinitely deep caverns, "Stop;" but I could not control my muscles or make any resistance, and out came the tooth without pain.

9th. Proof-sheets of Evangeline all *tattooed* with Folsom's marks.[1] How severe he is! But so much the better.

May 5. Towards sunset walked half-way into town, having half a mind to go to the opera, and trust chance for finding a ticket. Came back, however, and passed a delightful quiet evening with F., which was more musical than any opera.

23d. Sumner with us, just returned from New York. He brings us Mrs. Butler's Year of Consolation, a year in Italy; and we read it with great delight. Sumner says that he never saw any one who impressed him so with the idea of genius as Mrs. Butler, in her presence and conversation.

24th. Finished the *Inferno* with my class; and am not sorry. Painful tragedy, called by its author comedy! Full of wonderful pathos, horror, and never ending surprise.

25th. A delicious morning. Veils of mist hanging like pendants from cathedral roofs over the emerald floor of the meadows. The silver Charles pursuing its way as of old, with a white-sailed schooner coming down with wind and tide.

Went with F. to the opera, "Moses in Egypt." The music is magnificent; but to see the miracles of Holy Writ mimicked on the stage, — the burning bush, the voice of God and so forth, — is rather startling. It reminds one of the Mysteries of the Middle Ages. F. enjoyed it much, that is to say, the music, and we drove out under the mildest of moons, at midnight.

[1] His friend Charles Folsom was chief reader at the University Press.

29th. Read an article on Cowley in the North British. I like this half-forgotten, much-neglected bard. How well he himself says of poetry, "The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poetry."

30th. *Sunday.* Read passages in Exodus. Wonderful, eventful, strange history! Read, also, a severe article on Sir Francis Head in the Edinburgh. How few books have the charm of his Bubbles from the Brunnen, and his Scamper across the Pampas.

31st. What a cold May we have had! However, the foliage is heavy and green as in England, and the lilacs are in bloom, and the buttercups scattered about in prodigal waste, — "the golden largess of Nature," as F. said four years ago, when we drove together down the green lanes of Watertown.

June 8th. At seven, on the full-tided river, a college boat-race; a very pretty sight, but with very few to see it. The Sophomores in red, the Juniors in white.

9th. I have now a lesson in Dante at five in the afternoon. I rather like it at this season; the College Yard is so pleasant, with the deep green trees and intermingling shadow and sunshine.

11th. Mrs. —— writes again and insists upon having a poem for her book, in a grim kind of way, as if I really "owed her contributions." What shall I do, with a "strong-minded woman" after me?

12th. T. has brought me from Paris the poems of Jasmin, in the Gascon dialect. He is a true poet. 'The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillé' is delicious; and there is an added charm in the sweetness of the sunny Southern words; as, for instance, *coucoulâbo* in the line

L'amou, boyme, lous coucoulâbo,

"Love, the deceiver, bewitched them."

14th. Young C. tells me that being at Mount Auburn a few days ago he was standing by a tomb which has a statue of a child upon it in white marble, somewhat weather-stained. A woman standing near him said in all seriousness, "I suppose those black spots are mortification commencing!"

15th. Clemencin's Don Quixote, the best of the Quixotes, just received from Madrid or Paris. On the wrapper was one of Grandville's caricatures, a *Société par admiration mutuelle;* four friends together, each swinging a censer to the others and smiling through clouds of incense.

18th. Went to town to hear Sumner before the Prison Discipline Society. He made a very strong, manly speech. It was a kind of "demolition of the Bastile" and of ——.

July 15. All up at early cock-crow, namely four o'clock. We had a pleasant run to Portland, where we arrived just in the nick of time to see a ship launched. Then we drove to the "Verandah," or Oak Grove in Westbrook, where we propose to inhale the sea for six weeks. A delicious place; a promontory fronting the entrance of the harbor, crowned with a grove of oaks.

16th. Passed the morning in the grove. Read a page or two of Ida Hahn-Hahn's novel, Ulrich, but could read only a page or two. The sea-side drowsiness and dreaminess stole over me; and I sat gazing at the silvery sea and the crowd of sails making seaward or landward in the offing, between the mainland and the islands. Birds were singing all about, strange sound by the sea. A. came from town with the whole family, — even my father, who so seldom stirs from home.

18th. How lovely the view of the harbor, the pearly sea with its almost irresistible attraction drawing me into it. A whole fleet of vessels in the horizon, looking in the

vapory distance like the spires and towers of a great city. Bathed before breakfast in the sea.

The rain is over, the tide is rising. One by one the banks of sea-shells and the brown weed-covered rocks have disappeared, and the ships have sailed away from the mouth of the harbor, and the city by the sea has sunk into its depths.

19th. Walked to town and bought a book, — History of Art in England and Ireland. Looked into my father's office, and called at the house; and walked out again over the bridge and across the fields. Found a lovely site for a house. At sunset walked on the bridge with F. Saw the fish leap out, and the screaming king-fishers shoot under the bridge and away seaward. The gurgling of the tide among the wooden piers was the only other sound. Coming back through the grove, we heard the evening gun from the fort; and the islands seized the sound and tossed it further and further off, till it died away in a murmur.

23d. This harbor mouth is always a charming sight to me; the gateway of the sea. I took C. in to the circus. It did not amuse him. Coming out, a black kitten on a post, and a smith shoeing a horse, delighted him infinitely more. Children are most amused by the slightest things; they comprehend them most easily.

Drove back after tea, in the sunset; a lovely daylight and moonlight mingling. Walked on the bridge with F. A fat man fishing for cunners, and sundry sculpins giving up the ghost in the moon. We leaned for a while on the wooden rail, and enjoyed the silvery reflection on the sea, making sundry comparisons. Among other thoughts we had this cheering one, — that the whole sea was flashing with this heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are the dark providences of God; luminous, though not to us; and even to ourselves in another position.

25th. Drove in to church. Dr. Nichols preached a fine sermon, laden with thought, on the influence of Nature on a mind diseased. He said that once an insane woman was restored to her right mind at the sight of Niagara.

26th. A delicious bath. After it, corrected proof-sheets of Evangeline, and then played billiards with F.

28th. Peter Bab and his omnibus "Mazeppa" deserve the pen of Sir Francis Head. He is a short little fellow, with a red face, and one leg longer than the other. In fair weather he wears a brown linen sack and straw hat; in foul, a browner woollen sack and a round glazed sailor's hat. He seems always in perplexity of mind; for, having no regular hour of coming and going, he depends upon the will of his passengers; and, as some want to go when others want to stay, he never knows what to do. In addition to this, he seems to have weighing on his mind the advertisement of the host of Oak Grove, — "The omnibus, Mazeppa, is always at the depot and steamers, to convey passengers to the Verandah."

29th. Who should appear at the dinner-table to-day but the Bryants! Bryant is grayer and thinner, and Mrs. B. fuller and fairer. Julia has grown up to look like her sister, as I remember her at Heidelberg.

30th. A bevy of pretty damsels walking out from Portland, among them the D——s; and a graceful pretty girl with beautiful hair, name unknown.

31st. Morning, letters and a game of billiards. Afternoon, a game of bowls. It has been raining all day. Now it holds up, and the heavy sea-mist rolls away. The tide is low. White sea-gulls sitting on the flats with a long reflection therein. Sunset like a conflagration. Walk on the bridge, both ends of which are lost in the fog, like human life midway between two eternities; beginning and ending in mist.

August 4. Drove with the landlord across the flats at low tide to Réné's island. The island was once owned by a French juggler of that name. Two old ladies of whom he bought it, got frightened upon hearing that he was in league with the devil, and refused for a while to touch his gold. But finally the bargain was concluded, and Réné retired to drink claret with fellow countrymen of his under the roof of yonder red cottage. How often have peals of French laughter and scraps of French songs been wafted across the channel here, filling with dismay some chance fisher on the rocks.

6th. The storm has come; and Mr. ——, the jolly Kentuckian, the rubicund little man, — who stands so funnily on his pegs, and kicks up his heels when he bowls, and wants to leave the house because he can get no bacon, — is imprisoned, and asks dolefully, How long do you think this will last? He asked me this morning, — fortunately no one but his wife and myself hearing the question, — "What causes the tides in the sea?"

7th. Still the roar of the breakers beyond the islands; like the continuous sound of wheels. On the shore, under the rocks and the overhanging trees near the bridge, is a spring of fresh water. It rises in its rocky basin and flows through the companion-way of a wrecked vessel, through which of yore, tossing on troubled seas or at anchor in some foreign haven, ascended odors of brandy and tobacco, strange sea-faring oaths and lewd songs, rough forms in coarse pea-jackets, and hearts heavy with danger or elate with gain. Now only coolness and the fresh pure waters of the spring, and the forms and faces of children reflected in the mimic cabin underneath.

8th. Mr. C., of Worcester, lent us Mr. Peabody's Fast-day sermon against the war [with Mexico]. The church-wardens refused to have their bells rung on the victory of Vera Cruz; and on this the clergyman spoke wisely, eloquently.

10th. Letter from Sumner, who is at the Craigie House, conning his oration. To-morrow he will be at Amherst, delivering it.

11th. We made up a little party and drove to the Cape. Visited the Bowery where there is no bower. Thence went to the two light-houses. I climbed to the top of the revolving one, and found it as neat as a new pin. Below are oil-jars large enough to hold the forty thieves.

15th. Dr. Nichols preached an excellent sermon, on putting away childish things. He had this figure, among others: "Actions in the view of most men change their color when seen in the aggregate mass and in the individual instance, as the deep blue of the ocean is colorless in the drop." It is by this intellectual legerdemain that murder becomes glory instead of crime, when the amount is large enough, as in battle.

18th. O faithful, indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands go, —
Now seaward bearing tidings of the land,
Now landward bearing tidings of the sea, —
And filling every frith and estuary,
Each arm of the great sea, each little creek,
Each thread and filament of water-courses,
Full with your ministration of delight!
Under the rafters of this wooden bridge
I see you come and go; sometimes in haste
To reach your journey's end, which being done
With feet unrested ye return again
And re-commence the never-ending task;
Patient, whatever burdens ye may bear,
And fretted only by the impeding rocks.

21st. Left the Verandah [for Nahant]. . . . At length over the glorious beach we came, the surf mowing great

swaths of foam along the sands, and the loveliest colors playing over the surface of the water, — from the silver shallows through the green middle space out to the blue of the far-off ocean.

23d. *Nahant.* I write this from the top of the hotel, in the dormer window of No. 75. The house is full. Called on Prescott. His cottage is one of the pleasantest here.[1]

September 3. *Cambridge.* Right glad are we to be at home again. The children are wild with delight.

4th. Dempster's concert in the evening. He sang 'The Rainy Day,' and 'Footsteps of Angels.' The first I liked; the second is not a piece to be sung in public.

5th. Sumner passed the day with us. His Amherst oration has been triumphantly successful; and he has a letter from De Tocqueville about Prison Discipline, complimenting him in the highest degree.

11th. A rainy day. Reading Andersen's Story of my Life has inspired me again for Danish literature. Autumn always brings back very freshly my autumnal sojourn in Copenhagen, delightfully mingled with bracing air and yellow falling leaves. I have tried to record the impression in the song, 'To an old Danish Song-book.' Looked over Oehlenschläger's Lyrics. It is one of my regrets that I did not make his acquaintance in Copenhagen. I met him once in the public walk; a large, dark man, reminding me of Daniel Webster.

17th. A musical party. They sing Spanish songs, — and English, which always put me into a fever.

18th. Bring Sumner out for Sunday. His resolutions on slavery and war rejected by the Whig meeting the other evening. I must say of them, as the old lady said

[1] It was on a cliff, which he named "Fitful Head," from Scott's Pirate.

of the Rejected Addresses, "I don't see why they should have been rejected; they are very good."

19th. A dull day, and a duller sermon. We read in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a very kindly and very clever analysis of Emerson's philosophy, by Émile Montégut. He closes his eulogy with these words: "La posterité n'oublira pas qu'il a sonné à notre siècle ce que Montaigne avait sonné au sien, un nouvel idéal de la sagesse." [1]

20th. By Fields, who came in the steamer, a letter from Barry Cornwall.

24th. At the opera. Hernani was given, — wild, wayward, romantic Hernani. The show altogether very pretty. We got through early, and were in Cambridge, before the blazing fire, by eleven.

27th. Rain, rain, rain. People's Journal, with Angelica Kaufmann's pretty picture, the Vesper Hour. Howitt's Journal, with a portrait of Rachel, exhibiting such a nose as woman never had. Malvin Cazel's *Prononciation de la Langue Française au XIX. Siècle.*

28th. Wrote a petition to have the name of our street changed from Brattle to Vassall. In the evening, F. read Alsop's Letters and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge. Interesting; but the editor is fond of such phrases as "I would fain speak to and on this point," "originating with and adopted by the present bishop," — which F. calls "driving tandem."

30th. More Spanish books. Call from Mr. Starr King, of Charlestown, to ask some questions about Goethe. Then Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher. Went to the college library and public rooms with him. Met Mr. Everett, with two Russian counts.

"Thirty days hath September," — and they are ended.

October 1. Here is the lovely October. A few scarlet and yellow leaves herald his coming; but as yet no poetic

[1] *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Août, 1847.

thoughts and fancies, which usually come with the red leaves. In the evening, continued Coleridge's letters to Alsop.

2d. Why does not Ticknor publish Evangeline? I am going to town, to ask him that very question.

And his answer was that he should do so without further delay. Saw Fields, who seems very radiant from his London life. Bought C. and E. a railway-train of painted tin, and myself a beautiful modern-antique book-case.

8th. Had a fire in the library; the first I remember to have had there, — we never using it except in summer.[1] In the evening, continued Miss Pardoe's Louis XIV., — which is a charming book, exceedingly clever and interesting.

11th. Never so unpoetic an autumn. Not an inspiration of any kind; not a poem can I write. The vines are red on the hedges and in the trees, and golden leaves gleam all over the landscape. But where are the golden fancies?

14th. Went to town, after finishing a poem on Tegnér's death, in the spirit of the old Norse poetry ['Tegnér's *Drapa*,' or Dirge].

17th. Sumner to dine. All Americans who return from Europe malcontent with their own country, we call *Frondeurs*, — from the faction in the days of the *Régence*.

19th. College Exhibition. President Everett requested the audience "not to applaud with the least intellectual part of the body, — the heels, — as it showed a want of good breeding; and moreover, on previous occasions had shaken down the plastering beneath the gallery."

21st. Sumner gave his oration on 'Fame and Glory' before the Lyceum. A crowded, attentive audience, and

[1] This was the large room behind the study. It became the family evening-room.

a very charming discourse. He passed the night with us; and Felton came up.

25th. If I write no poems, yet I indulge in many fair poetic dreams. When the dull, rainy November comes, I may put them into language. But plans, — ah! thousands float through my brain!

26th. In the evening, drove to town, to a small party. Rather a heavy drag through the sand of social life.

30th. Little Fanny christened. She looked charmingly, and behaved well throughout. A lovely bright morning; a few guests only, and altogether a very pleasant scene. Evangeline published.

In the afternoon, went to make arrangements to see the great telescope. On coming out of the Observatory, met a gentleman on the same errand, — an Englishman. Took him home to tea, and in the evening we all went to the Observatory and saw Neptune, — a weak, watery, distant planet; glorious belted Saturn, large as a moon; and Mars, blazing with light.

31st. Drove in to hear Father Taylor, the "sailor-preacher." A very striking, rhapsodical, forcible, and sometimes pathetic, sermon.

November 1. College day, filled to the brim with work, and no rest till nine at night.

5th. I can hardly remember from day to day the small matters which take place; great ones there are none. The greatest to-day is the prospectus of a new Magazine in Philadelphia, to build up "a national literature worthy of the country of Niagara, — of the land of forests and eagles"!

8th. Evangeline goes on bravely. I have received greater and warmer commendations than on any previous volume. The public takes more kindly to hexameters than I could have imagined.

From Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

November 8, 1847.

My dear Longfellow, — I thank you most heartily for the kind remembrance which you manifested by sending me your little book. Had it been a trifle — a straw, a word only — which assured me of that remembrance, it would have been most grateful to me. How much more, then, such a book! It is not, however, for myself alone that I have to thank you, but as one of many thousands who will read Evangeline.

A book! a book that pleases, instructs, improves people, — what a gift to the world! . . . You feed five times five thousand souls with spiritual food which makes them forever stronger and better.

I have no scholarship; I cannot appreciate the *literary* merits of Evangeline. I cannot even say that I like the hybrid character of the measure; it would perhaps have pleased me better in ordinary verse, or in plain prose. But I can understand and admire the instructive story, the sublime moral, the true poetry, which it contains. Patience, forbearance, longsuffering, love, faith, — these are the things which Evangeline teaches. And how much are these above the physical courage, the resistance, the passion, the strife, — the things of earth which poets deck out in the hues of heaven and make men believe to be truly glorious!

But I meant only to send you my poor thanks for your kind remembrance, and will not be so ungrateful as to impose upon you my stupid comments. So I will only add that though I see so little of you, I will try to have some of Evangeline's constancy, in my hope of one day enjoying more of your society.

I am, dear Longfellow,

Very faithfully yours, S. G. Howe.

9th. In town to-day. Bought hats for the children. On my paying for them, the young man said, "You will get part of your money back to-morrow, for one of your books." In the evening, a beautiful concert, — Camille Sivori, Henri Herz, and George Knoop; violin, piano-forte, and violoncello. Never before has Cambridge heard such a concert.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Custom House, Salem, November 11, 1847.

Dear Longfellow, — I have read Evangeline with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express. It cannot fail, I think, to prove the most triumphant of all your successes. Everybody likes it. I wrote a notice of it for our democratic paper, which Conolly edits. I have heard this poem and others of your poems — 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' among them — discussed here in the Custom-house. It was very queer, and would have amused you much.

How seldom we meet! It would do me good to see you occasionally; but my duties, official, marital, and paternal, keep me pretty constantly at home; and when I do happen to have a day of leisure, it might chance to be a day of occupation with you; so I do not come. I live at No. 14 Mall Street now. May I not hope to see you there?

I am trying to resume my pen; but the influences of my situation and customary associates are so anti-literary, that I know not whether I shall succeed. Whenever I sit alone or walk alone I find myself dreaming about stories, as of old; but these forenoons in the Custom-house undo all that the afternoons and evenings have done. I should be happier if I could write; also, I should like to add something to my income, which, though tolerable, is

a tight fit. If you can suggest any work of pure literary drudgery, I am the man for it; I have heard nothing of Hillard since his departure.

Your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE

13th. The third thousand of Evangeline.

22d. Letter from Freiligrath. Also one from Emerson, in Liverpool, presenting Dr. Nichol, professor of Astronomy in Glasgow University. Called upon him at the Revere House.

25th. [*Thanksgiving-day; in Portland.*] After church, walked with Fessenden to the "gallows," that used to be, — a fine hillside, looking down and over the Cove.[1] Charming place for a house. After dinner, tried to send F. a message by magnetic telegraph [then a novelty], — Proverbs xxxi. 28, 29; but it was not in operation. In the evening it lightened. The thunder-storm in Evangeline might seem unnatural so late in the year.

To Nathaniel Hawthorne.

November 29, 1847.

I was delighted to receive your note, after so long a silence; and also delighted to find by it that Evangeline is not without favor in your eyes. I hope Mr. Conolly does not think I spoilt the tale he told, in my way of narrating it. I received his paper containing your notice of the book, and thank you both for such friendly service. Still more do I thank you for resigning to me that legend of Acady. This success I owe entirely to you, for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose.

[1] This is the scene of the little poem, 'Changed.'

When am I to see you? When will you come to dine or pass a night with me? In August I was for a few days at Nahant, and wrote a note to you to come and dine; but as you did not come, and I heard nothing from you, I presume you never got the note, or got it too late.

When will you come? — with Conolly or without, according to the state of mind you may be in. If you could give me a night in addition, it would please me much. Next week would be more agreeable than this present one, as I expect a stranger to pass a few days this week, who might interfere with your comfort.

December 1. Number one of the Massachusetts Quarterly published. A strong article on the Mexican war, by Theodore Parker; and a poor notice of Evangeline, by the same. I should have preferred silence to such sound.

2d. A south wind, with a washing rain. How the chimneys whistle and roar, and great fluctuations of sound go over the roofs! In the night the shrieking gusts tore the window-blinds open, as if trying to house themselves and escape from the scourge of the "prince of the powers of the air." Pleasant in-doors, with books and conversation.

3d. Bowen and Nichol at dinner. Evening, continued and finished Hillard's Lectures on Milton, and sealed the subject with Dr. Channing on the same theme.

4th. What a delicious line this is from the Paradise Lost, Book XI., —

> The destined walls
> Of Cambalu and of Cathaian Can.

And what a funny one this is, —

> Nor could his eye not ken
> The empire of *Negus* to his utmost *port*.

9th. Passed the day in trying to get [a student's] punishment commuted or modified, but without success. Evening, finished 'Twelfth Night.'

To John S. Dwight.

December 10, 1847.

I should have written sooner to thank you for your most friendly and cordial notice of Evangeline in the Harbinger, but by some adverse fate I could not get a copy of the paper till some ten or fifteen days after its publication. It would hardly be modest in me to tell you how much satisfaction it gave me. But, setting modesty aside, I thank you for it very heartily, and this rather for the sympathy than the praise. There are so many persons who rush forward in front of one, and seizing one's Pegasus by the rein give him such a jerk as to make his mouth bleed, that I always feel grateful to any one who is willing to go a few paces side by side with me. I think you will agree with me that what a writer asks of his reader is not so much to *like* as to *listen*. You I have to thank for both. And I assure you I have seldom, if ever, read a notice of any book of mine which gave me so much pleasure as yours of Evangeline.

11th. Talked with Theophilus Parsons about English hexameters; and "almost persuaded him to be a Christian."

12th. Sumner joined us at dinner. We talked over Palfrey's vote against Winthrop, which is making a tempest in the Boston tea-pot. The act partakes somewhat of the heroic.

13th. Dined at Mr. Norton's. A charming, gay dinner. Talked with young Richard Greenough about fountains. He thinks of making a design for Boston Common;

Moses striking the Rock. Suggested to him a stag drinking at a spring.

15th. Soft with mists, like Venice; and in the evening we continued George Sand's delicious description of that silent city, in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*. Then the book goes on and on, and over wide wastes of glowing rhapsodies without an end; which may be a true picture of her mind in some of its stages, but which, in the main, as she says of a certain song of M. de Bièvre, is *mélancholiquement bête*. The song is this: —

Le bonheur et le malheur
Nous viennent du même Auteur, —
Voilà la ressemblance.
Le bonheur nous rend heureux,
Et le malheur, malheureux, —
Voilà la différence!

She gives a good criticism on her own novel of Lélia. She calls it "un affreux crocodile bien disséqué." And in what a delicious style she writes. The double columns of the book seem like organ-pipes from which flow stupendous harmonies accompanying the reader's voice.

16th. In the evening read Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens, which wafts one away into infinite depths of space.

To John G. Whittier.[1]

December 17, 1847.

Receive my tardy, but not the less cordial, thanks for the friendly manner in which you have spoken of Evangeline. Though, of course, I feel not the slightest disposition to blame any one for not liking my verses, I acknowledge a strong desire to thank those who have expressed any sympathy therein.

[1] Mr. Whittier had written a very friendly notice of Evangeline for some paper.

And now, holding my pen to do this to you, it seems almost as difficult to give thanks aright as it is praise. I shall, therefore, say no more than that I am grateful to you for your commendation, and shall remember it with pleasure as one of those generous acts which embellish literary life.

17th. The Italians have some very good proverbs: for example, —

Aspettare e non venire,
Star in letto e non dormire,
Ben servire e non gradire,
Son' tre cose da morire.

18th.

Soft through the silent air descend the feathery snow-flakes;
White are the distant hills, white are the neighboring fields;
Only the marshes are brown, and the river rolling among them
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the eyes of the blind.

I have been glancing at the Elegies of Catullus. A delicious one is that on the promontory of Sirmio in Lake Benacus, — the *Lago di Garda*. It makes one long to have a villa there.

Salve, O venusta Sirmio!
Gaudete vosque Lydia lacus undæ.

In her sketch-book, F. has a view of the lake and the Sirmian cape.

22d. Lowell's new volume of Poems published to-day. Called to see him.

24th. Passed the evening in reading Lowell. Some of the poems are very striking, often soaring into the sublime; for example, 'To the Past,' 'On the Present Crisis,' 'Extreme Unction.'

26th. Sumner at dinner. We had got to the cheese and olives when Dr. Nichol made his appearance. He had walked out [from Boston] and lost his way. In the evening we went to the Everetts'. The Glasgow professor is a very pleasant, affable man; liberal in all his views; in poetry a great admirer of Tennyson.

31st. Thermometer at 50°. In the evening Dr. Nichol read to us sundry poems: among others, Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' which has some delicious lines, but seems to me out of keeping in parts. A Grecian hero would hardly talk in such a strain of nineteenth-century moralizing.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL.

1848.

January 3d. Felton has a very good article on Evangeline and the Acadians in the North American. The historic parts, however, not so full as in his lecture. There is a fine passage on the dispersion of the Acadians. Of the hexameter he says, "The ancient hexameter runs back into the mythical times. Its first appearance was in the oldest temples of the gods." I am more than ever glad that I chose this metre for my poem.

5th. Finished my lectures on the Italian Dialects with the college classes. Evening, Nichol's first lecture on Astronomy. He is an excellent lecturer; his illustrations the clearest possible. The Scotch accent rather increases the interest.

7th. Professor Nichol dined with us. Evening, his second lecture, with its immense and awful ideas of space, which no man's brain can sound. Then to the Observatory to see Orion and his nebula. It is a curious effect of looking through the telescope to make one feel warm in a cold night; that is, to forget the body wholly. The soul seems to assert its supremacy and to walk among the stars.

8th. Agassiz begins a new course of lectures on Fishes next Tuesday. He told me that he has *une peur terrible*

of beginning. Nichol tells me the same. To me the feeling is so extreme and disagreeable that I shall never overcome it; and shall never try to overcome it. The game is not worth the candle.

9th. In the elder days of the church, when the Presbyter invested with his singing-robes the Psalmista, he said to him, "See that what thou singest with thy mouth thou believest also in thy heart; and that what thou believest in thy heart thou confirmest also in thy life."

10th. Sixth edition of Evangeline, one thousand copies.

11th. Last night those thermometers which are in the habit of keeping low company went down to ten and even eighteen degrees below zero. Evening, F. read an article in the North American on 'Forest Trees.' The authoress calls a barn a "foenile magazine," and tells a good story of her playing an *andante* of Pleyel on the organ, and the exclamation of "a native of Madagascar" who was present, "Dat 's a beautiful noise as ever I see."

February 7. Fields came out in the afternoon, and brought me an English copy of Tennyson's new poem, The Princess. F. read it in the evening. Strange enough! a university of women! A gentle satire, in the easiest and most flowing blank verse, with two delicious unrhymed songs, and many exquisite passages. I went to bed after it, with delightful music ringing in my ears; yet half disappointed in the poem, though not knowing why. There is a discordant note somewhere.

8th. S. returned from Portland. Read to him the chant I wrote for his ordination, — a midnight thought. He likes it, and will have it sung.

9th. Received some German books, — sketches of the German political lyric poets, with portraits: Hoffmann von Fallersleben, a large, open, friendly face, with some marks of sadness; Uhland, very ugly, with a full, round

forehead; how could those sentimental songs have come from him! Graf Platen, sharp, thin, not poetic, like many a German count I have seen; Anastasius Grün, smooth and courtly, reminding me of portraits of Washington Irving; Lenau, a very fine manly face, looking quite capable of his poetry; Herwegh, sour, savage, and disagreeable; Freiligrath, with large eyes, and broad, Shakespearian forehead; Heine, a pleasant face, not indicating the sarcastic nature of the modern Scarron.

10th. We are reading a very interesting novel, Jane Eyre. Who wrote it? Nobody knows.

14th. Bright days, bright nights; moonlight and snow; innumerable sleighs shooting to and fro. Evening, Walckenaer's *Mémoires de Madame de Sévigné*. What a strange, interesting period of history, both in politics and society! I hope to make myself thoroughly familiar with it. It has a mysterious attraction for me.

15th. A visit from Hawthorne. He is growing bald; which brings out still more his high, ample forehead. Johnson's crayon does not do him justice. Felton dined with me. He wants to put into Hawthorne's hands all his documents touching the Acadians.[1]

Imprisoned here, but without a desire to go out into the dismal snow. Only deep longings for Italy, and villas by the margin of lakes, and walks under chestnut trees, and windows in cities looking out upon sunny squares. This comes of reading letters from Italy.

From George S. Hillard (in Rome).

My dear Henry, — I have thought of you often since I have been in this *bel paese dove il si suona*. Your

[1] That he might write their history; to which Hawthorne was at first inclined.

fine organization and poetical genius make you a sort of Italy among human beings. Many a time when I have seen the sun go down in a haze of "vaporous amethyst" have I been reminded of you and the poet's privilege to fling over this working world the purple light of imagination. . . .

How beautiful Venice is, and how indescribable. You can show a model of a gondola, and we all know what a canal is, and an old marble palace touched by Time is not difficult to see in the mind's eye; but to combine them all, to vault them with such a sky, to pour around them that "light that never was on land or sea," a light woven, like the solar ray, from many threads of interest, from history and old tradition and vanished power, from Titian and Byron and Schiller and Otway and Shakespeare, — this is not easy. One great delight of Venice is that all the sting is taken away from sight-seeing. It ceases to be a task. Venice itself is the greatest of sights. And Florence, too; the same indescribable charm; the same blending of present beauty and traditional interest hangs over it. But then Florence is still alive, and not enslaved. Its people are in a most excited and effervescent state; and if talking and singing and gesticulating could regenerate a people, that city would be the nurse of manly virtues and heroic enterprise. . . .

To change now my hemisphere. How I rejoice to hear of the large draughts of praise which have been poured upon Evangeline. What a pleasure it must be to you to see that you are ever deepening and extending that furrow which you long since began to trace in the heart of our people! . . . How happy you and F. must be in gathering this new harvest of fame; in sending out this voice of music and hearing the echoes. I wish I could get hold of it. . . . My thoughts often go back to your happy home. I see you "begirt with growing infancy,"

your life woven of sweet affections and fine thoughts. What more could a man ask for? . . .

Ever yours,

G. S. H.

21st. What is *Autobio*graphy? What biography *ought to be.*

25th. An Italian beggar with his boy, speaking an almost unintelligible dialect. Rough work in such weather for children of the South to wade through New England snows! Drove to town. Found Fields correcting the proofs of the second edition of [the reprint of] Tennyson's Princess, — the first, one thousand copies, having been sold within a few weeks.

26th. At home all day. In the afternoon dragged C. on his new sled over snow and ice in the garden, to his great delight.

27th. My birthday, the forty-first. Another notch cut in the stick; another date carried higher up on the face of the adamantine rock. And so the years go by; the footsteps of Fate, — the approaching tread of the stone statue!

28th. Sumner passed last night with us, and had much to say of John Quincy Adams, with whose death in the capitol at Washington the country is ringing from side to side.

March 4. Went to town. Saw some beautiful Bohemian glass; also Giovanni Thompson and his pictures. Felton thinks the portrait he made of me some years ago (1840) the best that has been done.

7th. Mr. Giles began his course of lectures on Don Quixote. Mr. G. is an Irishman; his voice good, his manner forcible, his matter striking, though not always in good taste, — running a little into the florid.

8th. Gave the whole muddy day to college. Evening, finished Mme. de Sévigné's Memoirs.

11th. Reading Crabbe's poems. How strange it is that until now I have never read one of his works. "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," Byron calls him; and some one else, "Pope in worsted stockings." I most like his descriptions of the sea, — for instance, the winter sea-scene in 'The Borough," —

> When you can hear the fishers, near at hand,
> Distinctly speak, yet see not where they stand.[1]

13th. Bought to-day at Burnham's, the *bouquiniste*, a copy of Mlle. de Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Here it stands, — ten solid volumes, of from one thousand to fifteen hundred pages each. I have a keen delight in looking at it. How it brings back the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* — the antique chairs, the huge chimneys, and the meagre fire; the parks, the paved court-yards; the brocades, the plumes; the dames, the cavaliers, the ancient loves!

15th. We sojourn still with Crabbe in his Borough. What painful scenes! always on the cold, gray side of life. Ah, what sadness!

16th. I have my brain so full of the age of Louis XIV., and the dramatic romance I propose, and have long proposed to write, that I cannot bring my mind to any more elevated theme. F. evidently does not think very well of the plan. But better write it out and burn it, than have it remain and burn me. In fact a good many scenes are already written.

18th. Half a mind to go to town, and a whole one not to go. Hear in the village of a new revolution in Paris, and Louis Philippe dethroned.

[1] Among Mr. Longfellow's possessions there came to be an inkstand which had belonged to Crabbe, and afterward to Thomas Moore.

19th. The news confirmed, and a Republic established in France. God speed the right! For one, I hope the puppet-play of kings is nearly played out; and I believe it is. Sumner and Davis dined with us; and we discussed the hopes and fears of Liberty in the old world. It is strange how afraid are some people here to see a Republic tried in France.

21st. Mr. Giles lectured on 'Womanhood.' Not so good a lecture as the last. I do not like to have woman discussed in public. Something within me rebels at the profanation.

22d. Lowell passed the evening with us. He has half finished his Fable for Critics. He says he means never to write any more poetry, — at least for many years; he "cannot write slowly enough."

25th. Went to town and attended to sundry little matters; of which the most important was buying two hoops for C. and E., which gave infinite delight.

26th. Sumner and Felton to dine. In the afternoon we discussed Sumner's position, social and political. He justifies himself by saying that what he has written lately has been solely in defence of Palfrey, who is savagely attacked. We wish this ugly wound might heal up forever; and yet I think Sumner is right. His last paper is very calm, and not an attack upon anybody; though from certain quarters we hear of nothing but "Sumner's attack on ——."

28th. News from Paris. The Republic established! and all things quiet. This is great and wonderful. Lamartine rides the topmost wave. He is far before the old, half blind, mill-horse men of routine, who call themselves statesmen. He is Minister of Foreign Affairs, and has written an admirable letter to the foreign ministers. . . . Letter from Freiligrath. He is aroused, and postpones his visit to America indefinitely, till he can see the effect

of all this on Germany. In Boston there is among business men rather a sneer at the "revolution of the Poets." *Nous verrons.*

30th. I know not in what littlenesses the days speed by; but mostly in attending to everybody's business but my own, and in doing everything but what I most want to do. It frets my life out.

31st. As if the cup were not full enough, here comes a long poem from ——, and a letter *demanding* that I shall read and criticise it for him. I will do no such thing, unless Congress pass a special law requiring it of me!

April 2. Sumner dined with us and passed the night. All conversation now turns on the French revolution. *Vive la République!* Thus far singular wisdom seems to have guided the counsels of the Provisional Government.

3d. It seems like folly to record the college days, — the working in the crypts of life, the underground labor. Pardon me, O ye souls who, seeing education only from afar, speak of it in such glowing words! You see only the great pictures hanging in the light; not the grinding of the paint and oil, nor the pulling of hair from the camel's back for the brushes.

7th. Agassiz's lecture on Geology. He warms and glows as he advances. To-morrow he takes his class to Nahant, *pour prendre la Nature sur le fait.*

8th. Next week Ticknor prints the sixth thousand of Evangeline, making one thousand a month since its publication. Dr. Whewell, of Cambridge, England, has written a notice of it in Fraser, which I have not yet seen.

9th. My days are worn away by unprofitable trifles done for other people, who ought to be more considerate than to impose such things upon me. Sumner dined with us and spent the night, as usual. These hebdomadal visits are very pleasant. We count much upon them.

18th. Agassiz's lecture. He says that he comes to Cambridge to take up his residence to-morrow.

27th. A bright day, but an east wind that filled my brain with mist. Gave most of the day to gardening, making a pond under the willows. Evening, Lamartine's *Girondins*, and one or two of Andersen's new stories.

30th. Ill all day with a kind of neuralgia in the head.

May 3. Evening, continued the *Girondins*. Received a new translation of Jean Paul's *Levana*. It filled the room with a kind of intellectual aroma. It seemed as if the author were still alive and had just published a new book. *Levana* is not included in the usual edition of his works.

8th. In the afternoon, a visit from Miss ——, bringing Mr. Scherb, a German, with letter of introduction from Mr. H., of Savannah. Mr. Scherb is a poet from Basle, and has a tragedy on the *Bauernkrieg* in his inkstand. He passed the afternoon with me, and we had much talk about the German poets.

14th. Called to see old Mrs. Fellows. Poor solitary old woman, how lonely she seems! She was rocking the cradle of a little baby belonging to the people of the house. "Ah," she said, "if I could only know if my William was alive!"

16th. Rain and sun contending. Copy, for Graham, 'Sir Humphrey Gilbert.'

24th. Life grows too intricate, with its thousandfold petty cares and vexations. Over the stocks and stones the stream frets and chafes and murmurs. Patience!

25th. Busy all the morning in the garden, and in hanging up the old church lamp [from Portland] in my library. In the afternoon, a visit from Mr. Packard, Greek professor of Bowdoin.

26th. Like delicious perfume, like far-off music, like remembered pictures, came floating before me amid college

classes, as through parting clouds, bright glimpses and visions of Tyrolean lakes.

28th. A charming day and a dull sermon. It was quite impossible to keep my wandering thoughts within the four chapel walls; and away they flew over hill and dale, like birds uncaged. Mr. —— dined with us. We sat long in the apple-tree, both before and after dinner.

29th. Mrs. Ellet came to tea. We like her very much. I took her to see Madame Riedesel's name on the window-pane in the old Foster House, and afterwards to Sparks's to talk upon historic matters, as she is engaged in a work on the Women of the Revolution.

31st. Bright and cool. Had the grass mowed preparatory to ——'s birth-day, which takes place on Saturday, and of course requires haycocks. We had a snug cosey evening by the fireside, looking over the pictures of the Dresden gallery in engravings, and talking of sundry and divers matters present and past. At midnight a lovely aurora borealis, a Bridge of Bifrost, shaking under the tread of the giants.

June 1. Cold as October. Fires blazing. Haymaking seems a joke. Yet it must be made, that we may have haycocks for the birthday.

4th. A warm morning; *frappé* at noon with an east wind. Sumner read us a letter from his brother George, by which it appears that with his own hand he arrested Hubert, proclaiming on the *quai* the dissolution of the National Assembly.

"Il serait trop long, trop ennuyeux et aussi trop dangereux, d'être continuellement en discussion avec le monde au milieu duquel on vit," says Walckenaer (Life of Mme. de Sévigné).

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem, June 4, 1848.

Dear Longfellow, — I got as far as Boston yesterday with the purpose of coming out to Cambridge to see Stephen and yourself, in compliance with his letter. An engagement of business obtruded itself, however, and I was detained till it was too late to dine with you. So I thought it best to dispense with the visit altogether; for the encounter of friends after long separation is but unsubstantial and ghost-like, without a dinner. It is roast beef that gives reality to everything! If he is gone, pray write him how unwillingly I failed of meeting him; if he is still in Cambridge, tell him how happy I should be to receive him here on his way to Portland. I think he might spend a few days pleasantly enough; for I would introduce him to all the custom-house officers, beside other intellectual society! Seriously, I do wish he would come. It is nearly ten years since we met, — too long a space to come between those who have kindly recollections of each other. Ten years more will go near to make us venerable men; and I doubt whether it will be so pleasant to meet when each friend shall be a memento of decay to the other.[1]

Very truly yours,

Nath. Hawthorne.

5th. Worked a little at Kavanagh. Then played with the children.

6th. Bought Schefer's *Albrecht Dürer*, which seems to be an admirable art-novel.

11th. Agassiz, Felton, and Sumner at dinner. Agassiz is very pleasant, affable, simple; not given to keeping

[1] Mr. Longfellow's brother Stephen was, of the two, more acquainted with Hawthorne in college.

Sunday by church-going. We all drove over to South Boston to take tea with Mrs. Howe; where we found Mrs. Robinson, the learned German lady, and Miss ——, of Boston; and "Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva."

14th. Sumner called, bringing Mr. Peel, son of Sir Robert.

15th. Passed an hour or two with Lowell, who read to me his satire on American authors; full of fun, and with very true portraits, *as seen from that side.*

16th. A delightful evening. We read the *Campaner-Thal* of Jean Paul, and saw the moon rise through the hay-scented air. How few evenings there are that are not too damp to be enjoyed out of doors!

17th. A hot day, and a hair-splitting sermon from Dr. W. He ought to have lived in the days of Thomas Aquinas. To me, a sermon is no sermon in which I cannot hear the heart beat.

24th. Dined in town. Saw Sumner surrounded by his captains, — Adams, Allen, and Phillips. They are in great fervor touching their Anti-Taylor-and-Cass meeting in Worcester.

25th. Dr. Walker preached a good sermon, in which he said it was useless to apply the reasoning faculties to things beyond their jurisdiction and in the realm of the affections. Bravo, for a philosopher!

26th. "Tramp, tramp, along the land they drive;
Splash, splash, along the sea!"

So go the days of my life; and shall they not leave even foot-prints?

30th. Read Iriarte's Fables for the hundredth time. Always fresh and interesting.

July 1. In town. Going to Mr. R.'s, the importer of shoes, he greeted me with beaming face, and praised with much feeling Evangeline, which his wife had read to him. In the evening another admirer, still more *ardent*, came,

quite hilarious with wine, — a young man. He avowed himself the author of a poem called 'Upward,' which he called a "translation" of 'Excelsior,' and which he said Mr. W. pronounced superior to the original. He tried to repeat it, but broke down, and said he was too modest. He, also, was a lover of Evangeline, and said "his lady-love always quoted to him the lines about the compass-flower." This youth was before an entire stranger to me.

9th. In the evening, went to hear Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, preach before the graduating Theological class. A long discourse on Atonement. Before five minutes, I was quite bewildered. Two hours it lasted, and we came out in a drenching rain.

[The summer vacation of this year was spent at Pittsfield, in Berkshire.]

17th. We reached Pittsfield at four, and drove over to the Melville Farm at once. A fine old house, with broad echoing hall; built by a Dutchman, Henry Van Schaick of Kinderhook, some seventy or eighty years ago. There is a quaint portico in front, and elms and sycamores; and in the rear a kind of *stoop*, or verandah, with blinds, for smoking.

20th. In the morning, I sat at this lovely western window opposite the dark, mysterious mountain, and tried to pour from my dreamy brain a thought or two upon paper, — with small success. After dinner, Mrs. Fanny Butler called. Then we walked down a pleasant lane and through the woods, to a little lake, very deep and dark.

22d. We drove to Stockbridge, by the Lenox lake. The air embalmed with mint and clover. Passed an hour at the Ox-bow. What a lovely place! On three sides shut in by willow and alder hedges and the flowing wall of the river; groves clear of all underbrush; rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of chestnut; and under the soil, marble

enough to build a palace. I build many castles in the air, and in fancy many on the earth; and one of these is on the uplands of the Ox-bow, looking eastward down the valley, across this silver Dian's bow of the Housatonic.

23d. Went to church. The services began with the chanting of the Beatitudes, which was touching. The sermon was by a young man going to China as a missionary, who evidently thinks Calvin superior to Confucius.

24th. I hear the cawing of the multitudinous crows from the mountain. Rob, the farmer's boy, says they are fighting with the hawks, who eat their eggs. Yesterday's text comes often to my mind. I shall always think of it when I see the yellow patch of grain upon the mountain: "There shall be a handful of grain on the top of the mountain, whose fruit shall wave like Lebanon," — from the seventy-third Psalm.

25th. We all took a stroll to the lake. The children paddled about, bare-footed, in the water; and we pushed off in a flat-bottomed boat, half-full of water, in pursuit of water-lilies. Then we had lunch on the pebbly shore. In the afternoon we drove to the Shaker village [at Lebanon]. Friend Nathan received us with distinguished kindness; showed us "some aged sisters" spinning, the washing and ironing rooms, the water-works, etc. One of the women took notice of little E.'s black eyes, and followed him to the door with a look of interest. Some ghost of the days gone by may suddenly have appeared to her.

26th. Dined in Pittsfield, at the old house with "the old clock on the stairs." In the evening, read Horace Mann's speech on Slavery; very good and forcible.

28th. In the morning, sat with the children by the water-wheel in the brook. Then walked to the village, for carriage to take us in the afternoon to Roaring Brook. A lovely drive, and lovelier walk. Leaving the carriage

at the foot of the hill, we climbed the rough wagon-way along the borders of the brook, catching glimpses of its waterfalls through the woods, and hearing the perpetual music of its murmur. The water is of a lively brown color, like Rhenish wine, — the Olympian wine spilled from the goblet of Hebe when she fell. We climbed as far as the mill, — a saw-mill, bringing to mind the little poem translated from the German by Bryant.[1]

29th. Letters from T., who has reached Boston [from Europe] and will be here in a day or two.[2] To Lanesboro' by the lake, one of the pleasantest Pittsfield drives. Found a smelting-furnace for iron, which tempted us to see the casting of pig-iron. Out of the glowing furnace it ran, a river of fire, into the long sand-mould, shaped like a comb, the bars being the teeth. We have a new guest, a commensal, from Iowa. He says that civilization advances westward about seventeen miles a year, preceded by the bees. When the Indians see the bees, they feel that they must be on the march, for the white men are coming.

30th. T. has brought me a shilling edition of Evangeline, published in London.

31st. F. read me Corwin's speech on the Compromise Bill, — dashing and clever, but on the whole not so able as Mann's. Still it will have its effect with many upon whom argument has none. He makes pretty evident what a great and fatal mistake was that first compromise of the Constitution by which Slavery was tolerated; and what a fatal one will be this second one, if passed, which God forbid![3] After dinner had all the children romping

[1] Something of this got into Kavanagh.

[2] The initial T., often to recur in this journal, stands for Thomas Gold Appleton, Mrs. Longfellow's brother, the well-known Boston wit.

[3] This was a bill known as the "Clayton Compromise," opening to

in the hay-mow. Then we got into the ox-cart and drove up the long hill, where Mr. Melville was mending the road.

August 1. I find it quite impossible to write in the country. The influences are soothing and slumberous. In coming here I hoped to work successfully on Kavanagh; and as yet I have written scarcely a page. Drove to Lenox to pass the afternoon with the Sedgwicks. Mr. Charles is a *Barnburner*, — ominous name for a party which rests on high principles.[1] Mrs. Butler, after tea, sang a German song and a Scotch; and we had pleasant chat. Drove home in the cool star-light.

2d. To Lebanon. How lovely the valley is, as one drives down into it from the Berkshire hills! and the German-looking hotel, — old fashioned, with never-ending verandahs and low ceilings, — and the great sycamore; and the spring of living water.

3d. The capacity of the human frame for sleep in summer is very great. F. read Channing's Life till dinner.

4th. Brought T. with us to Melville's. A long chat in the evening, of course; about France and England, and Emerson and Tennyson and Milnes and Florence Nightingale.

Slavery the new Territories of Oregon, California, and New Mexico. Mr. Webster said, "My objection to Slavery is irrespective of lines. . . . It takes in the whole country. I am opposed to it in every shape, and am against every compromise." [*O, si sic omnia!*] "Slavery," said Mr. Calhoun, "has benefited all mankind; . . . has spread its fertilizing influences over all the world. The Southern planter has been the tutor, the friend, as well as the master of the slave, and has raised him up to civilization." See Henry Wilson's Slave Power in America.

[1] It was the name given to the wing of the Democratic Party which was opposed to the extension of Slavery. They were compared by their opponents in the party to a man who, to get rid of the rats, burned down his barn.

5th. Walked with T. and C. to the pond. Found an enormous leech, propitious sign for bathers! Afternoon, drove to Dr. Holmes's house on the old Wendell farm; a snug little place, with views of the river and the mountains.

7th. Whiled the morning away with Thackeray's Vanity Fair. A clever, cutting, amusing, disagreeable book; showing too much of the coarse lining of London life. A letter from Providence offers me one hundred and fifty dollars for a lecture at the Lyceum next winter. I shall not accept, having resolved never to lecture in public again.

8th. It is impossible to do anything here in the way of writing. Such an empty house one's head becomes in this "land of drowsy-head." We drove to Stockbridge to dine with Mrs. Sedgwick; a pleasant dinner. Mr. Theodore from town. After dinner a drive along the Lee road by the meadow and the river.

> "In the long summer afternoon
> The plain was full of ghosts."

The evening we passed at Sam. Ward's. Rakemann played Chopin and Mendelssohn and Schubert. Mrs. Butler sang a ballad. —— said that everything seemed to be Sedgwick in this region; the very grasshoppers in the fields chirp, "Sedgwick! Sedgwick!"

13th. Went to the Episcopal church to hear Dr. Wainwright, a mild, gentlemanly preacher; and in the afternoon to the negro church, where we heard Mr. Hunt, a bald-headed old man, preach upon Noah, — a sermon which I have reported elsewhere in full.

18th. The rain, the welcome rain. How all the mountain-brooks are waking and leaping and shouting. Dined at "the old-fashioned country-seat."

19th. Walked after breakfast to the top of the hill southward, with its fine view, the finest of all this region. Delightful deep shadows, and far-off gleams of sunshine flecking the landscape. The air sharp and arrowy; the first autumnal day. Then I took the children to the saw-mill; and under it, and into the great wheel.

20th. Heard Mr. Todd preach a tremendous sermon, such as I used to listen to in my college days.

21st. Left Pittsfield for Cambridge. Farewell to Melville Hall, the lake, the piny mountain, the breezy orchard! Farewell Fayaway, and the playful Major! Farewell the sleepy summer, and the long drives!

24th. Phi Beta Kappa day. A delightful Oration on 'Play and Work,' by Dr. Bushnell; fresh, original, poetic. A Poem in the satirical vein; clever, but not so poetic as the Oration.

28th. The mill begins to grind to-day. Every year it grows more wearisome.

30th. Little Fanny is quite ill, and lies patient and mournful, overcome by the heat.

September 2. When a child is ill in a house all the usual course of things is interrupted. All thoughts centre in the little patient. Ours is better to-day.

3d. Sumner, full of zeal for the "Barnburners." But he shrinks a little from the career just opening before him. After dinner we called on Palfrey. I think the life political begins to make its mark on him; some lines on his face indicate it, — the mark of struggle and defiance. Or is this mere imagination?

4th. Little Fanny very weak and miserable. Which way will the balance of life and death turn?

> "Give to the winds thy fears,
> Hope and be undismayed!
> God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
> God shall lift up thy head."

10th. A day of agony; the physicians have no longer any hope; I cannot yet abandon it. Motionless she lies; only a little moan now and then.

11th. Lower and lower. Through the silent, desolate rooms the clocks tick loud; they all seem laboring on to the fatal hour.

At half-past four this afternoon she died. F. and M. sat with me by her bedside. Her breathing grew fainter, fainter, then ceased without a sigh, without a flutter, — perfectly quiet, perfectly painless. The sweetest expression was on her face.

> The room was full of angels where she lay;
> And when they had departed she was gone!

12th. Our little child was buried to-day. From her nursery, down the front stairs, through my study and into the library, she was borne in the arms of her old nurse. And thence, after the prayer, through the long halls to her coffin and her grave. For a long time, I sat by her alone in the darkened library. The twilight fell softly on her placid face and the white flowers she held in her little hands. In the deep silence, the bird sang from the hall, a sad strain, a melancholy requiem. It touched and soothed me.

13th. I went to my college work with a heavy heart, but finding relief in self-forgetfulness. In the afternoon I drove to Mount Auburn with F. and the children. The afternoon sun shone pleasantly on the tomb of little Fanny.

16th. It sometimes seems to me as if this blow had paralyzed my affection for my other children. Can this be so? No, it is but benumbed for a moment.

17th. Sumner passed the afternoon with us. After tea, I walked half-way into town with him. He looks somewhat worn. Nothing but politics now. Oh, where

are those genial days when literature was the theme of our conversation?

26th. In the night I heard a soft voice say, "Little sister has got well." It was E., waking no doubt from a dream. I vainly thought that I should be able to write this morning. But while at breakfast comes a note from Beck, with a letter from Mrs. Freiligrath, saying that her husband has been imprisoned in Düsseldorf for writing a song against the King of Prussia. Shame, shame! The song is pretty strong: 'The Dead to the Living.' But imprisoned for a song! *So long as a king is left upon his throne there will be no justice in the earth.* The news so disturbs me that I cannot write. Drove to town with F. A bright, beautiful day; but to both of us a day of gloom and sadness. Ah!

> This deep wound that bleeds and aches;
> This long pain — a sleepless pain!

30th. Worked upon Kavanagh all the morning; and wound up with 'King Witlaf's Drinking-horn,' which I painted with a sweep of the pencil just before dinner. In the evening we continued Forster's Life of Goldsmith, and are delighted with it. It is written with the truest feeling and sympathy with literary labor and literary sorrow; with those who are forced to wander up and down in "the terrible streets of London" toiling for booksellers; ill-paid, ill-clothed, and "starving in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before them."

October 1. Welcome, O brown October! like a monk with a drinking-horn, like a pilgrim in russet.

3d. Still, the imprisoning rain; but to-day welcome, thrice welcome. Sat by the fireside in the library and wrote in Kavanagh, to my own great satisfaction and delight. In the evening Forster's Goldsmith; written in the truest and most genial spirit.

5th. Worked very briskly and breezily at Kavanagh, which gives me great delight as the story gradually unrolls itself.

6th. The landscape lighted by the yellow leaves. In the afternoon Mr. Lossing came to make a sketch of the house for a work he is going to publish with the Harpers, on Revolutionary Times. This "flight of the Eagle," will it never end? Also a young lady with a manuscript volume of poems, in blue velvet,[1] many of which she read, and rather insisted upon having my opinion of publishing them, which I as stoutly refused to give. It was rather melancholy, for I could not praise very enthusiastically, and she departed with a saddened countenance.

11th. Had a visit this afternoon from Bayard Taylor, who passed the evening and the night with us. A very modest youth, fast rising in the literary world. He has real merit and quick, impressionable feelings.

14th. Worked all the morning on Kavanagh, and got on bravely. F. does not seem much struck with the name, which to me is sonorous.

16th. Afternoon at Mount Auburn. A weedy woman came sweeping up to us, and introduced herself as an admirer. I could hardly control myself. Decidedly the romantic style of woman, thinking our meeting in that place very remarkable, etc.! What strange women there are in the world!

17th. I made an epigram on the introduction of water into Boston, and the incapacity I feel of writing an ode for the occasion as requested.

Cochituate water, it is said,
Tho' introduced in pipes of lead,
Will not prove deleterious;

[1] This also found its way into Kavanagh.

But if the stream of Helicon
Thro' leaden pipes be made to run,
The effect is very serious ![1]

19th. Rain; what will become of the red leaves? Worked at Kavanagh; or played at it, according to Dr. Bushnell, — it being very pleasant and easy work. The steamer is in, and probably Hillard. How glad we shall be to see him.

21st. Found Hillard at Judge Cushing's, in a very fascinating kind of library lighted from above. He looks very well, with a fuller face and more manly aspect of health. Talked a couple of hours, Felton being with us. Then Sumner came in. Howe only was wanting. Came out in the twilight and had an hour with F., C., and E., like the olden time. In the evening we read up the Parisian news in Walsh's letters and sundry newspapers, to keep ourselves a little *au courant*. Then wrote a chapter of Kavanagh; and then to bed.

22d. Sumner stands now, as he himself feels, at just the most critical point of his life. Shall he plunge irrevocably into politics, or not? — that is the question; and it is already answered. He inevitably will do so, and after many defeats will be very distinguished as a leader. Let me cast his horoscope: Member of Congress, perhaps; Minister to England, certainly. From politics as a career he still shrinks back. When he has once burned his ships there will be no retreat. He already holds in his hand the lighted torch.

25th. The grand introduction of water into Boston. Saw the endless procession from a corner window; a grand show. And best of all, the fountain, — the fountain, as

[1] There had been great discussions in the Boston papers as to the sanitary dangers from lead pipes. The ode was written by Mr. Lowell.

it throbbed and rose higher, higher, through the leafless trees, in the rosy twilight.

26th. Yesterday was a lovely day between two dull ones; like a fair white sheet between two blotters. To-day it is cold again. Sumner made a Free-soil speech [in Cambridge].[1] Ah, me! in such an assembly! It was like one of Beethoven's symphonies played in a saw-mill! He spoke admirably well. But the shouts and the hisses and the vulgar interruptions grated on my ears. I was glad to get away.

27th. A raw, gloomy day. In the evening a Whig torchlight procession. The ——s splendidly illuminated; likewise two windows of old X——, the Harpagon of Cambridge, whom we saw putting out one of his four candles, for economy, as in the play.

28th. Club dinner at Howe's, with quails and canvas-back ducks. It seemed like the days gone by.

29th. Sumner. His letter accepting the nomination of the "Free Soil Party" as candidate for Congress is very good. Now he is submerged in politics. A strong swimmer, may he land safely!

31st. Kavanagh is nearly completed. I have written it *con amore*, and have had so much satisfaction as this, whatsoever may be its fate hereafter.

November 8. Taylor is doubtless elected President.[2] Visit from Ralph Waldo Emerson.

9th. In the evening finished Kavanagh. Sumner came in just as I wrote the last word.

10th. Lowell passed the evening with us. His Fable for Critics is thought by all to be very witty. His Biglow

[1] The party which was forming to resist the extension of Slavery into the new territories was called the Free Soil party; afterward it became the Republican party.

[2] General Taylor was the candidate of the Whig Party. He died shortly after his inauguration.

poems will soon be out, and also a Christmas poem; making three books this autumn.

12th. I feel very sad to-day. I miss very much my dear little Fanny. An inappeasable longing to see her comes over me at times, which I can hardly control.

14th. F. read to me Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs written by herself; quite interesting and curious.

15th. In the evening Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography; a very curious book, half a century earlier than Lady Fanshawe's.

16th. Went to Concord to dine with Emerson, and meet his philosophers, Alcott, Thoreau, and Channing.

22d. The Biglow Papers, — a very droll book.

23d. E.'s birthday; his third, not counting the real one, — the first. At dinner, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Channing, and S.

28th. Take the afternoon train for Portland [for the Thanksgiving holiday]. Find my father better than I have seen him for many years.

29th. *Portland.* Long walk with my brother Stephen to the railway terminus on the sea-shore. Fine view of the harbor. People who have known me as a boy have a strange way of saying, "It seems to me you are growing stout;" or, "You are getting a few gray hairs." Neal is now a comparatively tame lion.

December 10. Steamer in. Dreadful news from Germany. Vienna taken; Blum, the Leipzig bookseller, condemned and shot. This will light a fire that will burn many thrones.

14th. Dumas's *Bragelone.* How spirited; and what an off-hand way of treating the historic novel! Dined with Mrs. Howe, to meet Sam. Ward. My old friend Sam., whom I had not seen for so many years! Not much changed by reverses of fortune; not much older, not much more sedate. He is going to California.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL.

1849.

January 1. A New Year, a new journal, a new swan's quill, and a new start into the California of the future. Shall I find any gold in the Sacramento of Helicon ? [1]

3d. A walk at sunset with Köppen, the Dane, who is lost in admiration at the beauty of the sky, the golden light and purple shadows, of our winter sunsets. He came back to tea, and talked incessantly for three hours. He has great good nature, great vivacity, and an iron memory for facts and dates.

4th. Evening, Borrow's Bible in Spain, — an off-hand, strange book, of wild adventure. What a beautiful word is *arroyuelo*, the Spanish for brooklet ! How it sings and gurgles along, like water over pebbles, with its liquid syllables !

7th. An admirable sermon from Dr. Walker: "Why hast thou revealed thyself more unto us than unto others ?" As we are, so do we see and comprehend ; and this is revelation. He said, "Where participation ends, sympathy ends ; and where sympathy ends, all understanding ends." In the evening, T. read aloud a new poem in hexameters,

[1] It will be remembered that gold had just been discovered in California, followed by an immense rush of emigration thither.

— The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich, by Arthur Hugh Clough, an Oxford tutor, — sent me by Emerson. The audience consisted of F., S., Lowell, and myself. We all liked the poem exceedingly. It is witty, and natural, and poetical in a high degree, — the love passages admirably wrought out.

11th. In the evening, the newspapers, and Murillo's Life, in Sterling's Spanish Painters; very interesting, with its sketch of the artist's life in Seville, — and offering a good theme for a drama.

15th. First proofs of Evangeline, in the cheap edition. Sumner insists that the lines shall be printed across the page, and not broken and doubled by the double columns. It certainly would be a relief to the hexameters to let them stretch their legs a little more at their ease.

17th. A visit from Alcott, who dilated much in praise of Emerson, and somewhat in laudation of —— and Thoreau. Of Emerson he said, "This man is Greek, is he not? This man is Pan, — more than Pan! His writings are a dialogue between Pan and Apollo." Of ——, "He is a tragedy; I should think the women would all love him, he is so sad. We ask ourselves what has been done to this child. Can you not say a word in praise of ——?" After he was gone, Sumner arrived from Lexington, where he had been lecturing. We had a venison supper; and I showed him what booty the day had brought me; namely, an anonymous assault on Evangeline in an American magazine, and a new English edition of my poems, with an introductory essay by Gilfillan, — the latter being the inverted spear healing the wounds of the former.

20th. Wrote letters; this occupied the whole morning. Afternoon, a walk. In the evening, read Spanish Painters, and looked over the beautiful illustrated edition of Horace, with engravings from old gems, — my New Year's present

from F. Then Sumner came to pass the night, and we sat talking till midnight.

21st. Read [the manuscript of] Kavanagh to Sumner, F., and S. The general opinion favorable, on the whole, though it did not awaken any very lively enthusiasm.

22d. Walked to town with Sumner. Evening, F. and I went to hear Emerson, in Freeman Chapel on Beacon Street. The subject was the Analogies between Mind and Matter. I thought it not equal to the old lectures on Representative Men; and his manner has suffered a little by his visit to England; it is more like other lecturers.

25th. We called on Mrs. Fanny Butler at the Revere House. Speaking of the cold weather in Pittsfield a few weeks ago, she said, "The pitiless sky at night was like an armory hung round with steel weapons;" and of the cracking of the ice, "It seemed like the breaking of the great bass strings of a harp."

26th. We went to hear Mrs. Butler read 'The Tempest.' A crowded house. A reading-desk covered with red, on a platform, like the gory block on the scaffold; upon which the magnificent Fanny bowed her head in tears and great emotion. But in a moment it became her triumphal chariot. What glorious reading! the spiritual Ariel, the stern Prospero, the lover Ferdinand, Miranda the beloved, Stefano, Trinculo, Caliban,—each had a voice distinct and separate, as of many actors. And what a glorious poem is 'The Tempest!'—hardly a play, for its dramatic interest is its least interest. It is an emblem of the power of mind over matter. Ariel is an embodied thought projected from Prospero, obeying his will, subduing and controlling the elements. It is the apotheosis of intellect. The poet's hand here sweeps the whole harp of human life, from Ariel to Caliban, the great bass string. And this figure is F.'s.

28th. Went to the Episcopal church. From our gate to the portals of this church the path was better trodden in the old English days of the Vassalls. How the walls rattled and echoed with the responses!— Popkin, the Emeritus Greek Professor, standing hoary-headed, red-faced, with a narrow-caped blue great-coat, looking very much like a beadle, and dragging along his heavy vocables considerably in the rear of the rest of the congregation. There is something august in this service, which has been repeated for so many centuries in so many churches. But what a running commentary on this holy Liturgy have been the politics of England and the lives of its monarchs.

29th. Another of Emerson's wonderful lectures. The subject, 'Inspiration;' the lecture itself an illustration of the theme. Emerson is like a beautiful portico, in a lovely scene of nature. We stand expectant, waiting for the High-Priest to come forth; and lo, there comes a gentle wind from the portal, swelling and subsiding; and the blossoms and the vine-leaves shake, and far away down the green fields the grasses bend and wave; and we ask, "When will the High-Priest come forth and reveal to us the truth?" and the disciples say, "He has already gone forth, and is yonder in the meadows." "And the truth he was to reveal?" "It is Nature; nothing more."

30th. Wrote a little poem on Gaspar Bercerra, the Spanish artist. Evening, Spanish Painters, and two acts of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

31st. Mrs. Butler read 'Much Ado about Nothing.' At the reading I tried an experiment which I shall not repeat. The house was much crowded; so I retreated to a corner of the gallery; and as the lights wounded my eyes, I determined not to look but to trust to my ears, and mark the effect of the voice alone. The result was a complete failure.

February 1. I wrote another poem to-day, — on the children, whom I heard rejoicing overhead while I sat below here in rather melancholy mood.[1]

4th. Heard a sermon full of anecdotes, which reminded me of my promise to Mr. Spear to help by a contribution his labors among prisoners and their families. Sumner dined with us. The evening we passed with the Nortons, very pleasantly. As we came away Mr. Norton said, "I wish we might see you again soon." While we were in the entry putting on our coats, his benign figure appeared standing at the inner door, and he said, "In my expression a few moments ago, I used the wrong tense; I should have said, 'I wish we *may* see you again soon.'"

5th. Mrs. Butler read 'King Lear,' and wonderfully well; with great power and pathos. It was her best reading, so far. At the close we drove home with her to the Revere House, and had a charming little gay supper. Sumner was there, having been her *chevalier* for the evening.

6th. This evening we were at the Ticknors'; a *sans ceremonie* club of young ladies. Previous to this party I went with Mr. Appleton to a session of the Academy. A paper on the sudden risings and subsidings of the waters in the great lakes interested me much. So did Agassiz, stating the theory that all animals can be traced back to an original form in the egg, — as Goethe traced the plant back to an original *phyton*.

7th. Mrs. Butler's reading of 'King John;' too tragic a play for those who have any sorrows of their own. We went in at the private entrance before the doors were opened, leaving the expectant crowd outside thundering

[1] Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play.
And the grave thoughts that perplexed me
Are vanished quite away.

at the gates. When they were opened, in rushed the vanguard of admirers, and among them a brisk old gentleman with gray hair and red cravat, who took a seat beside me and talked incessantly and very pleasantly for an hour and a half, when the reading began. Before five minutes he gave me to understand that his name was B——, that he had been a traveller, had seen Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble and Cooke, and all the great actors. He considered Mrs. Butler the best of all. "Mr. Webster," said he, "is the greatest man living, and Mrs. Butler the greatest woman; and she has more genius than he." He said also, "I once saw her play Constance, and I shed a water-proof hat full of tears."

9th. At last an evening at home; very delightful. We read in Spanish Painters, and in Mrs. Jameson's new work, Sacred and Legendary Art, a delightful and most instructive book.

13th. With some doubts and misgivings I carried the first sheets of Kavanagh to the printer. I have never hesitated so much about any of my books, except the first hexameters, 'The Children of the Lord's Supper.' Let us see how it will look in print. I want to get this out of the way. Things lying in manuscript incumber and impede me; hold me back from working on to something better. In the evening F. read some extracts from the Eastern poems, — the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabarata*. The cataract of the Ganges in the former is fine; and very grand, in the latter, is the pilgrimage of the five brothers in the Himalayas.

16th. 'Hamlet,' sublimely read; with the only true comprehension and expression of the melancholy Dane I have ever had the good fortune to hear. What nights these are! — with Shakspeare and such a reader.

20th. We did not go last night to hear 'Othello.' I wrote this morning a sonnet on Mrs. Butler's readings.

26th. Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh [Copway] an Ojibway preacher and poet came to see us. The Indian is a good-looking young man. He left me a book of his, an autobiography. In the evening Mrs. Butler read to the admiring Cantabs 'The Merchant of Venice,' with great effect; then came to sup with us, together with Hillard and Sumner. At the close of the supper I read my sonnet; though the fact of reading it reminded me a little of Molière's *Tricotin*, and his sonnet on Lady Somebody's fever.

27th. My birth-day. Forty-two! But I have done with reflections on fixed and fated days.

March 3. Cambridge is now in its gala-dress of mud; and what is the *boue de Paris* when compared with the *boue de Cambridge?* Rest, rest! How delightful it is to have a quiet evening at home after such a succession of evenings out! F. read Macaulay; the interesting chapter on the state of England in the time of Charles II.

5th. The Faculty-meeting was holden this evening in my old lecture-room, No. 6 University. There were more persons there than the other professors saw; the ghosts of Dante, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe! It had a strange effect upon me to see the old room where I lectured so many years, refitted, repainted. The spiritual presences were there, almost as palpable as the grave professors round the lamps.

6th. Work enough upon my hands, with lectures on Dante, and the like. Wonderful poet! What a privilege it is to interpret thee to young hearts!

7th. Emerson lectured on England. His description of the voyage out was very striking. So were many of the shrewd remarks on England.

8th. My mind is perplexed about Kavanagh. The title is better than the book, and suggests a different kind of book. One more long, spiritual chapter must be written

for it. The thought struck me last night. It must go into the book as the key-stone into the arch. An idea so very obvious, and yet coming so late!

9th. Longed to write the chapter for Kavanagh; but was obliged to go to college. Ah, me! and yet what a delight to begin every day with Dante!

12th. Sumner copied the Sonnet, and it appeared in the Evening Transcript.[1] We passed the evening at the Nortons' to meet the G——'s of Maine, who tell me that the Kavanagh family has quite died out there, and the little church has long been closed.

14th. Emerson dined with us; and Lowell and Dr. H——. Emerson was very pleasant. He brought with him a book by Mr. Hay, showing that all the beautiful forms of antique vases were created by the different combinations of the egg-form. So the line of beauty is born also from the egg. Evening at the P——s', a small party for Miss ——, whom I met once at Felton's many years ago, and (so runs the tradition) asked her if she had ever smoked a cigar. A strange question, which received the stranger answer — "Yes"!

18th. Sumner at dinner. Walked part of the way to town with him, talking of his new Peace lecture, which he is to write for the anniversary of the Peace Society, and of his publishing them all in a handsome octavo.

23d. Ninth canto of the *Inferno* at lecture. Proof-sheets [of Kavanagh]. Long walk in the afternoon. R. at tea. He gave us the following verse for finding on what day of the week the first of any month falls: —

> At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire,
> Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Frier.

[1] The sonnet on Mrs. Butler's readings. She had expressed to him a wish that it should be published.

25th. Hillard dined with us, and talked most agreeably about Italy, which to behold again he "would sail through a sea of fire."

29th. F. read Layard's Nineveh. Very interesting and curious. F. has a small alabaster cylinder from Babylon, the figures on which are the same as some in the illustrations of this book.

30th. Evening at the Nortons'. Mr. Squier, author of a book on the Western Mounds, was there. Also ——, whose conversations on literature are so utterly absurd. Whenever I see his intellectual orbs turned towards Parnassus, it produces upon me the effect of looking at a person who is cross-eyed. He is certainly suffering from mental *strabismus*.

April 12. Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh, the Ojibway chief, lectured. A rambling talk, gracefully delivered, with a fine various voice, and a chief's costume, with little bells jangling upon it, like the bells and pomegranates of the Jewish priests.

13th. Isaac, our Yankee boy, seized with a violent fever and still more violent fright. At night I went to town to tell his sister.

14th. After dinner go to the new Atheneum. Evening, Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh again, on 'The Religion, Poetry, and Eloquence of the Indian,' — more rambling than ever, though not without good passages. He described very graphically the wild eagles teaching their young to fly from a nest overhanging a precipice on the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior.

15th. Still this terrible northwest wind blowing, dry, bleak, dusty.

> Round and round
> It whips the great world like a humming top,
> And makes it spin and whistle through the air.

So came the image into my mind this morning on my

way to church. On my way back it seemed as if Nature were punishing her children with the *knout*.

16th. The same wild wind scourging us. A letter from a school-girl in Exeter asking the true pronunciation of the German *w*, — "a difference of opinion having arisen among a class of young ladies reading German."

20th. Met young ——. He seems to be always in the opposition; good-naturedly enough, but very foolishly. How often this is the case with young Americans educated in Europe. No matter what is said, they instantly assume the attitude of defiance.

23d. Letter from an unknown and anonymous admirer asking how *Acadie* is pronounced in the line —

List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.

F. had also a curious letter from Sophronia C——, looking for a place, but requiring recommendations of "good moral character" from the lady, — not giving them for herself. We have had at Faculty-meeting an application from a young lady to enter college as a regular student.

25th. A charming concert by the "Germania," some fifteen young Germans, who gave us overtures and parts of symphonies, etc. We had the finale of the C minor of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream. After the concert a *petit-souper;* Sumner, Felton, Guyot, and S., who arrived yesterday from Fall River.

30th. The last day of April; and such an April, and such a last day! Cold as Greenland, with an east wind that ploughs and harrows one through and through, and sows coughs and catarrhs and rheumatisms among much-suffering mortals. Put into the printer's hands the first part of By the Fireside and By the Seaside, a volume of poems for the next autumn. I have learned that types, as well as time, must be taken by the forelock.

May 2. Poor little children! They sit in their silent nursery like sick owls moulting, — both with the mumps.

We dined with the Ticknors. Mr. T. told me that Hillard had received a "charming letter" from Macaulay, which must be very gratifying to him. Of the same letter Felton said to me yesterday, "Have you seen a letter from Macaulay to Hillard? The most overbearing letter I ever read!"

4th. No new thing to start the stagnant current. Oh for "some great idea to refresh me"! I am pondering on a continuation of Hyperion.

8th. Saw the first blossoms of the cherry-trees on the sunny side of the street. Bought Shelley and Browning, in new and handsome editions. F. read to me the first part, — 'Paracelsus Aspires,' — the scene in the Würtzburg garden. Very lofty, but rather diffuse. It ends finely: —

Paracelsus.

Are there not, Festus, are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver;
One when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
Festus, I plunge!

Festus.

I wait you when you rise!

10th. There is a striking similitude in 'Paracelsus' where, describing a sunset, the poet says the outline of the "outstretched city," — namely, Constantinople, —

"Athwart the splendor black and crooked runs,
Like a Turk verse along a scimetar."

11th. I was thinking to-day, at lecture, why Dante did not put this same Aureolus Bombastes Paracelsus among the alchemists in his *Inferno*. He would have made a grand figure there, trampling on the books of

Avicena and Averroës. In the afternoon, a call from Vattemare, who stayed to tea and long after, discoursing of his deeds, and mainly of his American library in the Hotel de Ville, at Paris.

14th. Kavanagh was published on Saturday [12th]. People think it not long enough. But why beat out one's ideas into thin leaf?

From Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD, May 24, 1849.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—I am heartily obliged to you for Kavanagh, which I read on Saturday afternoon with great contentment, though hindered by the steamer and other accidents from acknowledging it. It had, with all its gifts and graces, the property of persuasion, and of inducing the serene mood it required. I was deceived by the fine name into a belief that there was some family legend; and must own (like palates spoiled by spices) to some disappointment at the temperate conclusion. But it is good painting; and I think it the best sketch we have seen in the direction of the American Novel. For here is our native speech and manners, treated with sympathy, taste, and judgment. One thing struck me as I read,—that you win our gratitude too easily; for after our much experience of the squalor of New Hampshire and the pallor of Unitarianism, we are so charmed with elegance in an American book that we could forgive more vices than are possible to you. Is it not almost June; and did you not agree to trust yourself for one day to my guidance? Yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

25th. A cold, rainy morning; and in the midst of it the soul of the negro murderer Goode is just at this hour going from the gallows.

"Through the mist and the murk and the morning gray,
It is forced away from the swarthy clay
To the dreaded judgment-seat."

And I hope and think that this will be the last execution we shall hear of in Massachusetts.

28th. Mr. Brooks, of Newport, dined with us, looking very young, and fresh, as all Newport people do. He has just translated Jean Paul's *Jubelsenior*, or the fiftieth anniversary of an old clergyman in his parish.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Custom-House, June 5, 1849.

Dear Longfellow, — I meant to have written you before now about Kavanagh, but have had no quiet time during my letter-writing hours, and now the freshness of my thoughts has exhaled away. It is a most precious and rare book; as fragrant as a bunch of flowers, and as simple as one flower. A true picture of life, moreover, — as true as those reflections of the trees and banks that I used to see in the Concord; but refined to a higher degree than they, as if the reflection were itself reflected. Nobody but yourself would dare to write so quiet a book; nor could any other succeed in it. It is entirely original, a book by itself; a true work of genius if ever there were one. And yet I should not wonder if many people (confound them!) were to see no such matter in it. In fact, I doubt whether anybody else has enjoyed it so much as I, although I have heard or seen none but favorable opinions. I should like to have written a long notice of it, and would have done so for the Salem Advertiser; but, on the strength of my notice of Evangeline and some half-dozen other books, I have been accused of a connection with the editorship of that paper, and of writing political articles, — which I never did one single

time in my life! I must confess this stirs up a little of the devil within me, to find myself hunted by these political bloodhounds. If they succeed in getting me out of office, I will surely immolate some of them. . . . This I will do, not as an act of individual vengeance, but in your behalf as well as mine, because they will have violated the sanctity of the priesthood to which we both, in different degrees, belong. I do not claim to be a poet; and yet I cannot but feel that some of the sacredness of that character adheres to me, and ought to be respected in me, unless I step out of its immunities. . . . I have often thought that there must be a good deal of enjoyment in writing personal satire; but, never having felt the slightest ill-will toward any human being, I have hitherto been debarred from this peculiar source of pleasure. . . . I mean to come and dine with you, the next time you invite me, and Hillard said he would come, too.

Ever your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

June 10. Sumner dined with us, and we discussed Hawthorne's dismissal from the custom-house in terms not very complimentary to General Taylor and his cabinet.

13th. Examination. How very sensitive I am to the appearance of my scholars. Afterward a college dinner. No wine.

18th. The hot weather has fairly begun. Sat and wrote 'The Building of the Ship.'

20th. Mr. Sparks's inauguration [as President of the College]. The music was good, very good,— the students' choir chanting, in Latin, old church music. Mr. Sparks's address very substantial, but retrograde. He spoke of the college only, and not of the university.

29th. Wrote letters, clearing my table and my conscience. In the evening F. read me Emerson's lecture

on 'War,' in Miss Peabody's Æsthetic Papers, a very clever periodical. Also Thoreau's account of his one night in Concord jail. Both extremely good.

July 1. Bright and breezy. Sumner brought newspapers. The French are attacking Rome. Shame, eternal shame to the French Republic! An everlasting blot on the escutcheon of France.

2d. Letter from Portland with bad news, of my father's illness.

4th. *Portland.* My father is very feeble, and lies seeming more dead than alive. How awful it is! The doctor says he will rally. One of my earliest recollections is of seeing my mother lying in this very room, given up by her physicians, and to all appearance dying. And she is living still.

9th. Return to Cambridge for F. and the children, thinking we had better give up Newport and stay in Portland.

To Charles Sumner.

PORTLAND, July 17, 1849.

I have nothing to write you, and therefore write for the pleasure of it, and from mere *désœuvrement*, and perhaps a little by way of bait, — the dulness of the epistle being the sinker, — to catch a letter from you. Very strange it seems to me to be here in Portland, at a hotel. But we are comfortably bestowed in good rooms, far from the gong-resounding corridors. Last night the Hutchinsons were here. I heard them sing 'The old Clock,' to music of their own, — very striking!

I had just reached this point when the servant entered, bringing your note to F.! We will try *Les Confidences;* though I think life too short for the long-winded raptures of Lamartine. Diffuseness is death, both to author and reader. That is the only canon of criticism in which I have full faith.

There is hardly any perceptible change in my father's state. He is very quiet and without pain, and I think may get up again.

Many thanks for the *Illustration*. Thank God, Rome is not yet taken! France may yet be spared the eternal disgrace of such a victory.

19th. This Portland is a beautiful place. The view from the eastern hill is particularly fine. There ought to be a summer hotel built there.

20th. A monotonous life, broken only by night-watches by my father's bed. He sleeps for the most part. How quietly the morning breaks! And the birds sing in the streets, as if it were the country; one bird in particular, unknown save by its voice, which I have never elsewhere heard out of the woods.

25th. Number three of Dickens's Copperfield. Very good. I am vexed by the perversions of the London Times. In its huge vats the truth is adulterated as wine is in the London docks, to suit the palate of the English public; and then it is imported and distributed here as a pure and genuine article.

28th. Beheld from my window the departure of travellers for the White Mountains: youths mounting upon the outside of coaches; damsels in brown linen sacks following; elderly gentlemen taking inside seats; small gloved hands extended from the windows; and "gentlemanly drivers" (as the coachmen are called in handbills) waiting for the last stroke of seven! How the generations of men repeat each other!

August 2. My father seems to-day decidedly feebler. He lies quite speechless, and takes little heed of what is passing. We all feel now that he cannot recover.

3d. This morning at three o'clock my father died very quietly, a gentle release from a world in which for twenty-seven years he has borne the burden of invalidism and despondency. In the midst of his career, at the age of forty-five, he was smitten with this disease which now terminates fatally at the age of seventy-three.

5th. The funeral, always the mournfullest act of human life, whatever views we may take of life and death. It was at sunset, in the Western Cemetery, on the hill overlooking the water. Farewell, O thou good man, thou excellent father!

6th. And again the great world goes clanging on, as if there were no dead and no mourners.

9th. Went to my father's law-office: the dusty, deserted, silent place. Here he toiled on day after day. The ledger showed his reward, in page after page of unpaid charges. Alas, for a lawyer in a little town!

From Charles Sumner.

COURT STREET, Saturday.

DEAR HENRY,— I have ever looked upon your father with peculiar reverence,— partly because of his blameless life, and his high integrity in the profession of the law; partly because he was your father. In thinking of him you must have pleasant memories, to take away the sting of bereavement.

The last Eclectic Review has a kindly article on you, ignorantly condemning the hexameters, and exalting the lyrics, especially the poems on Slavery. It says, "His generous and powerful advocacy of the rights of the slave, in these fine poems, has given him no common claim to the gratitude of all benevolent minds." This is true. By those poems your name is fastened to an immortal truth.

Ever thine, CHARLES SUMNER.

12th. A wet, dismal Sunday, and a funeral discourse by Dr. Nichols, extolling the great virtues of Benevolence, Integrity, and true Religion. Oh, my dear father, these are thy monuments on earth!

23d. To Waterford with Stephen, by way of Lake Sebago and Long Pond. The steamer Fawn, the mist, the rain, the winding Songo that joins the two lakes, the lovely drive from Harrison to Waterford, one of the most charming little villages in New England.

25th. Left Portland by railroad. On the hillside I saw the stones of the graveyard gleaming white; my father seemed to wave me a last adieu.

26th. A quiet day at home. After so much clang and clatter of town-streets and hotels, a benison indeed.

27th. The Liebers took tea with us, and Sumner and I went to the Observatory with them. We saw the jagged silver edge of the moon; and two stars, one red and one blue. What a beautiful telescope, turning slowly and noiselessly its immense bulk at the touch of a finger, to any point of the sky! Ah, if one had a *mind* so well balanced, and swinging on such noiseless hinges, one might easily sweep all the heaven of thought.

28th. Enjoyed a day at home in the library. Very quiet and soothing. In the afternoon, went to town. Saw Sumner, Hillard, and Mr. Chase, Senator from Ohio, — nephew of Salmon Chase, of Portland, in whose office my father studied law; an easy, frank, and cordial man.

30th. College begins. Morning passed in making arrangements. Meet my class. Go to the Library and take out the Life of Hafiz, and Ferdusi's *Shah-Nameh*. An article on Tennyson in the Westminster.

31st. Shabby paragraph in the newspaper about ——. These newspaper correspondents have become the greatest nuisance. Every nook and corner is infested with them, — destroying all privacy, and proclaiming to the world

the color of your gloves and the style of your shoe-tie.

September 4. A lovely morning tempted me into town. Saw Mr. Ticknor. He has nearly finished with the proofs of his History of Spanish Literature. In the street, met Prescott, rosy and young, with a gay blue satin waistcoat, gray trousers, and shoes.

7th. The melancholy news has come that the Hungarian army, under Georgei, has surrendered to the Russian general, Paskiewitch. Heaven forfend that this be true! In the afternoon, the Liebers arrived.

10th. Wrote five autographs, for five separate individuals. Received the new edition of Emerson's Nature, and Lectures.

13th. Agassiz dined with us, and was very pleasant. He says that whenever a road or a railway is opened in this country, there European weeds spring up. As we walked down to the village, he pointed out by the roadside a weed called by the Indians "the white man's foot," because it advances into the wilderness with the white settlers.

18th. The Liebers departed for New York. We have had a very charming visit. Lieber has a full mind, and discourses admirably well.[1]

20th. 'The Building of the Ship' goes on. It will be rather long. Will it be good?

21st. Oh, lovely autumn mornings and evenings in the library! Ever fresh delight, as I see through the windows the gold of the sunshine on the darkening foliage, the gleaming of the firelight on the backs of books!

22d. Finished this morning 'The Building of the Ship.' After dinner, was at Mr. Sam. Appleton's, who told the story of his being turned out of the Liverpool Exchange during the last war [1812], because he would

[1] Dr. Francis Lieber, the distinguished writer on Political Science.

not contribute money to the coachman who brought news of an English victory. He grew very animated, and roared like a lion, — the sonorous echoes of his "Turn him out! turn him out!" might be heard all over the house.

24th. A glorious morning, resplendent with sunshine and glistening dew and golden leaves. A visit from Fields and Whipple. Read to them 'King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn' and 'The Building of the Ship.'

25th. In the evening, F. read James Smith's Memoirs, which I bought to-day. The letters amused us highly. We are accustomed to say, "How dear books are!" Yet how could I have purchased so much pleasure for the same money to-day? Books are in fact the cheapest of all our pleasures.

26th. Crawford [the sculptor] dined with us. Full of spirit and independence.

29th. Went to town to buy carpets. At Ballard and Prince's, one of the firm gave me a copy of Bowring's Poetry of the Magyars, sundry copies of which had been sent them years ago, by a friend of the author, for sale. A letter from Durham; another friendly salutation from Old England. These things console me for the rude assaults one sometimes gets at home.

30th. I think I shall translate Jasmin's 'Blind Girl of Castèl Cuillè,' — a beautiful poem, unknown to English ears and hearts, but well deserving to be made known.

October 1. I always write the name October with especial pleasure. There is a secret charm about it, not to be defined. It is full of memories; it is full of dusky splendors; it is full of glorious poetry. Will it be so for me?

3d. Wrote letters, half a dozen of them; and then to college. At tea, young S. brought me from Mrs. Otis an illuminated copy of my 'Sand of the Desert,' on a card.

7th. Sumner and Felton dined with us; and after dinner we had a long political discussion, which lasted five hours! Sumner has just returned from Newport and New York, and has a budget of anecdotes.

9th. This morning a youth came to the door with a carpet-bag in his hand, and sent in this card: —

"—— —— came from New York to see Professor Longfellow. In consequence, he hopes the Professor will grant him five minutes of his time."

And the five minutes extended to two hours. He read me some beautiful poems; though I at first looked rather grim, and said I was no critic, and that the last thing I wanted to do was to give my opinion of other people's poems.

11th. We hear that Margaret Fuller is married in Italy, to a revolutionary marquis.

14th. Sumner brought Mr. S., a shy young man, and silent. But when he took me aside and told me of three tragedies he was writing, he found a tongue, and talked well on the subject. He wishes to read one of his plays to me.

19th. F. is delighting herself with Henry Taylor's Essays. The author of Philip Van Artevelde writes in a dignified but rather ponderous and antiquated style, with great force, and extreme felicity of epithet.

20th. Evening at Agassiz's, who receives every Saturday night, with supper. Sir John Richardson, the overland Arctic traveller.

27th. In town. With Sumner, called on Mrs. O., and had to undergo *extreme unction* of praise. Köppen made his appearance at tea-time, and young C., who brought me a pair of deer's antlers from Illinois. Sumner and I went to Agassiz's to supper. I carried him a small fish, which I got at the Revere House. Some one else had already sent him to-day a dozen of the same.

29th. In the evening, heard the Bell-Ringers, — a human *carillon!* They seemed to toss the sounds from one bell and catch them in another; and, half closing one's eyes and giving the reins to fancy, it was easy to imagine all the steeples in Belgium met together, and tossing the notes from their bells.

To John R. Thompson.

October, 1849.

. . . What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe, — a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct, and yet affluent; and his verse has a particular charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry, about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong.[1]

November 1. F. is reading The Caxtons, — Bulwer's last novel, now in vogue. It has well-drawn characters in it, but the style produces upon me the effect of a flashy waistcoat festooned with gold chains.

3d. Showed Fields the 'Dedication' [to Seaside and Fireside]. Evening at Dr. Gray's. Professor Harvey, now lecturing at the Lowell, is staying with him. A very charming person, learned in botany.

4th. Sumner at dinner. I urged him to take ground against any coalitions, by which the anti-slavery principles of the Free-soil Party may be suppressed, as in New York. After dinner we strolled in the garden.

[1] Southern Literary Messenger, November, 1849.

6th. Wrote 'The Singers' to show the excellence of different kinds of song.

7th. Finished 'The Lighthouse.'

8th. Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb came in at tea-time. In the evening he repeated to me some of the Psalms, in Hebrew; strange, mysterious language, building up its poems with square blocks of sound. The same tongue in which Jeremiah prophesied, and David sang.

9th. Scherb remained with us, talking of Dante and poets and poetry. A pleasant day, notwithstanding the rain, — or rather, because of the rain.

11th. Sumner to dinner, and told us of his last evening's speech; in which he had said, "My party is the party of Freedom, I care not what you call it." Hillard is also in the field, on the old Whig side.

12th. Voting. Threw my ballot for Palfrey as Representative at Washington, but in State matters voted with the Whigs.

14th. I shall be glad when the book [Fireside and Seaside] is fairly off my hands. One gets tired of looking at himself so steadily in the printed pages, which are so many little mirrors.

16th. Dined at Howe's. A very pleasant dinner. Palfrey, Adams, Sumner, young Dana, all and several Free-soilers. I, a singer, came into the camp as Alfred among the Danes.

18th. In the evening read over Schelling's Essay on Dante, which is like a dark cave with some gleaming stalactites hanging from the roof.

19th. Corrected the last sheets of the poems, and made up my package for England. Another stone rolled over the hill top!

And now I long to try a loftier strain, the sublimer Song[1] whose broken melodies have for so many years

[1] The Christus.

breathed through my soul in the better hours of life, and which I trust and believe will ere long unite themselves into a symphony not all unworthy the sublime theme, but furnishing "some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery."

In the evening, to the sound of wind and rain upon the casement, F. read to me Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture, one of the most remarkable books of the time. What a magnificent breadth and sweep of style in the elevated passages! It is Jeremy Taylor come back again to preach to us.

22d. Walked with F. in Mount Auburn. The foliage all gone, and the sunshine falling warm and bright on all the graves. The place we have selected for ourselves seemed fairer than ever before. The evening at a beautiful ball at Deacon's, in his lovely house, all French. It was a superb affair.

27th. Read Louisa Stuart Costello's description of the *Lago di Como*, in the Tour to Venice; which made me restless and filled my brain with dreams. Wrote to the authoress to tell her so. Then walked on this solid earth again, among printers and book-binders. In the evening, finished Ruskin's Seven Lamps, and read the beautiful and rather gorgeous chapter on Clouds, in the Modern Painters.

28th. Received of the publisher one thousand dollars for the first edition of The Seaside and Fireside.

December 1. Scherb's lecture on 'Dante and the Worship of the Virgin.' He injured the effect of his lecture by just overstepping the bounds of reasonable, temperate warmth, into the tropics of a rather wild growth of enthusiasm.

6th. Called on Miss Bremer at the Revere House. A kindly old lady, with gentle manners and soft voice. We talked of Swedish authors. Nicander has been long dead. Tegnér she spoke of with affection, much moved and with

tears in her eyes. She comes to Cambridge to-day to stay with the Lowells. Saw also Professor Bergfalk, from Upsala. How far away and strange it sounds!

9th. Sumner has been arguing the case of a negro girl against the city of Boston, for not admitting her into school with white children, but forcing her to go to the African school, made and provided for those who wear "the burnished livery of the sun."

10th. A bleak and dismal day. Wrote in the morning, 'The Challenge of Thor,' as 'Prologue' or '*Introïtus*' to the second part of Christus.

12th. Took a long walk before sunrise. The whole horizon tinted with rose. "An earth-surrounding hedge of roses." At the end of a long road, under the leafless arches of the elms, a bright blue patch of sky; the trees themselves more than ever like columns and ribbed ceilings of churches.

13th. Last evening we were at Lowell's to see Miss Bremer, who is a very quiet little body and sat sewing lace on her handkerchief all the evening. I have taken to morning walks, which is delightful when I get fairly out of doors. All is quiet; you meet no one to disturb your thoughts; the fresh air is grateful.

14th. Walked to Fresh Pond before sunrise. A mild winter morning, like Germany, — the south of Germany, — the region of the middle Rhine. I like the Rhine in winter. In the evening a concert, still more like Germany; all the performers being German, as well as the music, — mostly Haydn and Beethoven.

23d. Dr. W.; one of his most logical discourses; dry and dreary to us who asked for the celestial manna. Sunday is Sumner's day, and he came as usual. After dinner, Bergfalk.

24th. A vigorous, cold day. Ah, how cold it is! My walk before sunrise I keep up very conscientiously, and

because I really enjoy the fresh air. But to-day the wind scourged my ears sharply. These extremes of climate make me feel melancholy. Even when not cold myself I cannot help thinking how many others are so.

29th. [In my morning walk] I see the red dawn encircling the horizon, and hear the thundering railway trains, radiating in various directions from the city along their sounding bars, like the bass of some great anthem, — our national anthem.

30th. Dr. Walker preached a very admirable sermon on Prayer.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD, December 30, 1849.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Mr. Scherb brought me the welcome gift of your Poems, which, I observe, like their predecessors, receive the best compliment of being at once read through by all experimenters. I hope much in these days from [S. G.] Ward's cherished project of a club that shall be a club. It seems to offer me the only chance I dare trust of coming near enough to you to talk, one of these days, of poetry, of which, when I read your verses, I think I have something to say to you. So you must befriend his good plan. And here is a token: I send you my new book; and will not have any sign that you have received it until the first club-meeting.

Ever yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

From George S. Hillard.

BOSTON, December 30, 1849.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I owe you many thanks for your volume of poems, which I have read with great delight, both because they are yours, and because they are beauti-

ful. Among those which I particularly like are 'The Building of the Ship,' 'Resignation,' and 'The Fire of Drift-wood.' The first is full of your characteristic felicity in tracing analogies and resemblances between things that are seen and things that are unseen. No one but you could have seen such a picture by the light of a pipe as that on page 17. I think that you deal most happily with that irregular and varying stanza, which sinks and swells under your hand, to my ear, like the gusts of a summer wind through a grove of trees. You are more fond than I am of the stanza in which 'The Lighthouse' is written. To my ear there is a want of beat and rhythm in it, — a certain languor and monotony, more suggestive of bagpipes than of cymbals.

'Resignation' will be among the most popular of your poems, and deservedly so; for it is full of tenderness and feeling, and touches with a delicate hand those stops whose music is tears, — not bitter tears, but the soft dew that fertilizes the heart on which it falls. How it calls up out of the dim past my vanished joy and my (now) serene sorrow. . . .

'The Fire of Drift-wood' is exquisite, — full of a certain dreamy and delicious music which flows from a land of spirits. How perfectly you have expressed the vague dim fancies which floated into my thoughts, like ships in the dark, as I heard the wind roaring down that very chimney!

The stanza on page 31, I think, is open to some objection, because the names of "Chrysaor" and "Callirhoe" are so very remote from the beaten track of the common mind, and so little suggestive of obvious associations. For the same reason, should you not have given some explanation of 'Tegnér's Death'?

What a pleasant thing it must be to have such a book as this to show to the old haymaker, as proof that you have not been idle, — something which he will *not* put

into his wallet as "alms for oblivion!" Thus may you ever live, — translating life into music, and hearing its echoes take the sound of fame! With my best love to F——, and the most hearty New Year's wishes for both,

Yours most faithfully,

GEO. S. H.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNAL.

1850.

January 5. Off to town. Saw Mr. Rogers, the shoe-dealer, giving new shoes to the wet, cold feet of a little beggar-girl. A beautiful charity.[1]

6th. Sumner says that Brownson has written a long article in his Review, on Evangeline and Kavanagh; which he hears is a subtile piece of criticism. What is the use of writing books about books? — excepting so far as to give information to those who cannot get the books themselves.

8th. Worked hard with the children, making snow-houses in the front yard, — to their infinite delight.

10th. In the evening, pondered and meditated upon sundry scenes of Christus. In such meditation one tastes the delight of the poetic vision, without the pain of putting it into words.

11th. Arranged old letters, and wrote new ones. A slight touch of indigestion, — which, to use Emerson's comic phrase, "turns many an honest gentleman into a wretch, skulking like a dog about the outer yards and kennels of creation."

[1] Returning home, he wrote a note to Mr. Rogers, enclosing a bank-note, and asking to be permitted to share in his act of benevolence.

14th. Met Worcester in the walk before sunrise, and we talked of the little sympathy felt in Boston for the Hungarians.

20th. Went to the parish church, the college chapel being closed. After dinner, discussed Slavery and the probable action of the South [with Sumner]. He thinks there is really danger of a dissolution of the Union. In the evening, Lowell, who smoked his cigar and persuaded me that the half-century is not yet passed, and will not be till the *end* of 1850.[1]

28th. Letters from the Costellos, with liveliest expressions of friendship. Received also a copy of the London illustrated Evangeline, which is very beautiful, — the landscapes in particular. But alas! Evangeline herself fares poorly with her limner.

31st. Received a funny letter from [a stranger], requesting me to write a valentine for him, in answer to one he received last year from a young lady. He does not like to show the white feather in the poetic way, — and wants the help of *my* white feather.

To Mrs. Anna Jameson.

January, 1850.

Having many friends who are your friends and admirers, — and none more so than my own wife, — I venture to smuggle myself in among them at this season, and wish you all the good wishes of the New Year. I beg you to accept a volume of poems which I have just published, and in which I hope there may be something to give you pleasure, — you who have given me so much,

[1] Of course not; since a half-century is fifty years, and will not end till fifty years are ended Just as a century does not end till one hundred years are ended; and every new series must begin with 1, and not with 0.

particularly in your last work, Sacred and Legendary Art. How very precious it is to me! . . . It most amply supplies the cravings of the religious sentiment, — the spiritual nature within. It produces in my soul the same effect that great organists have produced by laying slight weights upon certain keys of their instruments, — thus keeping an unbroken flow of sound while their fingers are busy with the other keys and stops. And there let these volumes lie, — pressing just enough upon my thoughts to make perpetual music. God bless you for this book!

To Charles Eliot Norton (in India).

February 5, 1850.

I have been thinking how very odd and outlandish anything written on the banks of Charles River must sound when read on the banks of the Ganges; and how small we must all appear to you who are personally acquainted with "the Boundless Krishna, the Valiant," and with the "Moonshees" who write his poems for him! A magnificent Oriental idea is that, — feebly put in practice in England by Day and Martin, and in New England by Simmons of Oak Hall. Yesterday afternoon I was at Shady Hill. Your father was below stairs in his study, a little pale from his late illness; and the whole scene wore its usual sunny, genial, happy aspect, — your portrait looking pensively from the wall toward the fire, as if "musing while it burned." Mr. Sparks was there; and we all talked of you and Ritchie, and walked awhile beside your palanquins. In the Craigie House is nothing new. Tom. Appleton is in England. [In Boston] Mrs. Fanny Kemble is reading Shakespeare. Charles Perkins gives *matinées musicales* at No. 1 Tremont Court, which are very pleasant. Mr. Ticknor's book [History of Spanish Literature] is a great success. Bowen is in very hot

water for abusing the Magyars, in the North American, — and rather likes it. Politics are raging furiously, — the hot Southrons blustering as usual, but I trust to no effect. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union. Therefore be not alarmed by what you read in the newspapers.

And now, dear C., *Namaraskam! Sashtangam!* and whatever may be the Hindoo for "I love you." Salute for me the Sacred River, that "flows from the sweat of Siva's wife," — rather an uncomfortable companion, one would think, in a warm climate. Bring home the two great epics, — the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. You will regret it if you do not. Also, from Persia, Zoroaster's *Zend Avesta*.

February 8. Tempted, by the facility of the railway, into town again. Sat half an hour with Miss Bremer. Saw Miss Sedgwick in the street.

10th. Sumner thinks the South will, as usual, have all its own way; and there are signs of flinching among the Whigs.

12th. Went to Miss Bremer's, who made a sketch of me in her book. While I was there, Ellen Crafts came in, — the slave woman who ran away disguised in man's clothes as a young master, her husband going as her slave. When Miss Bremer told me who it was, and spoke of man's clothes, Ellen hung her head and said she did not like to have it mentioned, — "some people thought it was so shocking." Miss Bremer laughed at this prudery, as well she might; and we both urged her to be proud of the act. Then Mrs. —— came in; and among other brilliant remarks said, "Miss Bremer, do you think a woman has fulfilled her mission before she has become a mother?" Miss B. dropped her pencil, and lifting up both hands, exclaimed, "Yes, indeed! Those women who

have no children of their own have more than those who have many."

In the evening Mrs. Kemble read before the Mercantile Library Association, to an audience of more than three thousand, portions of 'As You Like it;' then 'The Building of the Ship,' standing out upon the platform, book in hand, trembling, palpitating, and weeping, and giving every word its true weight and emphasis. She prefaced the recital by a few words, to this effect: that when she first saw the poem, she desired to read it before a Boston audience; and she hoped she would be able to make every word audible to that great multitude. After the reading, Barker, her doorkeeper, said to me in great excitement, "I wonder if there was any reporter to take down that little speech. Gad! what comprehension!" — making a kind of bird's-nest with both hands, expressive of his emotion and his idea of compression.

22d. Dined with Emerson at Lowell's. We plan a new club, to dine together once a month.

25th. In a Minnesota paper, received this morning, is a serious poem, which has these remarkable lines in it: —

> "And from this world the Christian statesman fled
> When James K. Polk was numbered with the dead."

28th. And so ends the winter, and the vacation. Not quite satisfactorily to me. Yet something I have done. Some half-dozen scenes or more are written of The Golden Legend, which is part second of Christus; and the whole is much clearer in my mind as to handling, division, and the form and pressure of the several parts.

March 1. Term begins. I am taking the German classes in the afternoon, while Rölker is away in London and Paris.

2d. We heard Mrs. Kemble read 'King John.' Wonderful in Constance, and very pathetic in poor little Arthur. We brought Sumner out with us, and Scherb came also

at night; and we supped pleasantly together, and went to bed late. We discussed Carlyle and his new pamphlet, — No. I. of Latter Day Pamphlets; a pretty poor affair. He is "running emptings," as Jeremiah Mason used to say.

4th. No letters to-day. I begin to think that the New York youth who borrowed money of me to get home is an adventurer, and not the nephew of Professor H., as he gave himself out to be.

6th. Heard Mrs. Kemble read the 'First Part of King Henry.' Then a dozen ladies and gentlemen went with her to the Revere House, where she entertained us with supper. A charming *cul de lampe* for the Readings. For this is the last; alas, the last!

8th. A brief report comes of Webster's long-expected speech.[1] It makes us very sad to read it. Is it possible! Is this the Titan who hurled mountains at Hayne years ago?

9th. Went to town. Found everybody complaining of Webster. "Fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate!" is the universal cry, in various phraseology. Yet what has there been in Webster's life to lead us to think that he would take any high moral ground on this Slavery question?

10th. Sumner at dinner. He feels sadly about Webster's speech. But I say, Let us have it all and read it before judging.

16th. In town. Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter is just published, — a most tragic tragedy. Success to the book! Talked with Mr. Sam. Appleton about Webster. He says, "I think it a most abominable speech." And so do I. Ah, good old man! you are always true as steel!

> "My friend, what sordid days of dross are these,
> Of coward cringing and of cheap content!"

[1] The noted 7th of March speech upon Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Bill.

18th. Afternoon at college; Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.' How very poor most of the translations of this poem are! The new one by Mr. Furness seems on the whole the best.

23d. Cast lead flat-irons for the children, to their great delight. C. in great and joyous excitement, which he showed by the most voluble speech. E. showed his only in his eyes, and looked on in silence. The casting was to them as grand as the casting of a bell to grown-up children. Why not write for them a 'Song of the Lead Flat-iron'?

25th. I have to-day sundry tributes from North, South, East, and West. Mrs. Jameson writes me from England; Mr. Skelton from Scotland; Charles Norton, from Bombay, sends a message about finding readers of my poems in India; and Mrs. Le Vert, from Mobile, sends some laudation of 'The Ship' written to her by Henry Clay. A few years ago how this would have tingled through my veins! Now, I do not perceive that it quickens my pulse one beat. Am I growing old?

29th. To-day a new class in college wanting to read Faust. And I cannot in conscience say No. Inclination to do everything for the young men prompts me to say Yes; and accordingly I do say Yes. It is only one impediment more between me and the real work I have to do.

31st. L—— at me again to edit his book on Fourierite Analogies! Heavens!

April 2. A letter from Mr. C——, with fifty questions on classic versification, which it would fill an octavo to answer.

3d. Letter from Dr. F., who wishes to come to Boston. "If you wish," he says, "I can send you a heap of derivations of words, which are not given at all,

or wrongly given, in Webster, and you might publish them in order to draw the attention of literary men upon me."

6th. Go to town. At Ticknor's [the publisher's] I find Park Benjamin sitting on a three-legged stool, and discoursing oracular speech as from a tripod. He is going to make lecturing his profession. There sat Benjamin discoursing loudly, and having for auditors on this occasion Felton, Perley Poore, the editor; Giovanni Thompson, the artist; Captain Sumner; myself; and hovering far and near, Fields, listening, laughing, and despatching parcels.

8th. Felton is quite irritated with Sumner about politics. I hope it will not end in an open rupture; but I much fear it will.

10th. The boys' first school. I took them down to the old house under the Washington Elm, and left them sitting in their little chairs among the other children. God bless the little fellows!

17th. Cold as winter still. But we went in to hear 'Don Giovanni.' Ah, what a delicious opera! what a trio; what arias; what accompaniments! San Quirico, as Leporello, played capitally; he is a real *buffo*, and seems to have just stepped down from a stage in the streets of Naples. Beneventano is too stout for the Don, and too vulgar, — a bandit in brown boots, not a Spanish hidalgo. But it was a delightful evening.

19th. The college studies are to be remodelled. In addition to what I now have, the committee want two lectures a week, through the year, on subjects of Literary History. It will take every moment of my time; and with my bad eyes how can I do it? I think the college right in wishing to have these lectures; but is it right for me to undertake them, having things on hand of more importance to me?

20th. We go into town to dine with Mrs. S. A. What a charming household is hers! The gentle, glowing, benignant, happy old man, in his crimson velvet dressing-gown, like a sun setting in crimson clouds, shining over all with cheerful, genial light; slowly, slowly rolling down into the great sea; yet making us feel that all this worth cannot grow old, all this benevolence cannot die, and that every setting sun is somewhere a rising sun. Then she herself, so young and fresh in her enjoyment of life; with all her French taste and love of the beautiful, — the old French blood showing itself in her Madame de Sévigné love of details and of social life; and M., who is eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and whose whole life is absorbed into the life of this family, — the whole presents a very peculiar and charming tableau; and as I looked at it by the fitful firelight this evening, it drew me into many dreams and reveries.

The evening at Charles Perkins's concert; where were performed several of his pieces. The first and longest a symphony, a bold endeavor, very successful in the *Andante;* the last a Septuor, very beautiful from beginning to end.

21st. Sumner and Hawthorne dined with us. Hawthorne has left Salem, — forever, he says. He is going to reside in Lenox, in a farm-house near the lake, belonging to Sam. Ward.

22d. The seventy lectures to which I am doomed next year hang over me like a dark curtain. Seventy lectures! who will have the patience to hear them? If my eyes were sound and strong I should delight in it. But it will eat up a whole year, and I was just beginning so cheerily on my poem, and looking forward to pleasant work on it next year!

29th. I keep thinking of those impending lectures. Remember the proverb, "Do not cross the bridge till you

come to it." This is one of my defects. My mind reaches forward and anticipates its work, and therefore very often it is done over twice.

May 1. Here is the part of King Witlaf's charter to the Abbey of Croyland relating to his drinking-horn, cited in Maitland's Dark Ages: "I also offer to the refectory . . . the horn of my table, that the elders of the monastery may drink out of it on the festivals of the saints; and may sometimes, amid their benedictions, remember the soul of the donor, Wichtlaf."

[In this month a journey was made to Washington, with his family, to escape the east winds and to meet Mr. Appleton, who had gone South for his health.]

9th. *New York.* Sam. Ward called, now a stout Californian and full of life again. Went to his counting-house to see some [Californian] gold. Met young J., with whom I went to see Bryant. Found him just beginning an article for his paper, in a kind of garret, surrounded by piles of newspapers and cheap novels. What a life! Sundry visits, — Cogswell, Dr. Francis, Bristed.

10th. Dined with Kent and Silliman; the conversation, of courts, lawyers, *causes célèbres.* And so ends our second day in New York, and to-morrow we take wing for Philadelphia. New York thunders on, in the morning racing down Broadway like waters in a mill-sluice, and in the afternoon up again. What a noisy place! And in the new part great splendor.

11th. We left at noon for Philadelphia, by steamer to South Amboy, and thence by railway through the apple and peach orchards of New Jersey; through Burlington and Bordentown to Camden, and across by ferry to Philadelphia. We stop at Jones's in Chestnut Street. After tea, stroll with J. Codman through the gas-lighted streets, looking at the shops. I like to look at a new city by night. It has a strange, magical effect.

12th. Philadelphia is a delightful city. Such has always been my impression. I think there is no city in the country, all things considered, where I should prefer to live, except in summer. That is terrific here, as I know by experience.

14th. A charming dinner at Mr. Reed's, with Ingersoll, Peter, and ——. Walked home in the rain, and in pumps.

15th. Reached Washington in the dusk of the evening. Found Mr. Appleton and Mr. Winthrop waiting for us. We have rooms at the National and sup gayly, glad to be re-united.

16th. Next door to us is Mr. Clay. We call upon him, and he talks politics. Waddy Thompson comes in, and looks unhappy. He thinks there is an enthusiasm for the Union, even in South Carolina, which amounts to superstition. We take a carriage and make sundry calls, — on the Calderons, the Bulwers, the Websters, the Soulés, etc., and are finally set down at the Capitol, where I hear the end of a debate in the Senate; see Bradbury, Soulé, and Chase; and so, home to dinner.

17th. Madame Calderon called, and took F. in her carriage to the Capitol. I followed with the children. Saw the paintings, and Greenough's statue of Washington, which has rather a grand effect under the blue sky. Evening at the President's; *cordial old man.*[1]

18th. Dinner at Calderon's. Evening at Winthrop's, where I saw Benton, Bodisco, Webster, Mrs. Frémont, Lady Bulwer, and Mrs. ——, a beautiful lady from Philadelphia.

[1] This entry is in Mrs. Longfellow's writing. The President was General Taylor.

To Charles Sumner.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1850.

It is Sunday, and we are waiting for dinner. I almost expect to see you, as I glance out of the window, swinging your cane, and telegraphing your arrival. Sunday dinners do not go off very well without you; and the pudding behaves like Macbeth's "Amen." However, we will try it.

We have been here three days, and find it very pleasant. Yesterday we dined with the Calderons. To-morrow we breakfast with the Websters.[1] You see I put social matters before political, because I like them better. Friday evening we were at the President's. He was very cordial in his reception. After F. was presented, the General sprang forward, and said, "This must be Mr. Longfellow! I have never seen him but once, but I remember him perfectly!" Whereupon the bystanders looked amazed at the General's prodigious memory; and I introduced my tall and stately cousin Louisa, a fair damsel of seventeen, and wheeled to the left.

I have seen and talked with Webster, Benton, Clay, Soulé, Hale, Bradbury, and Chase. Clay's parlor is next door to ours. This morning he invited me to smoke a cigar with him, which I did with *gusto*.

P. S. — The South Carolinians are serious about dissolution. They think it would be for their advantage; and mean to preach this doctrine. So say all the travellers returning from Charleston.

19th. Went to the Unitarian chapel; a very small congregation. Evening at Commodore Wadsworth's.

[1] Daniel Webster was then Senator. Calderon was Spanish minister.

20th. Went with C. and M. to Mt. Vernon. Steamed to Alexandria, and then a coach to Mt. Vernon. What a road, good heavens! And in what a dilapidated, squalid condition we found everything there! Nothing fresh and beautiful but the spring, and the situation of the house overlooking a bend of the Potomac. An old woman, who said she was a hundred years old, was groping about with a stick. I asked her if she was blind. She said, "I am blind to the things of this world, but not to spiritual things. If you have experienced a hope, come and talk to me of the blessed Jesus. Do either of you gentlemen smoke tobacco?"

21st. In the Senate. Soulé spoke, and made a *beau discours*, well prepared and well delivered. He opposed Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill, which irritated Mr. Clay; and he spoke with some warmth in reply, making a long and rambling defence of his scheme. We breakfasted this morning with the Websters. Webster ponderous and silent. Mr. Ingersoll very gay and talkative.

22d. A very elegant dinner at Mr. C.'s, the banker. A dozen guests or more; Clay and Cass sitting on the right and left of the host. Senators Butler, Berrian, and Mason among the guests. I was quite in the Danish camp, among these insurgent chiefs. Drove home with Clay, who expounded to me his views, and pounded me a good deal on the knee by way of emphasis.

27th. *Baltimore.* Made sundry calls, brightening some links of old acquaintance.

28th. *Philadelphia.* Walked with F. on Chestnut Street. Genial is the weather, and the women charming and charmingly dressed. The houses look like the dwellings of unostentatious gentlefolk. It is very attractive. New York is flaunting, and Boston not quite gay enough.

29th. Took boat up the Delaware to Tacony, and then the railroad to New York. The low, green banks of the

river looked pleasantly, as ever. I always like them, perhaps from early association.

June 1. Reached home at noon on one of the loveliest days of the year. We have seen nothing more verdant and blooming than Cambridge. The old house looks delightfully, — the green grass waving in the wind, and a whole California of buttercups, like scales of gold in the rolling waves of the Sacramento.

2d. It begins again, the old pressure and squeeze of books and old routine, out of which I had escaped for a season. Well, it must be borne, I suppose. Compensation, Sumner at dinner.

4th. June is *our* month. Oh, perfect days, after the dreary, restless rain! The lilacs perfume the air. The horse-chestnuts light the landscape with their great taper-like blossoms.

5th. To the Atheneum gallery. Some beautiful pictures. A good exhibition, the first in the new gallery.

13th. To tea came Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh, the Ojibway Chief, and we went together to hear Agassiz lecture on the 'Races of Men.' He thinks there were several Adams and Eves.

14th. This afternoon a youth came into my study, and throwing down with vehemence a red, printed paper, exclaimed, "There! that's what I want to do!" and then without pause, dashing a pocket-book upon it, continued, "And that's why I can't do it, that empty purse!" On the handbill, in large black letters, was "G—— C—— will give a select Reading," etc. He then began to recite Emerson; then, the 'Building of the Ship,' in fragments. In fine, he wanted funds to go on with his poetic readings, having an eye to the stage, with great plans of reform in the drama! As I could not furnish the funds, his face changed; he rose and shut the pocket-book, buttoned his coat across his breast, and said, "I don't want you to

do it, unless you had rather do it than not! But I thought if it turned out well, this might be the beginning of a friendship between us." I calmed him a little; he sat down again; we talked of his plans, and he stayed to tea.

19th. My college examination. Always to me *dies iræ, dies illa.* After it, a pleasant dinner at the Brattle House. This is a great improvement on the old system.

20th. Thompson came to take my portrait, and we worked at it bravely all the morning. An excessively hot day! After dinner came Shakspeare Wood to mould a medallion head of me. So the whole day was devoted to Art! And a duller day I have not had for a long time.

23d. At chapel. I cannot always listen to the clergyman.

24th. In the morning with Thompson; in the afternoon with Wood. And so The Golden Legend waits.

To James T. Fields.

June 25, 1850.

In Memoriam: I saw that you had Tennyson's name written in pencil on the titlepage. But I hope you do not mean to print it so. Respect the sacred silence he imposes on himself. He has some reason for not giving his name to this work. . . .

Pardon me for meddling. But I am so fascinated with the book that I cannot help thinking of it. I am as much interested in it as if I had written it.

July 1. After dinner met Count Gurowski,[1] in the street and brought him home to smoke a cigar on the

[1] An intelligent, well-informed, brusque, and somewhat mysterious personage who figured in Cambridge at that time. He wrote some books on America.

verandah. A droll figure is the Count, in a slouched straw hat, loose sack and trowsers, and white buckskin shoes tied with white strings. A round face, a pleasant smile, one eye, and a pair of blue spectacles with side-lights, — *voilà le portrait de M. le Comte.*

5th. Took the steamboat for Nahant, a pleasant sail in a hot day. Took up our abode [for the summer] at the low, long house in the village, where I once passed a week with Amory in the "days of long ago." T. comes down.

9th. A delicious day. Sat all the morning on a promontory covered with wild roses, looking seaward, with F. What a delightful morning!

10th. Went to the same place again, and planned a house with balconies overlooking the water. Mused and rambled about and came home by way of the village. The papers confirm the report of this morning. President Taylor is dead.

12th. Life at Nahant partakes of the monotony of the sea. The walk along the shore, the surf, the rocks, the sails that embellish the water, books and friendly chat, — these make up the agreeable round.

16th. Nothing can be pleasanter than our Nahant cottage, — sheltered, but near the sea. Mr. J. is a jovial fisherman, and his laugh is as deep and merry as the sea. His wife is taller, thinner, sadder, a hard-working woman. All are astir betimes. The daughter is delicate and retiring. She showed us a large manuscript volume of her poetry, written with taste and feeling. Her married sister is not long dead, leaving a child who is the especial delight of its grandfather. It is quite touching to see his affection.

17th. Commencement-day in Cambridge. But I stay quietly here reading Ginguené, and Goethe's Campaign in France, which I have never read before and find very interesting. It is properly a part of his Autobiography.

22d. Had a delicious bath with the boys. What if the sea-serpent had come in and made a Laocoön of me! I forgot to record the beauty of the sky last evening. Clouds came out of the sea, and piled themselves up into the shape of a stag with antlers thrown back, flying at full speed. Later, the moon rose, and lightning flashed from the cloud fortress, which had lost its resemblance to a stag. Looking eastward, it flashed behind you like a cloaked assassin brandishing his blade. So it seemed to me as I stood on Mrs. P.'s piazza talking with her fair daughter.

23d. The papers bring us news of the wreck of the "Elizabeth" on Fire Island near Long Island, and the loss of Horace Sumner, and of Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoli, with her husband and child. What a calamity! A singular woman for New England to produce; original and somewhat self-willed; but full of talent and full of work. A tragic end to a somewhat troubled and romantic life.

We had a charming drive along the beach this afternoon. A phantom ship flashed back the setting sun, and seemed of pearl floating on a pearly sea. The whole scene was too lovely to be painted in words; and guarding it, lay, like a tawny lion, the brown, sunlighted island of Egg-Rock.

August 5. Wrote several letters to go by steamer to England. Received a copy of Lamartine's *Poème Dramatique* of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which has been brought out at the Porte St. Martin. I once had a design of writing a play upon this subject.

6th. Drove across the beach, then bathed, then read *Toussaint*, which has some very fine scenes. The French are great playwrights, — essentially a dramatic people. The afternoon was enlivened by the march and music of the Cadets, who have come to do camp duty here for a few days. It has the drollest effect upon me to see respectable

gentlemen whom you know, marching in uniform and enjoying it like children. But the music, — to that I plead guilty! It is fascinating and inspiring.

10th. Wrote a few lines in The Golden Legend. Something I add nearly every day. Slowly it goes on; *eppur si muove!* and that is something for this lazy weather. Sumner came down in the evening coach in season for tea.

> "How often, hither wandering down,
> My Arthur found your shadows fair,
> And shook to all the liberal air
> The dust and din and steam of town."

11th. —— preached on Progress, a sermon which Sumner says was taken from his 'Law of Human Progress.' He wound up with quoting about half of the 'Psalm of Life,' which he said, "he could never read without feeling the inspiration with which it was written." But I had the conceit taken out of me in the evening by a lady at Prescott's, who said, "Nobody knew where the quotation in the sermon came from." We looked for Whittier at dinner; but he did not come till we were done. After a couple of hours' chat we all drove over to Lynn. Whittier told us of the two sister poetesses, Alice and Phœbe Carey from Ohio, now at the Marlboro' Hotel in Boston. Him we left at Lynn and came back over the beach.

12th. I sent up an invitation by Sumner to the Careys to dine with us to-day; but they could not come so far, which is a pity. I want to see these sisters from the West. Instead came Mr. T——, who is also a poet; and after dinner we took him over to Lynn; that being the established treatment, — "a dinner and a drive to Lynn."

15th. Everybody is rushing up to town to see the funeral procession in honor of President Taylor, and the

"catafalque drawn by Mr. Billings," as the papers announce it. We stay quietly at home and Sumner reads to us Kenelm Digby's Broad-stone of Honor, a laudation of the Middle Ages, — the author a Roman Catholic.

17th. One of the prettiest sights of Nahant is the cows going over the beach at sunset, from the cow-rights of Nahant to the cow-yards of Lynn. Their red hides, and the reflection in the wet sand light up the gray picture of the sky and surge. Has it ever been painted?

18th. Sumner has quite a fancy for Nahant. He even went to church with us to-day to hear Mr. Bellows of New York. The pathway through the fields under the willows is very rural and pretty. Mr. Burlingame, a young Free-soil friend of Sumner's, dined with us.[1]

20th. We had not heard this morning of the result of yesterday's vote for representative in Congress, though we did not much doubt that Eliot was chosen and Sumner defeated. As we sat at breakfast in the hall, with open doors looking upon the street, a handsome equipage drove by, with two white horses. It was the successful candidate, on his way already, rolling by triumphant; while the beaten candidate sat in the little way-side cottage, waiting for the public coach to take him to town. We had a good laugh at the theatrical scene, which might be represented on the stage with good effect.

21st. We have finished Wordsworth's 'Prelude.' It has many lofty passages. It soars and sinks, and is by turns sublime and commonplace. It is Wordsworth as he was at the age of thirty-five or forty.

22d. The bathing under the willows is delightful; only the ugliness of the Irish nurses that go into the water with the children is something frightful. They

[1] Anson Burlingame, afterward Member of Congress, Commissioner to China, and Ambassador from China to the United States and the European Powers.

wallow about like unhandsome mermaids or women of the walrus family. Fields, Whipple, and a young New York poet, Stoddard, author of Footprints, came to dine.

23d. Felton and his new friend Gurowski came to dinner. He is a Pole, who deserted his country and went into the Russian service, believing in *Panslavism*, or the union of all the Slavonic tribes under one head, and that head Russia.

26th. Read Thackeray's *jeu d'esprit*, Stubb's Calendar; a clever caricature, on a very subtle theme, — the meanness of a mean man who does not suspect his own defect. F. is reading a novel called The Initials, which she likes.

28th. Took the children to the Swallows' Cave after breakfast. A delightful stroll with F. on the cliff, watching the sails in sunshine and in shadow, and our own shadows on far-off brown rocks. This is our last evening walk at Nahant, and it is gone like the sails and the shadows. To-morrow the term begins.

September 5. First lecture of the term, which I rather dreaded. But it went off pretty well. Nothing is quite so bad as it seems beforehand.

6th. In the evening, the Bulwers came in, and passed an hour with us quietly. He says that he has instructions to do all he can for an International Copyright.[1]

8th. In the evening, wrote a passage on the Virgin, in The Golden Legend, which is nearly finished.

10th. Prepared lecture for Thursday: Poets before Dante; the *Vita Nuova*. Afternoon in town. Called on Miss Hays at the Tremont House and talked George Sand with her, she having translated some of her writings.

12th. Second lecture. In the afternoon I heard Agassiz on Geology at the Scientific School.

14th. Two pleasant walks I had with the children. The interest with which they invest common things is

[1] Sir Henry Bulwer was English Minister at Washington.

quite marvellous. Their young eyes are like the eyes of Apollo seeing all things in a poetic light. The day has been blackened to me by reading of the passage of the "Fugitive Slave Bill" in the House, Eliot of Boston voting for it. This is a dark disgrace to the city. If we should read in Dino Compagni that in the tenth century a citizen of Florence had given such a vote, we should see what an action he had done. But this the people of Boston cannot see in themselves. They will uphold it.

15th. Some years ago, writing an 'Ode to a Child' I spoke of

The buried treasures of the miser Time.

What was my astonishment to-day, in reading for the first time in my life Wordsworth's ode, 'On the Power of Sound' to read

All treasures hoarded by the miser Time.

16th. I am hearing my classes in the afternoon; a most agreeable arrangement. It gives me the morning for writing; and that is all I want.

17th. We had to-day a whole army of visitors. In the first place, Miss Cushman and Miss Hays, who were very agreeable. Then Fields, with G. P. R. James, the novelist, and his son. He is a sturdy man, fluent and rapid, and looking quite capable of fifty more novels. At tea we had Panslavistic Gurowski; and after tea, Mr. and Mrs. F., and two young ladies.

18th. The leaves are just beginning to change; here and there a red flag hung out to show that the train of Autumn is approaching.

19th. My library looks finely, with its [newly arrived] dark oaken cases. I take much delight therein, and keep it as a room consecrated to books and musings. Lectured on Dante's life; second and third epochs.

26th. Lecture the fourth; the popular traditions of the Middle Ages, on which the *Divina Commedia* is founded.

I have a ticket for the Jenny Lind concert, — in the gallery; price, eight dollars.

27th. At Jenny Lind's first concert. Rain, pitiless rain. A crowd. She is very feminine and lovely. Her power is in her presence, which is magnetic, and takes her audience captive before she opens her lips. She sings like the morning star; clear, liquid, heavenly sounds.

30th. Mrs. Moyse, the Scotch nurse, is a great talker. She is from Dumfries, and knew the wife of Burns. She never tires of talking about her and the poet, and his Highland Mary.

October 2. At seven this evening I drove to the Revere House [to call upon Jenny Lind]. I was shown into the parlor where we had seen Mrs. Butler of old. We had an hour's chat.

6th. Dr. Francis said some good things in his sermon to-day; for example, —

"Superstitions often hold great truths in solution."

"An oar dipped in the water appears crooked or broken to the beholder. But the rower who guides it feels it to be strong and straight. So the designs of Providence seem to us sometimes bent or broken, but in His hand they are straight-forth and strong."

8th and 9th. At work on Petrarch.

10th. Lecture on Petrarch, without notes. How hard it is in this harsh climate, in a college lecture-room, by broad daylight, to treat so delicate a subject as this. To feel Petrarch, one must be in Italy or the south of France.

11th. In the twilight, a visit from a vendor of essences, who offered a great bargain; namely, that he would give me one dollar's worth of his essences, and I should write for him a poetical epistle to Jenny Lind asking charity in his behalf. Stupid dolt! it took me some time to make him comprehend the indecency of his behavior. Truly,

an ignoble Yankee is a very ignoble being. I was in the college library to-day asking for Mather's Magnalia. Dr. Harris gave it to me, saying, "You cannot find in it what you want, for there is no index." "Then it is of no use to me," said I, and opened a volume at random. There, before my eyes, was the very thing I wanted; namely, the account of the Phantom Ship at New Haven, Book i. chap. 6. I wrote a poem on the subject in the evening. S. came from Fall River. He is to preach on Sunday at the Chauncey-Place Church, where "Christians are raised under glass."[1]

12th. Wrote to Prescott, answering a letter from him full of good words about my reputation in England.

14th. I seriously think of resigning my professorship. My time is so fully taken up by its lectures and other duties that I have none left for writing. Then, my eyes are suffering, and the years are precious. And if I wish to do anything in literature it must be done now. Few men have written good poetry after fifty.

15th. College exhibition. The whole day consumed by it. Dined with the dignitaries.

16th. Had a visit from a handsome young fellow from Ohio, who sent in his card, and on the back of it this: "I hope Mr. L. will excuse my being a stranger. I am so only because I can't help it; and with his leave I will be so no longer. I have long known you, and rather more than liked you; and I cannot go back to my friends without seeing you."

17th. Lecture on Boccaccio.

21st. A letter from a youth in the town of McLenonsville, Tennessee, asking no less than this: —

"Some directions as to a course of reading; what authors in poetry, in romance, in philosophy; your

[1] A jest of the day. The windows of the church had been bricked up, and it was lighted from above through a ceiling of glass.

opinion of Kant and Carlyle, fully. Please make suggestions, such as would likely be beneficial to a young man entering upon life's serious responsibilities, wishing to form a style most congenial to his taste"!

The look-out from the library window is delightful; the yellow leaves, the festoons of crimson creepers! A drive with F. through the secluded lane in Watertown.

22d. Passed the evening in the library. We were alone and undisturbed, and happy, very happy, reading and talking.

24th. Lecture on the Italian Novellieri of the fourteenth century, before and after Boccaccio.

26th. The slave-hunters are in Boston. I hope they will be imprisoned, as they deserve. What a disgrace this is to a republic of the nineteenth century!

27th. Sumner at dinner. The fugitive slave, Crafts, has got a warrant against his pursuers, and had them arrested for slander in calling him a thief; damages laid at ten thousand dollars. They found bail. This is a good beginning.

31st. Lecture on the 'Age of Lorenzo de' Medici;' in particular Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore.*

November 1. This autumn is giving me very little in the way of poetry. I have however written two 'Phantom Ships,' and a tale in verse. My lectures occupy my thoughts; and letters come crowding in, making great demands upon my time. I am never satisfied with the day that does not add some lines at least to my poem.

4th. The day of rest — the "truce of God" between contending cares — is over, and the world begins again to swing round with clash and clang, like the wings of a wind-mill. Grind, grind, grind!

5th. Went to town. Saw James, the novelist. Then went into lone lanes and courts in search of a nurse, — like Joseph in the old French Mystery. Called with T.

on the Websters, at the Revere, but saw only Daniel Webster himself, with his face of infinite woes. He always reminds me of Dante, though he has written no Divina Commedia.

7th. Lecture on Bojardo, Sanazzaro, and the Novellieri of the fifteenth century.

9th. Went to town. Called on Prescott and Winthrop. Dined with ——, and found there Mrs. W., who pleased me by her grateful mention of my brother Stephen. He came from France many years ago in the same ship with her and her children, to whom he was very kind, — making them sundry toys of wood, which she still preserves.

10th. Sumner dined with us. There is much excitement in the political world. To-morrow is the election; and if the Free-soil and Democratic coalition triumphs, as probably it will, Sumner will doubtless be made Senator at Washington for six years. I do not think he much desires it, save so far as it will be a vindication of himself and his course.

11th. Worked on my next lecture; then voted. Afternoon at college, and evening at Faculty-meeting.

12th. I get very tired of the routine of this life. The bright autumn weather draws me away from study, and the brown branches of the leafless trees are more beautiful than books. We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful. And to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful; and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.

13th. I am glad I am not a politician, nor filled with the rancor that politics engenders. The Whigs are beaten, — horse, foot, and dragoons. This is owing to their dereliction from their avowed principles of freedom. I think Daniel Webster has broken up the Whig party in Massachusetts; and those who have been so active in

upholding his "Fugitive-Slave-Bill" speech, and trying to ride over every one who differs from them, must thank him and themselves for this signal defeat.

14th. Lecture on the Female Poets and the Literary Artists of the sixteenth century, in Italy, — a "Dream of Fair Women" and "Palace of Art." Evening, a grand ball at Mrs. P——'s, at which were some five hundred people. F. appeared triumphantly. I have still floating through my brain that crowd of fair, slender girls, waving, like lilies on their stems, to the music as to a wind.

16th. We did not go to town to-day, but enjoyed it at home. I wrote the first part of the last scene of The Golden Legend, — the Scholastic at the gates of the School of Salerno.

17th. James the novelist came out to dinner, with Sumner. He is a manly middle-aged man, *tirant sur le grison*, as Lafontaine has it; with a gray mustache; very frank, off-hand, and agreeable. In politics he is a Tory, and very conservative.

18th. Instead of poetry, dull prose for lecture this morning. This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations.

21st. Lecture on the Petrarchists of the sixteenth century; and then Berni and Ariosto.

23d. E.'s birthday; he is five years old. Dear boy! God's blessing upon him! He is very ill; and our hearts are very heavy, very heavy. This sudden shutting down of darkness on our joyous sunshine fills us with dismay.

24th. Sumner cheered us with his presence; and we had a pleasant talk, after dinner, on Ariosto.

25th. Story and Lowell called on their way to town, looking so young and full of strength and hope!

26th. We feel somewhat cheered to-day. I passed the afternoon with the Storys in Lowell's study, having a pleasant chat on Italy and art.

27th. E. seems to improve, and our hearts are lighter. Worked a little on the Legend.

29th. Wrote letters, and a few lines in the Legend. I hope to finish it before the year closes, — and should certainly do so, but for my lectures.

30th. The long rain is over, and we have a delicious day, closing the month like a strain of music. We stayed at home and enjoyed it. Read George Sand's charming *Fadette;* wrote, walked, and took delight in this last day of our short vacation. In the evening Gurowski came in and talked of the Old World and its ways.

December 1. After dinner Sumner read to us Theodore Parker's Thanksgiving Sermon, which is very good and very noble.

2d. I took my morning walk before sunrise, and delighted in it. Then went to work on Tasso, for lecture.

4th. Judd's new book, Richard Edney, we are reading. It displays true poetic genius; but there is such a total want of art in its structure that it fills me with dismay.[1]

5th. Lecture on Tasso. A wet, dripping day, — half rain, half snow. What a climate for Tasso!

6th. A free morning, and a stormy one. Walked to school with C., — my daily morning walk after breakfast. He, delighted with the snow and careless of the rain.

7th. More snow. C. triumphant with his sled; and I with mine, — namely, my poem, The Golden Legend, which is drawing to a close. Ah, if I had but time to work on it! Letter from an English Quakeress, asking for a contribution to a Peace Album, for the "World's Fair" next spring, in London.

8th. Sumner. We discussed the pro-slavery aggressions since the formation of the Constitution; the purchase of Louisiana, that of Florida, the annexation of

[1] Sylvester Judd, a Unitarian clergyman, of Maine; author, also, of Margaret, — a remarkable tale of New England life.

Texas. These three great violations of the compact between the States, and consequent increase of the Slavery power, the North has submitted to, fascinated by increase of territory.

11th. How the days resemble each other; and how sad it is to me that I cannot give them all to my poem! Nothing excellent was ever achieved without leisure for meditation. Having my thoughts constantly turned elsewhere is very perplexing and troublesome.

12th. Lecture on the Italian Historians, Academics, and Novellieri of the sixteenth century.

15th. I was weak enough to ask the Count to dine with us; and he came, and stayed all the afternoon, and to tea, — and did not go away till eleven at night! We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us. He has a fifty-ogre power of devouring time. Woe worth the day when Felton introduced him to me!

16th. "The terrible Count" called this morning before sunrise, to leave a note on an unimportant subject, signed "The homeless G." I was breakfasting by candle-light. Luckily, he did not demand admission.

17th. Between the storms I contrived to get my walk before sunrise this morning, But, heavens! how cold it was!

18th. Before I was dressed this morning, a ring at the door-bell. It was the Count again, come to know if I had received his note. The aspect of things grows serious. These early hours are precious. If they too are invaded, what will become of me?

19th. Lecture on the Italian "Seicentisti," with specimens of Marini, Redi, and Filicaja. Story, Lowell, and T. at dinner. Very pleasant.

20th. Finished the 'Epilogue' of The Golden Legend. Only one intermediate scene and part of another remain to be done.

21st. We went to town to dine and buy Christmas presents. In the evening Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb, the German poet and critic, came out to pass Sunday with us. We are always glad to see him; an interesting and very learned man, full of poetry and enthusiasm.

22d. Sumner; and in the afternoon Dr. Howe dashed out on horseback, and sat an hour, — a long visit for him to make. The conversation took a philanthropico-political turn. In the evening we discoursed upon literary topics, particularly Tennyson; and Scherb read some of his poems with great enthusiasm of delight.

26th. Headache. Lectured as in a dream, on Metastasio and Goldoni, hardly knowing what I said or left unsaid. Suddenly a bell rang, and I knew the hour was over; though the whole seemed to me but a few minutes, there was such confusion in my head.

31st. Last day of the year, and middle of the century. We were at the assembly, which was brilliant, and did not get home till the new year had begun.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL.

1851.

January 5. After dinner Sumner read to us Lord Carlisle's lecture at Leeds, on the United States, with compliments to all his friends. Dr. Howe came in the midst of it, and we talked politics as usual. The chances are that Sumner will be chosen Senator.

9th. My last lecture on Italian literature; the writers of the present century. I closed by saying, —

"Thus I bring these lectures to a close. At the beginning two methods presented themselves, — that of criticism and analysis, and that of history. I chose the latter, as best adapted to you and to myself. I have opened for you the gateway into this great churchyard — this God's-acre — of the Italian Poets. I have pointed out to you its principal monuments, have read the names, the dates, and the inscriptions upon them. Perhaps I might have found less to praise and more to blame, if I had endeavored to do so; for in poetry as in religion 'many are called but few are chosen.' But I have a natural antipathy to that censorious criticism which seeks for defects rather than excellences. And, moreover, I have a strong predilection for the Italians. I love the skies above their heads and the ground beneath their feet! Particularly at this moment, in the hour of their tribulation and anguish, I

would be careful not to say anything which might chill your enthusiasm in their behalf." [1]

12th. I am in the most bilious and exasperated condition; and the politics of the day do nothing to sweeten me. Sumner is as cheerful as ever, careless of his impending doom, and really not wanting to be Senator; though few, if any, will believe that.

14th. Balloting in the House for Senator. Sumner is not elected. He falls short a few votes. He is too good, too noble, too free, too independent for the purposes of politicians.

To Charles Sumner.

January 15, 1851.

I am disappointed and sad at the result of the vote yesterday. Yet I never had any great faith in your perfidious allies. For your sake I do not much grieve. I should hate to have you plunged for six years into politics,

[1] It was, perhaps, in another lecture that he paid this tribute to Italy: "I should fail were I to attempt to convey in words the thousand charms of the Italian landscape and climate. Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Florence, Genoa, Venice; the Tiber, the Po, the Arno; the Alps, the Apennines, — these are all names to conjure by. The mind resolutely refuses to associate anything disagreeable with Italy. Horace, in his Ode to Thaliarchus, may speak of winter firesides and Soracte white with snow, — but the imagination is not chilled. Dante may speak of the snow and sleet of the Apennines, blown on and beaten by the Sclavonian winds, — but our fancy does not feel them. Returning travellers may tell us of the wintry rain in Rome for weeks and days together, — but our enthusiasm is not damped. To the imagination, Italy always has been, and always will be, the land of the sun, and the land of song. And neither tempest, rain, nor snow will ever chill the glow of enthusiasm that the name of Italy excites in every poetic mind. Say what ill of it you may; it still remains to the poet the land of his predilection, to the artist the land of his necessity, and to all the land of dreams and visions of delight."

as much as you would dislike to be there. Therefore, after the unpleasantness of this affair is over, you are to be congratulated rather than condoled with. I hope soon to see you, no longer dragged about by these contending parties, but safe at a fireside of your own; at work on that book you dream of, and which I dream of no less than you.

God bless you! and he will bless you, not only in spite of, but on account of, defeat and detraction in the wrangling world of politics.

Ever thine, and more than ever thine.

16th. Copied some parts of The Golden Legend. Oh for a pair of eyes to work with!

20th. This evening we had Felton and Charles Norton at supper, which was very pleasant; all except the politics, which, like wicked weeds, will spring up whenever and wherever one strikes a spade in.

26th. After dinner *il terribile Conte* came in; and the smokers turned my study into a village tavern with cigars and politics, much to my annoyance. The Count stayed till ten o'clock, and expatiated amply on the corruption of European society, — like an old rake who has lost all faith in virtue.

27th. Went to town. Met Kah-ge-ga-gah'-bowh, and we went to see Stephenson's statue of the Dying Indian, which is very good.

28th. I have fallen into a very unpoetic mood and cannot write. *Ne forçons pas notre talent*, Lafontaine has it. Rather let us patiently wait till our talent forces us. But it must not be forgotten that the mind grows warm by exercise. Always try!

February 1. Bright and cheery. We all went to town to dine. Fields told me about Hawthorne's new book,

The House of the Seven Gables. He is delighted with it. T. came out with us.

3d. Wrote letters for steamer, which after all does not sail this week. Evening at the Nortons'. Parsons, the translator of Dante, introduced to me a Scotchman, Mr. M., who thinks "America is not at all a republic; quite different, you know; I thought I should find a kind of a republic of *stokers*, you know," and so forth.

4th. In the afternoon, Mr. F., a solid old schoolmaster, but deaf, made his appearance, and in a tremendous voice offered for sale some books written by his wife and daughter. We bought them instantly to get rid of that portentous voice, which swept our decks like a heavy sea and almost took us off our legs.

8th. A new number of Graham, with some sonnets by Mrs. Barrett Browning.

9th. Sumner; and after dinner, Gurowski, who was very pleasant in his European chat. There was no violent discussion; so that the Count did not, so often as usual, clasp his round head with both hands and say, "Ouf!" Sumner told us a strange and comico-tragic story of ——, dining out the other day, and having taken too much wine, fancying it was he who gave the dinner, and groping in the corner for the bell-rope, and ordering coffee and better cigars, etc. Molière would have made much out of such a scene.

12th. Dined with Mr. Ticknor to meet Cogswell, who is looking fresh and well. Hillard was there, and talked like a book. Prescott was sunny and jovial. After this went to a pleasant party at Fields's, where I met Dudley Field, of New York, Choate, Sumner, Dr. Holmes, and Mr. V., of Richmond, a young author. Had a pleasant drive out in the bright moonlight with Lowell.

14th. We are reading a clever novel by Catherine Sinclair, called Lord and Lady Harcourt; very sprightly.

15th. Hear that a fugitive slave, or a man accused of being one, escaped to-day from the court-room during the recess, aided by other blacks.[1] Very glad of it. This government must not pass laws that outrage the sense of right in the community.

20th. With F. at a splendid ladies' dinner-party at Prescott's; between twenty and thirty guests; I never saw so many handsome women at one table. . . . My own wife I name last, but think of as first among them all. Altogether, a very charming banquet.

21st. Stayed at home and fasted, and felt the better for it.

22d. Washington's birthday, and the christening of our little daughter, — the brightest, gayest of girls, who enjoyed the ceremony as much as any of us.

27th. My birthday. I am forty-four years old. Ponder upon that!

March 1. Snow fell in the night, and this morning the hot sun is drinking it up. Read a few pages of Browning's Christmas Eve over again. A wonderful man is Browning, but too obscure.

3d. How this neuralgia haunts me! Great tides of pain go ebbing and flowing among the piers of the teeth perpetually. The winds of March are cold and raw, and altogether it is a very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory state of things.

6th. A soft brown mist fills the air. I have a leisure day and shall give the first hours of it to the 'Monk Felix,' which will find a place in The Golden Legend.

[1] This was Shadrach, a colored waiter in a Boston hotel. He reached Canada, where he was safe. The President issued a proclamation commanding all officers, civil and military, to assist in capturing the rescuers, and the Secretaries of War and the Navy directed all officers under their command to give their aid. The rescuers were tried, but not convicted.

The poem is now fairly finished, and wants only a touch here and there. This is Part Second of Christus. And the question is, shall it be published now?

9th. A Sunday without a Sumner is an odd thing, — *Domenica senza domine*, — but to-day we have had one. After dinner came the Count, in his blandest mood, and talked till eleven.

12th. As I was going to college this afternoon, I met a boy bringing a telegraphic despatch from Portland. My heart failed me at the sight and foretold its contents. They were, "Your mother died to-day, suddenly." In a few minutes I was on my way to Portland, where I arrived before midnight. In the chamber where I last took leave of her lay my mother, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her, — without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me, as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a harmonious close to a long life.

13th. *Portland.* A gloomy day. The snow falling fast, and people coming and going on sad errands. I helped to place the body in its coffin, and looked for the last time on the mild, sweet face of my mother.

14th. The friends; the funeral; and afterwards the sitting together of us children in the chamber, out of which our mother seemed only to have passed for a moment into another room. It is ended.

15th. Came back to Cambridge after three days of dream, and bewilderment, and strangeness.

16th. Life resumes its course. Sumner has just got back from New York, and is full of anecdotes. After dinner the Count comes in, and in the evening Mr. H., the Swedenborgian; and the whole conversation turns upon the spirit world.

22d. Charles Norton, and Mr. George Curtis, of New York, dined with us. They are just returned from Eastern travel, and their talk is of the Sphinx and the Pyramids. Mr. C. is the author of Nile Notes, by a Howadji; a few extracts from which I have seen.

23d. Read to Sumner The Golden Legend.

27th. The Howadji sends F. his Nile Notes, and we begin to read it with much delight. It is the poetry of the Nile.

28th. Re-writing the first scene of the Legend, and putting the blank verse into rhyme. It makes it less ponderous; for blank verse — at least my blank verse — seems to me very heavy and slow.

30th. Sumner comes to dine, and I have the satisfaction of telling him what a noble sermon Dr. Francis preached in the college chapel this morning, on the 'Higher Law.' In the evening no visitors, and we sailed up the "palmy Nile," with the poetic Howadji, in the Ibis. A fascinating book. He has caught the true spirit of the East, and there is a golden glow on his pages, as if he dipped his pencil in the sun.

31st. Gurowski writes me a letter, thanking me for my offer of pecuniary aid, but declining. He fears, by accepting, to change our relations to each other, and shows great delicacy of feeling.

April 3. Went to town, and made an engagement for Gurowski with the editor of the Boston Museum; he to write once a week for the paper, and to be paid for each communication ten dollars.

4th. There is much excitement in Boston about the capture of an alleged fugitive slave.[1] O city without soul!

[1] This was Thomas Simms. He was returned to slavery; was whipped and imprisoned in Savannah; sent to the slave-pen in New Orleans; sold to a master in Vicksburg; and on the siege of that city by General Grant, in 1863, escaped, and by the General's order was

When and where will this end? Shame, that the great Republic, the "refuge of the oppressed," should stoop so low as to become the Hunter of Slaves!

5th. Troops under arms in Boston; the court-house guarded; the Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court forced to stoop under chains to enter the temple of Justice! This is the last point of degradation. Alas for the people who cannot feel an insult! While the "great Webster" comes North to see that the work is done!

6th. Sumner says that Charles G. Loring is to defend the fugitive Simms. They want to get a chance to argue the constitutionality of this infamous Fugitive Slave Law.

12th. Dined in town; had some political chat with S. A. Good old man! who is true to his pure and upright instincts, and holds the Fugitive Slave Law in proper detestation.

16th. A violent storm. The marshes a lake; the causeway under water; wind howling, and rain pouring. I never saw the tides so high. In the evening we continue Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables; a weird wild book, like all he writes, with passages and pages of extremest beauty. A letter from Martin Farquhar Tupper. He is in Boston.

20th. The faithful Sumner came in the midst of the storm, and we had our customary friendly chat. In the evening F. read to me Mrs. Barrett Browning's Drama of Exile; a very sublime and wonderful production, which I had never entirely read before, and never fully appreciated.

24th. Dr. Adami from Bremen, and Bañuelos, the Spanish Secretary of Legation, dined with us; and to meet them we had Agassiz and T. A pleasant dinner, at the close of which we heard the news of Sumner's elec-

sent North. His case raised the anti-slavery feeling in Massachusetts to fever heat.

tion.[1] In the evening came Lowell and Gurowski and Palfrey, and Sumner himself to escape from the triumph, and be quiet from all the noise in the streets of Boston. He is no more elated by his success than he has been depressed by the failure heretofore, and evidently does not desire the office. He says he would resign now if any one of the same sentiments as himself could be put in his place.

25th. The papers are all ringing with Sumner, Sumner! and the guns thundering out their triumph. Meanwhile the hero of the strife is sitting quietly here, more saddened than exalted. Palfrey dined with us. I went to my "Don Quixote" at college, leaving the two Free-soilers sitting over their nuts and wine. A quiet evening, reading Mrs. Barrett Browning's Love Sonnets, — 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' she entitles them. A very admirable series of poems! — rather dusky at times, but deep and impassioned.

27th. Sumner brought a pocket-full of letters of congratulation and good advice which he has received since his election.

May 7. After the holidays the old mill begins to grind again; and I, one of the millers, my hair white with meal, pour in the grist and open and shut the gate, and try to sing amid the din and clatter.

8th. I have some proof-sheets of The Golden Legend from the printers. When a thing gets into type, one first fairly sees it as it is.

14th. Went to hear Emerson on the Fugitive Slave Law at the Cambridge City Hall. Some noise and shoutings and hurras for everybody in general. The first part of the address was grand; so was the close. The treat-

[1] He was elected to the United States Senate, a place which he so honorably and faithfully held till his death.

ment of Webster I did not like so well.[1] It is rather painful to see Emerson in the arena of politics, hissed and hooted at by young law-students.

18th. All day and all night this terrible neuralgia. Ah, me! what things these nerves are, when they get jangled and tangled! I want to re-write a scene in the Legend, but with my head shattered so, I cannot. Sumner came to dinner in very good spirits, feeling better about his senatorship.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LENOX, May 18, 1851.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I really long to see you. We hear rumors that you are coming to reside in Berkshire, and I wish with all my heart that you would make it your summer home. It is true, I seldom saw you when I lived on the other side of the mountains; but it was always possible to see you, in any hour of any day; and there was a kind of warmth and satisfaction in the idea, and it contented one pretty well without making it actual. But here I feel remote and quite beyond companionship. I mean to come to Boston in a month or two. I need to smell the sea-breeze and dock mud, and to tread pavements. I am comfortable here, and as happy as mortal can be; but sometimes my soul gets into a ferment, as it were, and becomes troublous and bubblous with too much peace and rest.

How glad I am that Sumner is at last elected! Not that I ever did, or ever shall, feel any pre-eminent ardor for the cause which he advocates, nor could ever have been moved, as you were, to dedicate poetry — or prose, either — to its advancement. There are a hundred modes

[1] "Every drop of blood in this man's veins," he said, "has eyes that look downward."

of philanthropy in which I could blaze with intenser zeal. This Fugitive Slave Law is the only thing that could have blown me into any respectable degree of warmth on this great subject of the day, if it really be the great subject, — a point which another age can determine better than this.

Sincerely your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

27th. Closed the First Part of Faust at lecture. I am more than ever struck with the greatness of this poem. Next week I shall take up the Second Part.

June 3. Lecture on the Second Part of Faust, with extracts, — the first scene and the whole of the last act. So ends the course; save that Scherb has promised to read his lecture on Faust by way of finale, next Tuesday.

4th. Going on slowly with stereotyping The Golden Legend. It brings it out clearer to see it in print; the mazes of manuscript are obscure and perplexing. I still work a good deal upon it.

6th. Working hard with college classes, to have them ready for their examinations.

12th. Mr. Paul Akers of Portland arrived. He is to pass a week or so with me and make my bust. A young man of superior talent and high ideas in his art.

16th. Last lesson in Dante. I told the class that they had finished the *Inferno* perhaps in more senses than one; but they must not think immediately to enter *Paradiso.* The next canto of the poem and of life would be the *Purgatorio,* of which they would have a prelude in the examination on Wednesday. How glad most of them must be to see the end of this drilling!

18th. Examination in my department; always to me a day of anguish and exhaustion.

21st. Last night we were at Jenny Lind's concert. She has grown a little thinner with the wear and tear of the winter; and I thought her voice a little sharper. Ah, climate of my native land, what a whetstone thou art!

26th. Jenny Lind called this morning with Mr. Goldschmidt, — a young pianist from Hamburg. We had a pleasant half-hour's chat. There is something very fascinating about her; a kind of soft wildness of manner, and sudden pauses in her speaking, and floating shadows over her face. Goldschmidt we like extremely.

July 1. In town on business. Saw Sumner, and brought him out to dine. He told us of Charles Hugo, son of Victor, being arraigned in Paris "for speaking disrespectfully of the guillotine." His father pleaded the case eloquently; but, notwithstanding, the son is condemned to fine and imprisonment!

3d. A long and very pleasant letter from Freiligrath. He is in London, — being again driven out of Prussia. What blockheads those German conservatives are!

4th. We hear from afar the roaring of guns at noon. Quietly at home I busy myself with writing letters, half a dozen. The mail meanwhile brings letters, — from P. and F. K., in London. F. K. has been in great sorrow; writes me a very touching letter, and asks about Thackeray's chances in lecturing here.

10th. Drove down to Nahant in a landau, and took up our [summer] quarters in the old place. In the afternoon, a rain pouring, thundering and lightning. After which, a rainbow, and a brilliant barred sky in the west, of green and gold.

11th. Walked with the children to Eliot's beach, and looked down on the ghost-haunted rocks, and thought of those who were here last year and are now dead. At ten, took a stroll with F. down by the seaside on the southern

shore, and sat listening to the *Drapa* of the waves. At sunset, another walk on the cliff. O ye ghost-haunted crags! O ye ghost-haunted houses! O ye ghost-haunted sea-sands! Where are the forms of those who walked with us here of yore? As we sat at tea in the hall, Prescott passed; and seeing us through the open door, came in and chatted for half an hour.

13th. —— preached on Conscience. I could not tell what he was driving at, except that he seemed desirous not to offend the congregation. He seemed to think conscience, on the whole, a very good thing; but that it was dangerous to act up to it. For my part, I maintain that there is no middle course.

14th. In the Commonwealth, this morning, an excellent paper, from the Christian Register, on Sumner's Writings. A long walk with F. by the seaside. Met Mr. Tudor climbing over a stone fence, with snow-white hair, a red cravat, and blue coat with brass buttons. He showed us his wheat-field by the sea. Having heard it said that wheat would not grow in such a place, he is determined to make it grow there. After tea, called on the Storys, who have a cottage on the southern shore, and shiver and think of Sorrento.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath (in London).

NAHANT, July 16, 1851.

Your long and excellent letter has given me very great pleasure, and not a little pain. I cannot bear to think of you as an exile, — though it is the greatest compliment to the power of your song. How pleasantly all the old scenes come up again at the sight of your handwriting! I am glad to know that the Landrath proves true to you, when so many have proved false. . . .

Copway returned with very grand and gracious accounts of you, and described in glowing colors the "merry night at Cologne," — which I suspect is the great and prominent feature of his tour on the Continent, not excepting the scene at Frankfort, where he handed the calumet of peace to the President of the Peace Convention. But the precious books you sent he has not yet delivered. I have written to him lately about them; and if they are not forthcoming, I shall raise such a war-whoop that it will frighten him.

I long very much to have them, and am glad you liked the 'Old Danish Song-Book' well enough to translate it. I have read in the American German newspapers nearly all of your new pieces. "Half-battles" are they, one and all; and have quickened my pulses and made my cheeks burn, like martial music. They will ring forever through German literature, as a trumpet-blast.

August 1. T. dined with us, refusing Dr. W.'s invitation to dine with the Humane Society at his house, where he is to serve up a "crimped cod," — a most inhumane dish, as the poor animal is slashed across the body with a knife while alive.

4th. Went to the steamboat landing, — the Exchange of Nahant, — to accompany Sumner. Agassiz arrives. "Ah, mon Dieu!" said he; "c'est curieux que pour nous rencontrer il faut venir à Nahant." At twelve went to see Miss Bremer, at her request, that she might finish the sketch of me which she began some time ago. F. came, and we sat and chatted an hour very pleasantly. She goes this afternoon, and we say farewell.

6th. Luigi Monti, a young Palermo refugee,[1] called, with a letter from Mr. Sparks.

[1] Afterward instructor in Italian in the college; the "young Sicilian" of The Wayside Inn.

7th. The lazy days lag onward. I cannot write. Fields comes down to dine. I show him The Golden Legend, and tell him to announce it, — which he is eager to do. For my part, I have lost all enthusiasm about it. Probably it will fail.

10th. Mr. Bellows preached a fine sermon on Conscience. In the afternoon he and his wife came in and talked a half-hour with us. In the evening we went to the Storys', and sat in the moonlight on his piazza overlooking the sea; Norton, Cranch, Howadji Curtis, Sumner, and others.

12th. Reading Ruskin's Stones of Venice. There is a certain magnetism about him, which, for the moment at least, makes all he says seem true, however bold his statements. In all his books there are hints which serve as divining-rods, and grand passages of rhetoric like Iliads in nutshells.

13th. We were to meet the Storys at the bowling-alley in the field under the willows, but they came not; and after waiting half an hour we went to their cottage, and sat with them on the pleasant piazza overlooking the sea. The Howadji lent me Daumer's translation of Hafiz, and Graf's of Saadi's Garden of Roses.

15th. Prescott drove me over to Phillips's beach, to dine at Mr. B——'s. A very handsome dinner, — ten at table; with the usual topics, not omitting the invariable reference to Prescott's youthful appearance. For W. said across the table to him, "Really, Prescott, you do look very young, you know." I sat between Mrs. B. and H. D. The latter, being a recent convert to Roman Catholicism, expressed a hope that I might die in that faith.

21st. At night I went in to see the little sick boy in the next house, who a few days ago was playing with the children in the yard. There he lay, rolling his head about, pale and emaciated, — a piteous sight.

22d. Dined with Mr. P.; very agreeable it was. We came home in the black night, lighted by the most vivid and incessant lightning. I saw as we passed that there was no light in the sick boy's window, and felt that he was dead. It was so.

23d. I went to little Freddy's funeral. A Lynn clergyman said a few words of consolation and a prayer. Then the undertaker stood at the door and said, in a way to grate upon every tender feeling, "An opportunity now presents itself to see the corpse." The father, mother, brothers, and sisters passed from one room to another to take a last look. As they came out again sobbing, the little boys overcome with grief, it was very affecting. There were two children's parties in the afternoon.

25th. We bowled in the forenoon in the "green alley" under the willows. Dined with —— at Dr. M.'s. It is curious how —— always says the same things. His conversation seems stereotyped; one would think he had got it by heart: English society, how pleasant it is; how narrow-minded the Bostonians are; how they quarrel about a man's opinions; how they hate Sumner, — and so forth, and so on.

27th. This building up life with solid blocks of idleness, as I do here, is a poor kind of architecture. I am getting tired of it.

28th. Reading in Stones of Venice, from which I get many hints and suggestions of much value.

29th. Went to Cambridge to meet my classes and make arrangements for the term. I felt my neck bow, and the pressure of the yoke.

31st. Mr. Kirk preached a very energetic homily on Prayer. We passed the evening with the Storys. Found Emerson there, and sat awhile on the rocks, watching the splendors of the evening sky. Soon after tea Emerson departed to walk across the beach to Lynn. We sat on

the piazza watching the moon go down among the clouds over the sea,— Mr. H., the artist, who looks like Vandyke, taking particular note thereof. C. and his delicate, pretty wife were also there.

September 3. Storm. Obliged to go to Cambridge in the midst of it. In the afternoon walked with F. on the cliff, and sat on the rocks seeing the bursting surges.

8th. J. lent me Victor Hugo's speech on the revision of the Constitution. F. read it to me in the evening, with report of all the interruptions. It is as good as a play.

9th. Drove home to Cambridge. The children ran about in a kind of strange, wild delight to see again the old familiar places. Ah, what a charming house they have to come back to! And what delightful associations and memories they are unconsciously pressing in their hearts to be looked at hereafter!

14th. Dined with Agassiz, to meet M. Ampère, of the Académie Française, author of the *Voyage Dantesque*, or wanderings in the footsteps of Dante. A very agreeable man, much given to foreign travel and men and books. After dinner they went to Fresh Pond for a walk, and on their way back took tea with us.

16th. Ampère, Sparks, Agassiz, Child, and Sumner dined with us.

21st. Sumner came to dine, bringing with him Dr. Bailey, editor of the National Era, the Washington anti-slavery paper,[1] — a middle-aged man, quite *éveillé* and amiable. In the afternoon Ampère, to take leave.

22d. Very busy, and a multitude of letters coming in, all asking for something, — a poem for some celebration, an autograph, or an epitaph.

23d. Gave Healy a sitting to correct a portrait he made of me for Mrs. Otis.[2]

[1] The paper in which Uncle Tom's Cabin first appeared.

[2] A small picture now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

24th. Letters, letters, letters! I shall have to be uncivil, and leave half of them unanswered.

25th. Drove in to see Healy's picture of Webster answering Hayne in the Senate. I do not like such subjects. There is no beauty in them; "our fatal broadcloth," as T. says, is too much for any artist.

28th. Sumner at dinner. He is rather low-spirited, and does not like the black gulf of political life before him.

October 1. October! I always write that word with delight. The pen seems to take pleasure in it. It is the most poetical month of all. Will it bring me any songs this year?

2d. At tea we had Mr. Hugo von H., a German Hungarian, who escaped last year to Quebec. He told us of all his poverty and sufferings in Canada, — a very striking story. He is a poet, and evidently a man of great energy and talent.

6th. Delicious autumnal weather. The leaves begin to turn, and the creeper is blood-red among the lilacs and the hedges. Splendid autumn! But where are the songs it used to bring me?

7th. I find no time to write. More and more the little things of life shut out the great. Innumerable interruptions,— letters of application for this and for that; endless importunities of foreigners for help here and help there, — fret the day and consume it.

8th. The Golden Legend creeps slowly through the press. There are still a few pages toward the end to be retouched, and I am in no mood for it.

9th. A week of splendor. In the evening we drove in to H. A.'s wedding. It was at St. Paul's Church, with lights and music, and a great crowd. An interesting ceremony. One repeats over again in one's heart the old vows, and is married anew. In melancholy dissonance with this, we hear of young W——'s death at noon to-day.

13th. Went with Agassiz, Felton, and others to Providence to attend W——'s funeral. At Providence I saw Greene for the first time since 1843; in outward look quite unchanged. I see no one who grows old so slowly.

15th. Repeated the introductory lecture on Faust to some of the law students, at their request.

16th. We have Carlyle's Life of Sterling, just published and very interesting.

19th. Sumner. He has just got back from Washington, where he has been looking up lodgings for the winter. He is not much pleased with the appearance of things at the capital.

25th. Dined at ——'s. Unluckily, the conversation swung round to politics, — Kossuth, etc. It is disheartening to see how little sympathy there is in the hearts of young men here for freedom and great ideas. Instead of it, quibbling and criticising style and phrase of Kossuth's address to the democracy of France; and praise of Louis Napoleon, and the like. Bah! as Gurowski would say.

29th. The dull routine — no more. This going round and round deadens one's faculties, so that after a while there is no power left to assert one's liberty.

31st. Brooks, of Newport, the simple, sincere, bright-eyed translator of German lyrics, came to see me, and sat half an hour in the lecture-room before the class came. At dinner, Magnus the *attaché*, Greenough the sculptor, Greenough the painter, Sumner the senator, and T. A fine, hearty, free, cordial gentleman is Horatio Greenough. Green be his laurels.

November 1. A young man in Cambridge — a melancholy mixture of self-conceit and incapacity — has written me a very offensive letter because I advised him last spring to take a subordinate situation in the Library as a means of gaining his livelihood. Two years ago, I pro-

cured for him a place as private secretary. I have constantly befriended him by good words to others, who have assisted him with money. Lo, the result!

3d. I have added a new scene to The Golden Legend, — the Prince and Elsie at the Castle. Not long; just a little point of light after so much gloom and shadow of death.

4th. We are reading Beddoes's Poems. A wonderful dramatic power, truly. And what precocity!

6th. Gloomy and dark enough, with clouds of influenza and thunders of cough. It seems as if the world were at an end. So easily do we despair.

10th. Cold and cheerless in the lecture-room. Voted, and came home to sit by the fireside and read poetry and forget politics.

11th. A walk before sunrise, and another after breakfast. Read Leigh Hunt's Jar of Honey, and think of Sicily and sunshine and the bees, —

"The singing masons, building roofs of gold."

17th. Went to the National Theatre to see Miss Cushman in the 'Actress of Padua,' translated from Victor Hugo. Very powerful, after the English style of powerful acting. I like less acting better. We were quite retired in our private box, — the Howes, Sumner, etc.

22d. A delightful concert. Jenny Lind's voice rang out in the Melodeon wonderfully. We had never truly heard her before, though we had heard her often.

23d. Sumner takes his last dinner with us. In a few days he will be gone to Washington for the winter. We shall miss him much. He passed the night here as in the days of long ago. We sat up late talking.

26th. I find in Jesse's Memoirs a pleasant description of the 'Luck of Edenhall.' All go to town to see picture galleries and the like.

28th. Evening at Jenny Lind's concert. The gem was "Deh! vieni, non tardar!" from the *Nozze di Figaro*, deliciously sung.

29th. In the evening read Leigh Hunt's charming poem, 'The Palfrey,' an elaboration of one of the old French *fabliaux*. A beautiful poem, just long enough for an evening's reading. It quite illuminated the room. It seems to have produced no effect in England. Leigh Hunt is there quite under a kind of ban. People evidently cannot forget his radicalism, and his connection with The Liberal, — though the ideas he then put forth seem common enough now-a-days.

30th. We had a solitary dinner, missing Sumner very much. He is now in Washington, and it will be many days before we hear again his footsteps in the hall, or see his manly, friendly face by daylight or lamplight.

From Thomas G. Appleton.

Boston, December 1, 1851.

Mon cher Henri, — I have been taking a long dip in the Pactolus of your Legend, and must tell you of the pleasure of the swim. Why it is a Golden Legend I do not profess to have found out, if it be not that it is such a *placer* of richness, where is gold in the dust, in the [nugget], and in the plain ore-holding quartz. Be that as it may, I like it well. I think in this poem you show a freer hand, a more easy poise, than in its predecessors. It is not so flowered with metaphor, but has a solid, even character, as if the similes were melted in. I like its fragmentary nature well, too. Every page is a Satler peep-hole,[1] in which one sees a lively and proportional picture of the

[1] A Mr. Satler was exhibiting what he called a "Cosmorama;" painted views of various scenes, looked at through lenses set in a screen.

past. There is a pretty alternation and change of diet, good where the finest honey is apt to cloy after a while. I like your little Elsie, so peasant-like and simple, easy in her devotion and easy in its recompense, — a natural creature, who follows her heart as birds do the spring. I like, too, your boldness with the friar and the Mystery. Many people will be scandalized with the latter. It will seem to them to be galvanizing a dead profanity. But we know how picturesque, of the time, and truly Roman Catholic these things were. I like your America-like skimming under the theological batteries. I like your jolly monks well. They have the true convent flavor; as if they sunned in their well-watered valleys like melons, as round and seedy as they. And after all they were truer to nature and human function when jolly ripe than when mumbling gaunt pater-nosters; which, as a life-exercise, nature and human nature equally abhor. Did it ever strike you that Christ's life is the most of an *out-door* life of any you wot of? His prayers and his efforts were made on his feet, under the inspiring blue sky; and, somehow, his miracles look to be Nature's, for this. A good man lifting the sick to health, under the grand impulses of nature, seems to me less of a miracle than a free American selling his freedom to pine stools and ledgers, and shutting up his *élan* in an ink-stand. With what a Catholic felicity did the monkish life belie that of Christ! What a charming stupidity! Well, that will do for a touch at the poem. I think I will come out to dinner and talk it over.

Yours, T. G. Appleton.

December 1. Another delightful concert of Jenny Lind. What precious singing! though to-night no piece was equal to the *Deh, vieni.* Jenny Lind has a Northern

soul and sings Northern music better than Southern. With what delight Mozart would have listened to her interpretation of his delicious compositions!

2d. Heard Felton's Introductory before the Lowell Institute, on Greek Literature. A good lecture and well spoken. Then to Mr. Appleton's; a meeting of the Academy, where Guyot with a tin wheel in a jar of water illustrated the theory of tornadoes, making a "tempest in a tea-pot." I was astonished at his English.

3d. We went to town, and called on Jenny Lind, and on Mrs. Warner, the *tragédienne*. At night, drove in again to see Mrs. Warner in tragedy and comedy. The tragedy was 'The Stranger.' And there sat F. and T. and I in a box by ourselves, all crying at the woes of Mrs. Haller! The comedy was 'The Honeymoon,' — which I had never seen before, and like very much. Mrs. W. is a fine actress, — natural, not exaggerated, and with a delicious soft voice and fine person. The theatre was not half full. What a pity! But the Bostonians do not like the stage, — that is clear.

To Charles Sumner (in Washington).

December 5, 1851.

"ALMA SOAVE E CARA," — Your farewell note came safe and sad; and on Sunday, no well-known footstep in the hall, nor sound of cane laid upon the table. We ate our dinner somewhat silently by ourselves, and talked of you far off, looking at your empty chair.

Away, phantoms! I will not think of this too much, for fear that what you say may prove truer than I want it to be. Let us not prophesy sadness! . . .

And you, — how is it with you? How does Washington look? — and the Senate? And has Mr. Foote any sinister design in what he has been doing? I think he

has. Send me as often as you can just a sentence, a line, a *bon jour*, a phrase, — a letter without beginning or end, like this.

Sunday has come again. It is beginning to snow. As I stand here at my desk and cast a glance out of the window now and then at the gate, I almost expect to see you, with one foot on the stone step, and one hand on the fence, holding final discourse with Worcester.

I have received a hundred pounds from Bogue, in London, by way of copyright; and a warm letter from Forster, in which he sends very cordial greetings to you.

6th. Looked in a moment at my publisher's. Found there Grace Greenwood, the poet Saxe, Giles the lecturer, and Whipple, essayist and critic. Then an hour in the Phonetic School, which forcibly impressed me. Then sundry calls; then dinner; then home to tea; then in town again, for Jenny Lind's last concert. Jenny Lind's last concert! Alas, that we shall never hear that voice divine any more, nor see that radiant face again!

7th. What a contrast in the way of music! Jenny Lind last night, and this morning five youths in the college chapel choir singing out of tune. It was enough to drive one mad.

8th. A strange, mild evening of moonlight and mud! But the morning walks are delightful. Then all is dry and clear. A pleasant sensation, too, is that of the early fire lighting up the study.

9th. The publisher sends out some notices of the Legend; mostly laudatory, but some otherwise, — and all sufficiently stupid.

12th. This morning, in my walk before sunrise, I noted particularly the beauty of the amber eastern sky

and the brown leafless branches against it. Looking down on the village, I made this line, —

The houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Afterward, looking into Richardson's Dictionary to see how the word "hearsed" may have been used, I find that Crashaw has said, —,

The house was hearsed about with trees.

This line I never saw before. The idea rose up in my mind unsought, at the scene before me. But if I ever print that line, it will be called a plagiarism.

13th. In the evening, read Kossuth's long and elaborate speech at a public dinner in New York, in which he endeavored to persuade the United States to give up its principle of non-intervention in European politics, and to help fight the battles of liberty in Europe.

16th. A pleasant evening at the Nortons'; the first of a series of Tuesday evenings, or *conversazioni*, with tea and talk.

17th. The Golden Legend has had a great sale. The first edition of thirty-five hundred is nearly gone; and a second of nearly a thousand is now in press.

Walk before sunrise, with thermometer below zero.

18th. Lecture on the Second Part of Faust. Last lecture of the term. These lines in Faust's last monologue produced some merriment, on account of the words, "free soil:" —

"Such busy multitudes I fain would see
Stand upon *free soil* with a people free."

In the evening, a grand ball at Mrs. G.'s, in Tremont Street. Beautiful women, beautifully dressed; a fine house, and fine music; flowers in great abundance, and a supper, bountiful and *recherché*.

19th. Every day brings a new speech of Kossuth, — stirring and eloquent. All New York is in a blaze with his words, — quite mad. Wonderful power of oratory and the pleading of a sincere heart in the cause of human rights! But why need people go *clean daft?*

22d. After tea we all went to town to hear Emerson lecture on 'Fate.'

24th. News comes from Paris of Louis Napoleon's *coup-d'état*, — closing the Assembly, putting Paris in a state of siege, firing on the people murderously, restoring universal suffrage, offering himself for a new election for ten years. Dictatorship? Yes, if he can bring it about.

25th. Christmas in town, at No. 39. In the evening had a Christmas-tree and children's ball. Little A. ran about the lighted rooms in great glee, with her red cheeks and bright blue eyes, much caressed.

26th. It is strange how coolly and complacently people here take the Napoleon usurpation. They seem rather to like it, that this man should violate his oath and trample upon the constitution of his country. I have hardly heard a word of reprobation. Do we live in Austria?

28th. The weather, which has been intensely cold, suddenly changes to rain; and avalanches of snow thunder from the college roofs all sermon-time. A grand accompaniment to Mr. Ellis, who was preaching about the old prophets, — an excellent discourse. Ah me! how many things there are to meditate upon in this great world! And all this meditation, — of what avail is it, if it does not end in some action? The great theme of my poem [Christus] haunts me ever; but I cannot bring it into act.

30th. Evening at the Nortons'. These Tuesday evenings are very pleasant, — real *conversazioni*. We bid fair to be among the regular frequenters. Letter from S. to-day.

He has seen the usurpation in Paris; and heard the firing of those homicidal guns.

31st. In poetry this has not been a productive year with me. I have only revised The Golden Legend, and written one or two scenes in it, and one or two lyrics. I hope that next year will see more accomplished.

The Golden Legend, begun in April, 1850, and upon which we have seen the author at work through the months, was, as we have noted, the second part of his Trilogy of Christus, planned so long ago, and it aimed to present a picture of the Christianity of the Middle Ages.

The author took for the central thread of his poem the story of the "Poor Henry,"— *Der Armer Heinrich*, — as told by Hartmann von der Aue, a minnesinger of the twelfth century. It is the story of a certain Prince Henry, who, fallen into a mysterious disease, can be cured only by the life-blood of a maiden. Around this theme the poet gathered pictures of the various aspects of the life of the period, especially its religious or church life. The heroine, the peasant maiden Elsie, presents the element of self-sacrifice, which was the redeeming life amid the corruptions of the mediæval church. If it seem to our time exaggerated, it was not unnatural in a young girl fed upon the ideals of the lives of the saintly women of the church, and trained in a reverence for her liege lord which looked upon him as a superior being, entitled to dispose of the service and the life of every one of his vassals. Mr. Ruskin has said that "Longfellow, in his Golden

Legend has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis." [1] The "Miracle Play," introduced into the Legend as important to the picture of the times, though modelled after the pattern and in the spirit of the ancient plays of the kind, was not a copy of any of them.

[1] Modern Painters, vol. v. ch. 20.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL.

1852.

January 9. Resumed my morning walks, after the long snow blockade. Was out by half-past six, the moon shining; in the east just an explosion of light through broken clouds.

12th. Find, to-day, in the college library, Jacobus de Voragine's Golden Legends (*Legenda Aurea*), without title-page, printed at Strasbourg in 1496. And so I get sight of a book I have long been wishing to see.

13th. Emerson came to see us and stayed to dinner. He was very pleasant and genial.

To Miss M——.

January 17, 1852.

. . . Your note of November 29 has reached me; and I am glad to know that you find something to like in The Golden Legend.

I have endeavored to show in it, among other things, that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle Ages ran a bright, deep stream of Faith, strong enough for all the exigencies of life and death.

In order to do this, I had to introduce some portion of this darkness and corruption as a background. I am sure you will be glad to know that the monk's sermon is not

wholly of my own invention. The worst passage in it is from a sermon of Fra Gabriella Barletta, — an Italian preacher of the fifteenth century.

The "Miracle Play" is founded on the Apocryphal Gospels of James and The Infancy of Christ.

Both this and the sermon show how sacred themes were handled in "the days of long ago."

We have just been reading De Quincey's Reminiscences of the Lakes and the Lakers, as he calls them: Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Lloyd. A very interesting book, just published here in Boston, but not yet in England, — except in old magazines.

How is it that a writer of so much power as De Quincey is so much neglected in his own country?

20th. Very cold; chilling body and soul. I sat by the fire wondering how the old Icelandic Scalds could sing at all. No wonder that their stricken faculties uttered themselves in such broken accents, such glacial metres, such abrupt and jagged songs!

23d. Scherb came to tea and told me of Mrs. Goodwin's reading Evangeline on her fingers to Laura Bridgman.

25th. A delicious day. The great icy hand begins to relax its grasp. In the evening Horatio Greenough came in, and we had a long chat about politics and art.

26th. In the evening drove in with F. to hear Emerson's closing lecture. The subject was 'Worship.' There were some touches of tenderness or very near it; but not so definite or explicit a statement as one could have wished. Horatio Greenough drove out with us. A tall, handsome fellow he is; full of fire and vigor and excitement. The climate acts on him bravely, and braces him like an athlete.

28th. Emerson, Greenough, and T. dined with us very pleasantly, with some chat about art. I have never seen Emerson more at his ease or more genial.

29th. A January thaw, the real liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. Found Franquinet seated in my study when I came out of town, and he stayed to dinner. This old Flemish painter stands to me for a great deal. He is all Flanders, — Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, all together. When I look at him I see the antique gables and hear the drowsy *carillons*. I am always glad to see him.

31st. Sumner has delivered a speech on the Public Lands which I like very much. He winds off with a stanza from Bürger's 'Lenore,' — the "tramp, tramp" and "splash, splash" — applying it to the railroad. In the evening, some chapters from Wilheim Meister. A very powerful one is that wherein he is *désillusioné* in regard to Marianne.

February 1. The old gray clouds pelt the earth with snow, till we cry out, Hold, enough! It is beautiful to look at, but inexpressibly sad.

2d. A letter from an old friend of my boyhood, W. G. Browne, whom I have not seen for twenty-five years. He had the finest nature of us all; a sensitive boy, full of talent and tenderness. And now, at the age of forty-five, he is clerk of the courts in Western Virginia.

7th. In the evening continued Wilhelm Meister. What a gallery of portraits! what variety! what richness of coloring, — and what a collection of tainted ducks! If this be, as I suppose it is, a picture of German society at the close of the last century, it was the most promiscuous thing imaginable.

8th. Rölker came to dinner; and we thanked him for his prose translation of the 'Poor Henry' of Hartmann von der Aue. He has done it well.

10th. Coasted with my boys for two hours on the bright hill-side behind the Catholic Church. Hawthorne came out. I took a tramp with him to look for a house. He dined with us; and then we went to town together. I had another dinner before me at five with the directors of the American Insurance Company at the Revere House. A sumptuous banquet. At nine joined F. and went to a ball at Mr. M——'s handsome house in Mt. Vernon Street. It was very elegant, a "dream of fair women" and light and music.

12th. The afternoon and evening were devoted to reading the Memoir of the Marchioness of Ossoli. Extremely interesting.

14th. I have a letter from Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind, written with her own hand, on reading Evangeline. She closes by saying, "I should love to meet her with my soul in heaven when I die on earth."

20th. The last of the assemblies, and a very beautiful one. We enjoyed it greatly. And now it is all vanished, and the daylight shines on it, and we say, with Manrique,

¿ Qué se hizo aquel trobar,
Las músicas acordadas
Que tanian ?
¿ Qué se hizo aquel danzar
Aquellas ropas chapadas
Que traian ?[1]

25th. Again at the opera of 'Don Giovanni,' having passed the morning in reading a sketch and analysis of it

[1] Where is the song of troubadour ?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold
The dancers wore ?

in Scudo's *Critique et Literature Musicales;* and another and better one, by John Dwight, in 'Graham' for January.

27th. The twenty-seventh, and by that same token I am forty-five years old. I told C. so this morning, and he asked me if that were not near a century old!

March 1. In the evening drove to town to see Mrs. [Anna Cora] Mowatt, as Parthenia, in the play of 'Ingomar.' A beautiful woman, in a beautiful play; a natural, impulsive actress. Marshall played Ingomar. I had seen him once before, in 'The Stranger,' and now this was a *palimpsest* to me, the tones and accents of the old play peeping through it, — the black ink of Mr. Haller striking through the red ink of Ingomar.

6th. Morning in town. Called to see the old President Quincy, now eighty, but hale and hearty. In the evening read Arsène Houssaye's Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century, — a charming book. We read the sketches of Watteau and Greuze. Extremely pleasant reading.

23d. Letters, letters, letters; and the whole day consumed with the business of other people. Good people, sweet people, have mercy!

26th. From Westermann, a copy of a German translation of Evangeline.

29th. After college, looked over Silvestre's *Palæologia*, a grand work, containing fac-similes from all the finest manuscripts. Among them a beautiful illustration of Dante, by Julio Clovio, from a manuscript in the Vatican. Afternoon, in the Library looking-over Montfaucon's *Palæographia Græca*, which contains a most interesting account of the calligraphers and chrysographers of the Middle Ages. This would be a good subject for an essay. I am so much delighted with Clovio's illustration of Dante, the 'Spirits in the Sun,' that if I were a man of wealth I

would have them all copied from the Vatican manuscript and published.

April 2. A lovely moonlit night. We stayed at home reading the Saint's Tragedy [by Charles Kingsley]; the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, put into dramatic form with great power. I wish I had hit upon this theme for my Golden Legend, the mediæval part of my Trilogy. It is nobler and more characteristic than my obscure legend. Strange, that while I was writing a dramatic poem illustrating the Middle Ages, Kingsley should have been doing the same, and that we should have chosen precisely the same period, about 1230. His poem was published first, but I never saw it, or a review of it, till two days ago.

9th. In the evening we took up Disraeli's Contarini Fleming, and got very much interested in it. It is full of life; a fresh, young vigor of style, that bears one on like a steed.

14th. F. read, in the evening, the several introductions of Scott to his poems, which make up a very pleasant autobiography of his literary career.

To Charles Sumner.

CRAIGIE HOUSE, April 15, 1852.

F. and I were reading last evening Scott's various prefaces to his poems, in Cadell's edition, which, taken together, form a kind of literary autobiography. In the Introduction to the 'Lady of the Lake' is a striking passage, which I shall transcribe for your benefit.

"If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know that in stretching to flog the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall. Nor is an attempt to chastise a

malignant critic attended with less danger to the author [read *orator*]. On this principle I let parody, burlesque, and squibs find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys do, to throw them back, wisely remembering that they are apt to explode in the handling."

From these sentences I draw some consolation, and have laid up some philosophy. In the Introduction to the 'Last Minstrel,' he says, —

"I determined that, without shutting my ears to true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire; . . . to laugh if the jest was a good one, and if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep."

Pin this on your sleeve, with the fine lines of Dante, which are still more appropriate to you, —

Che ti fa ciò che quivi si pispiglia?
. . . lascia dir le genti;
Sta come torre ferma che non crolla
Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti?[1]

I am glad that Mrs. C—— likes The Golden Legend. You and I, it seems, are on the same road, and about as near Rome as that guide-board in the *Tyrol* on which is written,

☞ To Rome.

17th. Read George Sand's little tale, *La Mare au Diable*, a very charming village story; only here and there her hot nature scorches the page a little too plainly. That

[1] What matters it to thee how there they buzz?
. . . let thou the people talk;
Stand like a steadfast tower, that never shakes
Its summit at the blowing of the winds.

is the only defect. Then we drove to Brookline, then to town. After dinner, I ran down to the theatre, for an hour or so. Mr. D——'s benefit, or rather *damage*, for I found him playing 'Hamlet' to a handful of people.

19th. A tremendous northeast storm, like that of a year ago, which carried away the Minot's Ledge light-house. Evening, Sartor Resartus. What a figure Carlyle will make in the literary history of this age!

The storm continues. I rather like the shadowed light, the glare shut out, the seclusion, that comes with a storm. Count ——, a young Pole, came with a letter of introduction. He wants to lecture on the Italian Revolution. I dissuade him, knowing that it would lead to disappointment; keep him to dinner and comfort him, and he departs in better spirits.

23d. Called on George Sumner, who has been in Europe for fifteen years. I have not seen him since 1842, in Paris. Very pleasant, and full of talk.

27th. This is the day of Kossuth's reception in Boston. From the balcony of 39 Beacon Street, we saw the procession, and the great Magyar bowing to the crowd; a handsome, bearded Hun, with a black plume in his hat, and clad in black velvet. In the afternoon there was a grand review on the Common.

28th. Evening at C. G. L.'s, to meet Count Pulszky, a man of letters and many languages. The Countess is charming; full of vivacity; an enthusiastic nature, and very clever.

30th. Dined with Prescott. When the ladies left the table, Hillard and I slipped out, and went to Faneuil Hall to hear Kossuth. There he stood on the table, beginning a speech, which lasted from a little before nine to a little after eleven. Wonderful man! to speak so long and so well in a foreign tongue. He was not impassioned this evening, but rather calm and historic. We had called

in the morning at the Revere, and were introduced to Kossuth and his wife. We were struck with his dignity.

May 2. Dined at Dr. Howe's with all the Huns. Kossuth at table was rather silent, like a man fatigued, but Pulszky did not flag. After dinner, Madame Kossuth gave me, in German, a long and animated description of her wanderings and escape, which was very interesting.

4th. College Exhibition.[1] At half-past one Kossuth came with Governor Boutwell. Felton and myself received them at the door, and ushered them into the chapel, amid enthusiastic shouts. The English oration had begun. The subject was, 'Unsuccessful Great Men;' very well handled, and odd enough at the moment. The President [Sparks] presented Kossuth to the students, and the Magyar, in his deep, sweet, pathetic voice said a few words, with great applause. The Kossuths drove to our house and passed half an hour with us, but could not stay to dine.

8th. The hot weather! There is something magical in this sudden vegetation. Yesterday the boughs all bare, to-day all covered with leaves, and the horse-chestnuts open all at once, "like green umbrellas."

9th. Began Uncle Tom's Cabin, a pathetic and droll book on Slavery; a book of power.

11th. The Pulszkys, and Mrs. Howe, dined with us. Pleasant, agreeable people. Seeing them often, one sees tears in her eyes, and perceives sadness in the tones of her voice.[2] The weight of their exile is heavy on them.

[1] The Exhibitions were held at this time in the college chapel.

[2] Madame Pulszky, author of Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady. In her published diary of her visit in America, she says, "We made, too, the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow. If Buffon's words, 'the style is the man,' can be justly applied to any author, it is to the minstrel of Evangeline and The Golden Legend. His conversation and manners bear the same stamp as his whole appearance, that

18th. A delicious spring day. How I long to break from my moorings and be away! The weight and work of the college is crushing me. It is not the labor, but the being bound hand and foot, the going round and round in the tread-mill, that oppresses me. Air, air, more air! more freedom!

22d. Every evening we read ourselves into despair in that tragic book, Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is too melancholy, and makes one's blood boil too hotly.

27th. The Pole whom we took so much interest in, and whom we all helped with money to go to England, has been in New York, and in a row at one of Lola Montez's supper parties.

28th. Children's party at the Howes'. Howe has so much sympathy with children that he manages such matters admirably well.

June 9. C.'s birthday. He is eight years old, and had a charming party of children, wild with play among the haycocks; the seat in the old apple-tree turned into a fort; great scrambling for sugar-plums, and the like. All ending with supper and a dance in the drawing-room.

21st. Last lessons of the year, and farewell to the Senior class.

July 3. *Newport.* Here we are, in the clover-fields on the cliff, at Hazard's house; near the beach, with the glorious sea unrolling its changing billows before us.

6th. A drive and a bath on the beach. How beautifully the soft sea spreads its broad-feathered fans upon the shore. In the afternoon we went and sat by the sea under the cliff, and watched the breakers and the sails, and thought the rocks looked like the Mediterranean shore, and that the Italian language would sound well. Here,

of natural nobility. With his wife, a lady of Junonian beauty and the kindest heart, he lives close to Boston." — *White, Red, and Black*, by Francis and Theresa Pulszky, ii. 170.

in truth, the sea speaks Italian; at Nahant it speaks Norse.

9th. Went this morning into the Jewish burying-ground, with a polite old gentleman who keeps the key. There are few graves; nearly all are low tombstones of marble, with Hebrew inscriptions, and a few words added in English or Portuguese. At the foot of each, the letters S. A. D. G. It is a shady nook, at the corner of two dusty, frequented streets, with an iron fence and a granite gateway, erected at the expense of Mr. Touro, of New Orleans. Over one of the graves grows a weeping willow, — a grandchild of the willow over Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.[1]

10th. Went to Cambridge [to Examinations]. The difference between Cambridge air and Newport air, is the difference between cotton and linen. The elasticity and vitality are all wanting.

15th. Took a drive to Miss Gibbs's, in Portsmouth, where Dr. Channing once passed his summers. A delightful nook, with English garden. Miss G. not at home. A young clergyman gave F. some flowers, saying he was "sorry he could find no *passion-flower* in bloom for her;" a touch for Thackeray. Then we drove to the Glen, and walked down a lovely little valley, with a brown brook threading it and a silent mill, to the sea-shore; a charming secluded nook. On our homeward way, we stopped at Bishop Berkeley's farm-house [where he wrote The Minute Philosopher], deep in the fields, — a dilapidated house, whose front is entirely covered with grape-vines.

26th. Read some of Wallin's poems. He is not equal to Tegnér, but is charming in form. He is one of the best Swedish lyric poets, and withal, something of a Dr. Watts.

[1] Out of this visit grew a poem, 'The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.'

31st. One day here only repeats the day that went before. The record of one is the record of all. The sitting in the hall waiting for breakfast; the breakfast, the cigar, and the long chat on the door-step; the bath; the dinner; the after-dinner talk; the walk on the cliff at sunset; the watching for the moon at the eastern door; the talk before going to bed, — and the deep sleep of the airy night. I diversified the labors of the day by making a kite for C. Then we took a walk down into the town to buy a string; and so the afternoon passed. The only thing we have talked about this week is the loss of the Henry Clay on the North River, — burned in broad daylight [while racing], and some hundred people lost. Among them, Mr. Downing, the landscape-gardener and rural architect, and Miss Hawthorne, sister of the author.

August 24. They have given us a name in the town, — the "Hôtel de Rambouillet." That will do very well, Julia Howe being our Madame de Sévigné.

28th. A drive to the Glen and Mrs. Durfee's tea-house. How pretty the Glen is, with its old mill and overhanging trees! Sundry other parties were there; and Miss ——, in yellow silk, — a beautiful girl, — made it look to-day like a page of Boccaccio.

To Charles Sumner.

NEWPORT, August 28, 1852.

Bravo! Bravissimo! This is very fine; though we have seen only the brief and mutilated *torso* of your speech.[1] We are most eager to see the speech itself, not snapped asunder by the breaking of the wires.

[1] This was the speech on the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill (Works, I.). Some of Mr. Sumner's anti-slavery constituents had been impatient at his not having sooner spoken upon the subject in the Senate.

You have done yourself great honor; and we feel proud of our Senator. I am quite of opinion that it is better to have delivered it now than earlier. You have stood upon your *right*, and on no man's *favor*.

September 1. Drove in the afternoon to "Vaucluse," on the eastern shore of the island, some five miles from Newport. Altogether a striking picture was the quaint, antique house, the neglected garden, the shadows of great trees, and the handsome woman at the door.

5th. Sumner has been making a grand speech in the Senate; really a grand speech, upon the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

7th. Morning at Scharfenberg's room, hearing him play Chopin's Preludes and Schumann's Kinderspiele, — wherein are given the feelings of a group of children, now listening to stories, now playing games. In the evening we gave an impromptu party; and Dr. Howe illuminated all the front of the house. In the midst of it Senator Sumner made his appearance, looking very well after his long campaign. We were very glad to see him and hear his voice once more.

9th. Broke up our encampment, and scattered in various directions. *We*, through heat and cinders, rushed homeward, and reached Cambridge in the dewy twilight.

13th. *Cambridge.* How easily one slips back into the old groove! Here I am at work in the college, as if I had never been away. I have a kind of liking for it, and yet wish it were all over.

17th. First lecture of the term. All beginnings have something difficult, not to say distasteful, about them. I am always afraid of leaving the most important thing unsaid.

October 9. The season in all its splendor. We drive to town and enjoy the air and the sunshine. Beacon Street is always beautiful in October, with its overhanging golden elms, and the balconies draped with crimson creepers.

11th. We drive through the woods of Watertown, and enjoy the foliage and the red berries on the walls and the golden quinces in long hedgerows.

14th. A cold gray day. Copied a poem I have just written, — 'The Warden of the Cinque-Ports.'[1]

20th. Another turn of the great wheel, another grind of the old mill! Ah, if I only grind out something that is really food and nourishment for the young minds about me! Then it is worth the while.

21st. I am reading Andersen's *Improvisatore*, a tale of Italy, with the very atmosphere of the place. A charming book. The only defect artistically is that, while purporting to be the autobiography of an Italian, it betrays the eye of the stranger in the minute details of description and first impressions.

24th. Tidings from Marshfield that Daniel Webster is dead, — this morning before the dawn. "Les dieux s'en vont." In England, Wellington; here, Webster, a greater than he intellectually; and in Spain, one of her great men, the Duca de Bayleu.

November 9. Painters at work in the house, gas-pipe layers in front of it, and gardeners behind, setting a privet hedge! To all which I have a great aversion. I would rather see things done than doing.

13th. Drove to town to a christening. The little baby, the clergyman informed us, had been "conceived and born in sin," and he proceeded to cast out of him the "old Adam." How strange all this sounded! — in

[1] The Duke of Wellington, who died on the 13th of September.

Boston, in the middle of the nineteenth century! Then I called on Thackeray. He came over in the same steamer with the Lowells.

15th. A letter from Miss Cook in England, about Thomas Hood's grave, and some monument to be erected over it, — in which I shall gladly join.

19th. At a musical party [met] Count Rossi and the Countess, née Sontag, the singer, whom I heard in 'La Cenerentola' ages ago in Paris, — in 1826. She has a good deal of beauty still, and sings deliciously.

20th. Dined at the Tremont House; the dinner given by Emerson to Clough.[1] The other guests were Horatio Greenough, Sumner, Lowell, Hawthorne, Sam. G. Ward, Theodore Parker, and others. From the dinner, went to the concert in the new Music Hall. I never saw a prettier concert room. Heard Alboni, the contralto, for the first time. A glorious voice; but she sings without expression and does not move one.

25th. Walked to town with Miss Davy, she being curious to hear old Dr. Beecher, the father of Mrs. Stowe. The Doctor is eighty years old, but still erect, with a strong, full voice, and a vigorous gesture. The sermon, however, was a little like that of the Archbishop of Granada which Gil Blas ventured to criticise. Some odd things he said; among others, that if our forefathers had not landed here this part of the country would never have been settled; had they gone to the richer lands of the South they would never afterward have come here. So Providence "presented them the land butt-end foremost." On reaching home found a hamper of game, a present from Mr. Henry Bright of Liverpool.

26th. Summoned Lowell, Felton, Clough, and Charles Norton to feast on the English grouse and pheasant; and

[1] Arthur Hugh Clough, author of 'The Bothie of Toper-na-Vuolich,' and other poems. He died in 1861.

very good they were, both the guests and the game. The evening at the Nortons', where we had some private theatricals, with a nice little epilogue written by Mr. Clough.

December 1. The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth fascinates me. It is by Stirling, author of The Spanish Painters.

2d. It seems to me that I shall never write anything more. I am therefore thinking about a volume of old matters collected from corners of reviews and magazines, to be called Driftwood. Write a short preface for the same.[1]

19th. I hear that Horatio Greenough [the sculptor] died yesterday. He was a noble, gallant fellow, so full of life! Ah me, what woes lower about and lie in wait for us!

21st. Miss Sedgwick[2] came to see us, and was very agreeable. To town to dine, and after dinner to hear Thackeray's lecture on Swift; very clever, playing round the theme with a lambent flame, that scorched a little, sometimes.

22d. Received Henry Alford's Poems, which he has done me the honor to dedicate to me.

24th. To town, to hear Thackeray on Congreve and Addison. A light, graphic lecture; pleasant to hear from that soft, deep, sonorous voice of his.

27th. What a strange winter; as mild as May and as muddy as March. But such a mild air is a blessing in winter, who generally comes charging bayonet with all his icicles upon us poor trembling mortals.

[1] This was partially printed but never published. Some parts of it, under the same title, are printed in the Complete Works.

[2] Catharine Sedgwick, author of Hope Leslie, Redwood, and other novels of the early period of American literature.

30th. Clough came in the afternoon. I like him exceedingly; with his gentleness, and his bewildered look, and his half-closed eyes. We walked to see Lowell, whom we found musing before his fire in his study. His wife came in, slender and pale as a lily.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL.

1853.

January 2. All the trees and the grass gleaming with ice. Splendid as Aladdin's palace. After tea came two students from Kentucky, who gave us a glowing description of the Mammoth Cave. Intelligent youths, but rather inclined to *filibustering* in Cuba.

5th. Lowell gave a supper to Thackeray. The other guests were Felton, Clough, Dana, Dr. Parsons (Dante's translator), Fields, Edmund Quincy, Estes Howe, and myself. We sat down at ten and did not leave the table till one. Very gay, with stories and jokes: —

"Will you take some Port?" said Lowell to Thackeray.

"I dare drink anything that becomes a man."

"It will be a long while before that becomes a man."

"Oh no," cried Felton, "it is *fast turning into* one."

As we were going away Thackeray said, "We have stayed too long." "I should say," replied the host, "*one* long and too short, — a dactylic supper."

7th. Another lovely day, like the finest Italian winter weather. Thackeray's last lecture; but we did not go in. We sat quietly by our fireside, and F. read "The Last Days of Kant," from De Quincey. Very interesting and curious. There was something so complete and well-rounded

in his life there in Königsberg. But at last he crumbled to pieces like an old wall.

11th. We began reading Henry Esmond, Thackeray's last novel, and like the beginning much. There are some charming pictures and characters.

18th. Finish Henry Esmond, which is a very clever book, and shows a freedom of touch, I should say, beyond his other books.

20th. Lighted up with gas for the first time, this evening. The house had a ball-room look and made me quite restless.

26th. F. read to me parts of Mrs. Mary Ware's life. What a strange, eventful history, showing what romance goes on in private life. If she had been a Catholic in the Middle Ages, she would now be a saint in the calendar.

30th. Walked to town with Miss D. to hear Father Taylor. There he was, in his little brick "Bethel," thundering away to the sailors; just as ten years ago, when I went to hear him with Dickens. He inclines now a little more to "screeds of doctrine," and is perhaps less poetical and less nautical than of yore. His sermons give an idea of the field-preaching in the Middle Ages.

February 1. In weariness of spirit and despair of writing anything original, I turned again, to-day, to dear old Dante, and resumed my translation of the *Purgatorio* where I left it in 1843. I find great delight in the work. It diffused its benediction through the day.

14th. Evening at the opera. Alboni was superb as Norma. I never heard finer singing.

16th. In the morning wrote out a whole canto of Dante.[1] Dined at Dr. Howe's. Mr. Kane was there, — a young man who is going in search of Sir John Franklin, full of energy and hope.

[1] After this there was a canto translated almost every day, up to the 27th.

23d. In the morning, Dante xxviii. Clough came to dinner and brought me young [Matthew] Arnold's poems. Very clever; with a little of the Tennysonian leaven in them.

24th. Dante xxix. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe came to dinner. Him I have known since my college days;[1] her I have never seen before. How she is shaking the world with her Uncle Tom's Cabin! At one step she has reached the top of the stair-case up which the rest of us climb on our knees year after year. Never was there such a literary *coup-de-main* as this. A million of copies of a book within the first year of its publication.

25th. Dined in town. A pleasant enough dinner; but my ways of thinking are so different from those of most of the Bostonians that there is not much satisfaction in talking with them. —— himself is an exception. He has a liberal, catholic mind, and does not speak as if he were the pope.

27th. Forty-six years old. Finished Dante xxxi. In honor of my birthday, baby appeared at dinner with a green wreath on her head, and a sprig of geranium in her hand, which she presented very gravely.

The college term begins. Farewell the rest, the ease of vacation. I have not been wholly idle; let the completed *Purgatorio* answer for me.

March 10. All faculty of song seems to have gone out of me.

14th. The days go by with dull, monotonous pace. We finish *Villette*, an interesting book, not without its morbid pallor.

Afternoon at Lowell's. We were greatly amused articles in Graham's Magazine. One on Morris, r on W——. The latter is said to "contain

[1] They were a year apart at Bowdoin College.

Macaulay as the solar system does the earth, or a gentleman the egg he has eaten at breakfast." Gave a farewell supper to Felton, who soon sails for Europe.

24th. This is the most unproductive year of my life. I hope I shall be roused up again one of these days. But who knows? This may be the end of it. I should think so, had I not often before found an unexpected passage through the adamantine wall.

26th. Hear that Hawthorne has been appointed consul at Liverpool.

April 20. I seem to be quite banished from all literary work save that of my professorship. The day is so full of business, and people of all kinds coming and going. When shall I have quiet? And will the old poetic mood come back?

26th. Two more volumes of Moore's Life. Pleasant gossip; but what a lover and haunter of lords was this same Irish bard! He wrote poetry as a task; and thought eight or ten lines a good day's work.

May 31. I am tired, not of work, but of the sameness of work.

June 10. Another call from the Peruvian refugee, who lays hold like a leech. If one could only be sure of people! One may entertain angels unawares; and also ——.

14th. Had a very pleasant farewell dinner for Hawthorne, who sails for his Liverpool consulate in a few weeks. The guests were Hawthorne, Emerson, Clough, Lowell, Norton, and my brother S. A charming letter from Felton, with long account of an unknown admirer of mine whom he met on Loch Lomond.

15th. The memory of yesterday sweetens to-day. It was a delightful farewell to my old friend. He seems much cheered by the prospect before him, and is very lively and in good spirits.

30th. Clough has gone. Like the Ritter Toggenburg, he "could bear it no longer."

July 6. *Nahant.* Drove down, bag and baggage. And here we are, at the Johnsons' house for a couple of months.

September 7. *Cambridge.* It is pleasant to teach in college; yet it has grown wearisome to me. Bogue writes from London that he is to bring out at Christmas an illustrated Golden Legend; and that he has sent me an original [water-color], by Birket Foster, of St. Wolfgang's Lake. Foster writes to say that he adds another drawing, of St. Gilgen.

10th. The old homestead [of the Gold and Appleton family] at Pittsfield has been sold, — reserving only the "old clock on the stairs."

12th. A young German, wanting employment. Letter also from an Italian, wanting the same.

13th. A lovely morning. Ah, would I had not all this college tackle hanging round me! "J'ai blanchi dans le harnois." Why did I begin this term? Now I must go on till January.

16th. A day of hard work. Six hours in the lecture-room, — like a schoolmaster! It is pleasant enough, when the mind gets engaged in it; but — "Art is long, and life is short."

18th. Sumner at dinner. Politics! politics! We talked about notes to The Golden Legend. Every work of art should explain itself. All prefaces, and the like, are like labels coming out of the mouths of people in pictures. Such is my view of the matter.[1]

19th. To-day all given to college. My eyes begin to suffer. At the end of this term I must retire.

21st. Mr. Norton's funeral at noon.[2] It is a sad sight to see a man carried out of the door at which he has so

[1] Nevertheless, the notes were written, — in this case.

[2] Mr. Andrews Norton died at Newport.

often received you with sunny face of welcome. Excellent old man! So changes Cambridge! From a village to a city. Then all new faces in the streets, and it is no more the same.

25th. R. came to dinner, and told some remarkable stories of "spiritual manifestations," — particularly of the wonderful drawings of an old lady, whose hand is guided by the spirit of her son. He says they are wonderful.

27th. Went to see the "spiritual drawings," and it all came to nought. The wonderful thing is that she should have the patience to make them. Strange, fantastic patterns, like odd mosaics; and certainly not well enough done to require the intervention of any ghost.

31st. Receive from Mr. Hatton, of London, a dozen or so of my poems set to music by him. My pieces are hardly lyric enough for music. Still, thanks for the attempt.

October 2. A great siege I am undergoing, from neuralgia. It makes me wretched enough.

8th. What a visitation of pain! It half crazes me. Tides of it surge through my face and head. Got ready proof-sheets of notes to Golden Legend, to send to Bogue.

10th. In the *feuilleton* of the *N. Y. Républicain* is the beginning of a new story by George Sand, — *Les Maîtres Sonneurs;* very delightful, with shadows of the woods and freshness of summer nights in it; provincial French landscapes, deliciously colored.

12th. Bought two velocipedes for the boys, who made a great noise with them in the morning, riding through the hall. Saturday is a bad day to buy playthings for children.

14th. Who should walk in to-day but Tom. Appleton, just returned from Paris, looking remarkably well!

30th. As one grows older and children multiply, the time is broken up; and household cares usurp the place

of poetic dreams and reveries. This is the reason men give up poetry, as women do music, after marriage. Heard Father Gavazzi, at the Music Hall in Boston, — part in Italian, part in English. A fine orator, after the Italian model. So may have spoken Savonarola.

December 2. Just as I was beginning my lecture on Faust this morning, three damsels from Boston, all unknown, came to the door and begged admittance. I stationed them on the front seat, and they looked a thousand thanks. It was a little awkward, but passed off without trouble.

3d. With Mrs. Howe at the Germania Concert. It was mostly Wagner's music, — beginning with the celebrated overture to Tannhäuser. Strange, original, and somewhat barbaric.

14th. How brief this chronicle is, even of my outward life. And of my inner life, not a word. If one were only sure that one's journal would never be seen by any one, and never get into print, how different the case would be! But death picks the locks of all portfolios, and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble after.

16th. The unknown damsels at lecture again. The Conte di —— called: a nice youth, with soft voice and Roman accent. He would like the place of Italian instructor in college. Before he went, in came ——, his rival applicant. How weary and worn-out I feel after five hours' work in college!

19th. A snowless winter, such as I like, — with brown, bare branches against purple skies morning and evening.

23d. Closed the First Part of Faust. A stormy day, but the damsels from Boston still faithful. Who are they?

24th. Mrs. Howe's Passion Flowers published to-day. Poems full of genius, full of beauty; but what a sad tone!

Another cry of discontent. Here is revolt enough, between these blue covers.

26th. A holiday. I don't think I have much liking for them. The world seems to stand still. Took C. to town, to skate on the Frog Pond.

How barren of all poetic production, and even prose production, this last year has been! For 1853 I have absolutely nothing to show. Really, there has been nothing but the college work. The family absorbs half the time; and letters and visits take out a huge cantle.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1854.

January 4. Another day absorbed in the college. But why complain? These golden days are driven like nails into the fabric. Who knows but they help it to hold fast and firm?

17th. —— beseeching me to interest myself to get for him the place of Spanish teacher in the college. He is an exile from Cuba.

28th. An Andaluz from Malaga calls. He wants a place in college.

29th. The weather has really grown intemperate. How bright and bitter it is; like the satirists, but more invigorating. In the evening we read Beckford's Italy. A delicious book.

February 12. Went to town to hear Theodore Parker preach on the Nebraska Bill.[1] The Music Hall full. A very good discourse and strong, though not so spirited in delivery as I anticipated. There were several vigorous

[1] By what was called the "Missouri Compromise," of 1820, Slavery had been forbidden in all the North Western Territory. In this Bill for the admission of Nebraska, that prohibition was repealed and liberty given "to take and hold slaves in all the Territories of the United States."

thrusts. A long figure of the presidential dough beginning to bubble and rise, eager to be transubstantiated into a real president.

15th. A rainy day. What can be done with two noisy boys in vacation, when it rains? For my own part, I wrote and despatched twenty letters and notes; half of them, to be sure, only autographs, but it occupied the whole morning. Then called to see Mr. Sales, — good old man! He is dying. There he lay, emaciated and sharp, sometimes panting for breath. He clasped both my hands and said in a feeble voice, "Kiss me," and then, "Don't forget me;" and I took leave of him forever. He was born in the south of France in the *Pyrénées Orientales*, at a little town near Perpignan; but he has lived in this country since he was twenty. A genial, joyous, friendly man.

"He warmed both hands at the bright fire of life;
It sank, and he was ready to depart."

To Charles Sumner.

February 21, 1854.

It is now eleven o'clock of the forenoon, and you have just taken your seat in the Senate, and arranged your artillery to bombard Nebraska! We listen with deepest interest, but shall not hear the report of your guns till to-morrow, you are so far off!

If, after all, the enemy prevails, it will be one "dishonest victory" more in the history of the world. But the enemy will not prevail. A seeming victory will be a real defeat.

You will have a brave ally in Fessenden, who, I hear, passed through Boston on his way to Washington two days ago.

I have seen ——; but I gave him such a lecture on the Nebraska business that I am afraid he will never come again.

F. joins me in words of cheer.

To Charles Sumner.

February 27, 1854.

All this morning of my birthday, my dear Senator, I have devoted to your speech on Nebraska, which came by the morning's mail. It is very noble, very cogent, very eloquent, very complete. How any one can get over it, or under it, or through it, or round it, it is impossible to imagine. If this does not prevent the South — ah, poor South! — from committing a breach of faith, and losing its character wholly, no speech of man will!

That unlucky sentence from Everett's speech (I dare not trust myself to speak of it here) in which he gives his opinion that Slavery will not go into Nebraska on account of soil, climate, etc., is kept standing in type in the office of the Boston Morning Post, and appears in full feather every day in its columns! What a compliment!

I beg you write me a letter. Let me know about this speech of yours. Do not keep me in the dark about the most important act of your life.

27th. My birthday. I am now enrolled in the forty-seventh regiment. I am curious to know what poetic victories, if any, will be won this year. In that direction lie my hopes and wishes; nay, my ardent longings.

March 1. Read Sumner's speech on the Nebraska Bill in full. A noble speech, bravely spoken. Though it may not keep Slavery out of Nebraska, it will keep it out of many hearts forever.

8th. Began my lectures on Dante; the last course I shall ever deliver.

10th. An easterly storm. Lecture. The rest of the day devoted to the children, reading Don Quixote to them, making boats, and drawing pictures.

To Charles Sumner.

March 13, 1854.

I have only time to say I have just got your note, and am greatly surprised to hear that no one of your old friends has written you about your speech!

The Boston Whigs, I am satisfied, do not care a fig about Nebraska. They have so completely "conquered their prejudices" that even this fails to rouse them! So you must not look for any violent demonstrations of applause or sympathy from them. But yet your position must command even *their* respect.

For my own part, I have never heard your speech mentioned but with praise; nor have I seen any but favorable notices in the papers, — save once, I believe in some Southern paragraph.

Be of good cheer. You have done the North great service, whereas to others the North owes "a great debt of ingratitude."

P. S. Remember me to Pitt Fessenden, and thank him, from me, for his intrepid bearing in the Senate on that dark night, — that *noche triste* of our history.

23d. A snow-storm. Write and send off twenty-four autographs!

28th. A west wind, so sharp that it seems as if all the Indians beyond the Mississippi were throwing their tomahawks this way.

29th. The Nebraska excitement subsiding; which is unlucky: for the politicians are quite capable of taking advantage of any lull to slip the Bill through the House. If they do, it will only precipitate the freedom of the slaves.

31st. A note from Lowell, thanking me for the poem of 'The Two Angels.'[1]

April 6. Sergeant Talfourd is dead, the author of Ion; a noble and generous man. Struck with apoplexy, on the bench, while delivering a charge to the jury. Some beautiful and noble words had just dropped from his lips. An enviable death.

19th. At eleven o'clock, in No. 6 University Hall, I delivered my last lecture, — the last I shall ever deliver here or anywhere.

22d. In town with the boys. We dine at Galliani's on pigeons and macaroni. Then we go to the Museum. The play, wretched stuff. A young woman in yellow satin, representing the fashionable life of New York, holds a red-covered book, which she says is her "dear Henry W. Longfellow's poems;" and she asks her milliner which she prefers, Longfellow or Tennyson!

27th. In the afternoon, went to Mr. Conway's room to hear Emerson read an essay he has just written, on 'Poetry.' It was full of brilliant and odd things; but not very satisfactory on a first hearing. I hope to read it one day, and perhaps understand it better.

May 3. Wrote to Freiligrath; also other letters and autographs. Decidedly, I do not like letter-writing. And all my unanswered letters hang upon me like an evil conscience, and impede my thought and action.

[1] Written, as is known, on the birth of a daughter in Craigie House, and the death of a wife at Elmwood.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

May 3, 1854.

I owe you many and many thanks and thanks for your good long letter in the autumn, and for your new book, *Dichtung und Dichter*, which is a great delight to me. I like the plan of it extremely. It is unique in its way; and just such a book should be made in every literature. It will always be a source of pleasure to me to read in it. The report you saw in the newspaper of my having resigned my professorship was premature. I am still at my old post, and shall be till mid-summer. Meanwhile the college will be looking about for a successor. There are already six candidates, all friends of mine, which makes it impossible for me to do anything for any one of them in particular. But one thing I can do, and that is to see that, so far as I am concerned, the claims of each shall be fairly presented; the urging these claims, I must leave to others. I have already spoken of you to the President, and shall ask Dr. Beck to do the same. To speak frankly, however, I do not believe that your chances will be very great; and for this reason: There are in the department, beside the Professor, who lectures, four instructors, who teach the four languages, — German, French, Spanish, and Italian; that is, a native teacher for each. The Professor, who serves as a connecting link between these and the college, — and who, besides lecturing, has charge of the details and business of the department, — has always been an American. . . . You will naturally ask why I give up the place. It is not on account of ill-health, for I was never better in my life than now, except in the matter of my eyes, which refuse to do any work by candle-light; but I want to try the effect of change on my mind, and of freedom from routine. Household occupations, children, relatives, friends, strangers, and college

lectures, so completely fill up my days that I have no time for poetry; and, consequently, the last two years have been very unproductive with me. I am not, however, very sure nor very sanguine about the result.

Your friend Dr. Beck, who always remembers and speaks of you with great interest and regard, retired from the college some year or two ago. He leads a quiet, unobtrusive life, takes his daily afternoon walk by my door, in thick shoes and drab gaiters, and seems to enjoy his leisure. I have now four children, — two boys and two girls.

Write me again soon. Tell me of *your* children.

14th. We are all rejoiced to have Felton back again [from Greece]. He is an integral part of Cambridge Heard of A. F.'s death, — a beautiful girl, whom I remember as a child playing in her father's garden, when I came on here from Brunswick, years ago.

16th. Writing a poem, which I hope will turn out a good one, — 'Prometheus and Epimetheus,' — the before and after; the feeling of the first design and execution compared with that with which one looks back upon the work when done.

18th. Gave a supper to Feltonius.

19th. Took the boys to Nahant. Strolled upon the rocks, and picked out a place for a cottage; which I built in imagination, regardless of expense, and thought it very beautiful.

20th. A lovely morning. Wrote a poem, — 'The Rope-Walk.'

21st. The great war goes on, thundering on the Euxine.

22d. The boys' vacation is over, and there is a little quiet in the house. Write 'Epimetheus' as an epilogue

to the volume to which 'Prometheus' will serve as prologue.

26th. Yesterday a fugitive slave was arrested in Boston![1] To-day there is an eclipse of the sun. "Hung be the heavens in black!"

27th. Last night there was a meeting in Faneuil Hall, and afterward an attempt at rescue, which, I am sorry to say, failed. I am sick and sorrowful with this infamous business. Ah, Webster, Webster, you have much to answer for!

28th. Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate.

29th. The air is pestilential with this fugitive-slave case.

30th. The slave case drags along. There is great and wide-spread excitement, and a healthy one. The general feeling is, "We will submit to this no longer, come what may!"

June 2. The fugitive slave is surrendered to his master, and, being marched through State Street with soldiery, put on board the United States revenue cutter. Dirty work for a country that is so loud about freedom as ours!

To Charles Sumner.

June 2, 1854.

We read in the evening papers yesterday that some evil-minded persons were stirring up a mob against you and threatening violence. To which I said, and all responded, "Charles Sumner will do his duty!"

[1] This was Anthony Burns, of whose arrest, trial, and rendition to slavery a full account may be found in Henry Wilson's Rise and Fall of the Slave Power, ii. 435. Boston saw the spectacle of the military, naval, and executive power of the United States united to take away the liberty of one poor fugitive from injustice.

This morning I have read your last Nebraska speech.[1] It is one of your best, with a pulsation of freedom in every line of it; a noble rebuke to the foul iniquity about you.

I had a letter from [Elihu] Burritt, not long ago. He heard your first Nebraska speech: 'The Landmark of Freedom.' He says, —

"I heard every word of Sumner's magnificent speech. It was truly grand; a production that would honor the palmiest days or efforts of ancient or modern eloquence."

To-day is decided the fate of Burns, the fugitive slave. You have read it all in the papers, — the arrest, the trial, etc. Dana has done nobly; acting throughout with the greatest nerve and intrepidity.

F. joins me in congratulations on your noble position and labors. It is a great thing in one's life to stand so long and unflinching in the range of the enemy's artillery.

5th. I am reading with great delight the Finnish Epic, *Kalevala*. It is charming.

12th. [Samuel] Lawrence begins my portrait. He is a scrupulous, careful, and slow worker. His head of Curtis is very good.

16th. The portrait nearly finished, and much like.[2] Lowell and Emerson and Tom Appleton at dinner. The sage of Concord came down expressly to dine with Lawrence and the Howadji. After dinner Agassiz and Felton came.

22d. I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one,

[1] A last protest, made at midnight, May 25.

[2] The artist liked to tell that during the sittings the conversation fell upon the recent capture of the fugitive slave, which brought to his sitter's face a look of animation and indignation, which he was glad to catch and retain.

and the only. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme.[1]

25th. I could not help this evening making a beginning of 'Manabozho,' or whatever the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme, at all events.

26th. Look over Schoolcraft's great book on the Indians; three huge quartos, ill-digested, and without any index. Write a few lines of the poem.

27th. Begin Manabozho's first adventure and lament for his brother. Interrupted by Mr. Wales, who called with two Cubans, — pleasant young men.[2]

28th. Work at 'Manabozho;' or, as I think I shall call it, 'Hiawatha,' — that being another name for the same personage.

29th. News from Washington of a fierce debate in Congress on a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, in which Sumner takes a conspicuous part, and does himself much honor.

July 12. *Nahant.* At our old quarters in the village. Last summer's life resumed, as if after a sleep. Carriages drive by, cocks crow, hens cackle, the dust flies, the sea gleams in the distance.

19th. To Cambridge. Commencement Day. I wore my black robes for the last time. The whole crowded church looked ghostly and unreal, as a thing in which I had no part. A hot and weary day. Came back to Nahant by steamboat in the evening. A lovely, dreamy sail it would be, up and down, if one did not have to chat with so many people.

20th. Felton delivers an oration before the Alumni at Cambridge; but I cannot go up in this heat. It is quite

[1] The metre of the *Kalevala*, called by the learned, "trochaic dimeter."

[2] Henry Ware Wales, the "Student" of The Wayside Inn.

beyond the claims of friendship. Visit from Grace Greenwood.

21st. A call from young R., of New York. He professes himself to be what one of my autograph-solicitors calls an "argent admirer" of my writings, and has followed the footsteps of Paul Flemming, book in hand. In the afternoon, T., and Mr. Fields.

29th. Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories — her letters from Europe — we like very much. They are very frank and fresh, with touches of her genius in them and deep poetic feeling. Her brother's journal interspersed produces the effect of the interleaved story in Hoffmann's *Kater Murr*.

31st. Worked at Hiawatha, — as I do more or less every day. It is purely in the realm of fancy. After tea, read to the boys the Indian story of The Red Swan.

August 23. Agassiz, Felton, and myself dined with Prescott at Lynn. It is decided that we can have no copyright in England. By this English decision, Prescott, who was to have a thousand pounds for his History of Philip the Second, now gets only five hundred for advance sheets.

31st. 'T is the last day of summer. In the evening, read from Miss Edgeworth's Parent's Assistant to the children. How they bring back my own childhood, — these charming stories! How gently and quietly she inculcates the moral of her tale! and how unostentatious and beneficent the moral is! I cannot agree with those who find fault with them because they are not "religious" stories. "If," says Frisbie, "she had said, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth,' she would have worked miracles." I am not so sure of that. By trying to do too much, she might have failed of doing anything.

September 4. The sea is all alive, and dashes and roars and drags the pebbles down. The sunset lovely, — the

large white moon reddening in the purple twilight. Walk with F. on the cliff.

12th. Yesterday I got from President Walker a note, with copy of the vote of the Corporation, accepting my resignation, and expressing regrets at my retirement. I am now free! But there is a good deal of sadness in the feeling of separating one's self from one's former life.

13th. Set to work again on Hiawatha. In the evening we read Scott's Pirate.

17th. Sumner came to dinner. He is in good spirits, and undaunted. He means to fight the battle of Freedom to the last. The rest is in God's hand.

19th. Working away with Tanner, Heckewelder, and sundry books about the Indians.

27th. Mr. ——, phrenologist, called just before dinner, and asked me to let him stay and dine, — which of course I did not refuse. I never saw him before.

28th. Worked at the disentanglement of Indian legends.

October 6. Met Sumner in town, who took me to call on Sir Edmund Head. A very joyous Governor of Canada, — not unlike Mackintosh in figure and general appearance.

14th. How pleasant the evening lights of home, as one comes in from the dark and rain! And how pleasant Thackeray's Newcomes!

17th. To Felton's lecture on Greece. A pleasant drive over the Mill-dam; the whole horizon blazing with lamps as the city opened before us, from Charlestown round to Roxbury, — half the sky.

18th. My morning walk at sunrise is delightful in this delicious weather. Meet Mr. Worcester, the lexicographer, jogging along on his black horse. He says, with a jolt after every word, "Why — don't you — get a — horse and — ride as — I do?"

19th. Hiawatha occupies and delights me. Have I no misgivings about it? Yes, sometimes. Then the theme seizes me and hurries me away, and they vanish.

20th. The Indian summer is beginning early. A charming tradition in the mythology of the Indians, that this soft, hazy weather is made by the passionate sighs of Shawondessa, the South.

21st. After dinner, go to see Miss Harriet Hosmer's two busts, Daphne and Medusa. The latter is peculiarly brilliant in conception and execution. The hair is just beginning to change to serpents, and the agony of the face hardly mars its strange beauty. What a fable lies hid in that classic tale. Beauty, sin, despair!

25th. Where are our painters? Why are they not steeped in this wondrous light? The mist, the leaves, the flash of the river, — all is mystical; a dream.

26th. The melancholy —— writes me again, and sends me a long poem. How helpless these Europeans seem, when they land here. They are like children who have always had everything done for them, and do not know how to help themselves.

28th. Laughed with T. at the mistakes the printers made with his notice of Miss Hosmer's busts, — the *woolly* hair of Medusa, instead of "lovely;" and Daphne running away from *Levi*, instead of "Love." He is in great glee about it.

November 13. Read to —— some pages of Hiawatha. He fears the poem will want human interest. So does F. So does the author. I must put a live, beating heart into it.

27th. Bancroft has sent me his Oration before the New York Historical Society. Write to him, and tell him that I fancy his audience, on hearing his dogma promulgated, must have looked as Borrow says the gypsies in Spain did, when he read to them a portion of Scripture translated into their dialect.

December 1. Returning from a walk, meet at the door Bayard Taylor, who comes to bring me one of his Nubian sketches, made on the spot. He is looking fresh, vigorous, and young, and has already opened his winter campaign of lectures.

5th. The world is frozen; changed to stone by the cold, lovely, Medusa face of Night, in whose dark hair the stars gleamed and flashed like the eyes of serpents.

8th. Cannot get back into the poetic mood. For a month, I have written nothing. In the evening, two or three callers. Grew sleepy and silent. At night I dreamed that I was in New York delivering a lecture, and in the middle of the first sentence fell asleep. But the lecture, it seems, went on; for, on awaking, I found myself in my room at the hotel, with some friends congratulating me on my success.

9th. In town trying to form a class for ——'s German readings. Unsuccessful.

15th. A beautiful, soft morning, just like the winter at Nice or Genoa. In the evening read incidents of the fight at Balaclava.

17th. Dr. Walker preached a good, Christian sermon, but too logical; or, rather, too full of logic.

20th. The weather is ever so cold. The landscape looks dreary; but the sunset and twilight are resplendent. Sketch out a poem, — 'The Golden Milestone.' Write, also, a little in Hiawatha, and some letters.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1855.

January 7. R. comes to dinner, and gives us an account of a German wedding, — a romantic and poetic wedding in Cambridgeport, — and of the "*Polter-abend*," or evening before the wedding, when the bridal gifts are presented. The Germans have so much poetry in their natures, and in their lives! This was the marriage of a musician and a gardener's daughter; and the guests came in various costumes, — housekeeper with keys, ballad-singers with songs, girls with flowers, etc., each presenting a gift and reciting an appropriate verse.

8th. Walked to town to secure tickets for the Grisi and Mario Opera. Got a private box for the season. Lowell came in the evening, and we talked about his lectures on poetry, which begin to-morrow [in the Lowell Institute courses].

9th. Began again upon Hiawatha, long neglected. ——'s pleasant visit, two months ago, broke up the mood I was in for writing. Mr. Richard Grant White, of New York, author of Shakespeare's Scholar, came to tea. He drove in with us to hear Lowell's first lecture; an admirable performance, and a crowded audience. After it we drove out to Norton's; where, with T. and the lecturer, we had a pleasant supper.

13th. In town, as usual [on Saturdays]. Called on Charles Perkins. Saw his pictures. Scheffer's 'Dante and Beatrice' is beautiful, though she is not Italian. A lovely face and figure, standing on a cloud and drawn upward by celestial gravitation.

15th. 'I Puritani;' Grisi and Mario! enough for one day. Grisi is grand, with her superb style and her tragic bursts of passion. A splendid woman. Her voice has lost some of its power and freshness; but still she sings right royally.

17th. Grisi was grander than on Monday. This music for a season drowns the cannon of Sebastopol, which for the last month has "volleyed and thundered" in our ears.

20th. Lowell's lecture, on the old English ballads. One of the best of the course.

21st. Evening, Life of Fowell Buxton.

22d. Morning, Hiawatha. Evening, 'Norma.' Grisi looked superbly and acted grandly. House crowded. A fine show of smooth hair, shining shawls, and opera-cloaks.

25th. Putnam's Magazine for February comes, with 'Prometheus and Epimetheus,' in which I try to portray the ardor of poetic composition, and the feeling of disappointment and dissatisfaction with which we look upon our work when the glow has passed away.

29th. 'Don Giovanni.' The trio '*Protegga il giusto cielo*' divinely sung. So was Ottavio's aria, '*Il mio tesoro*,' by Mario. So ends our opera going for the present. Now for quiet evenings at home, and readings by the fireside.

31st. Lowell is to be my successor! Dr. Walker talked with me about it this morning. I have been to see Lowell, and the matter is as good as settled. I am sorry for some of my friends who wish the place.

February 19. Read Grillparzer's *Ahnfrau;* the concentrated form and quintessence of the German ghost

and robber-of-the-Rhine style of tragedy; but extremely effective. Worked at Hiawatha. I have now eighteen cantos, or chapters, finished.

27th. My forty-eighth birthday. I feel like an old swallow with my nest close up under the roof of the old barn; but hope to sing a little longer.

March 9. Drive to Brookline to see Mrs. Follen, whom we find, with her radiant face and snowy hair. She read us a passage from a letter she had just received from Lady Byron; a dying soldier on the field before Sebastopol was heard repeating the line,

Footprints on the sands of Time.

11th. Sunday brings us our dear Sumner again. He arrived this morning from Washington, and came to dine with us, looking very well and very cheerful.

18th. A snowy, rainy week has passed unrecorded. I have been at work on the Song of Hiawatha pretty busily, and have it all finished except the last canto.

20th. Read Hannay's Satire and Satirists, a beautifully written book, with very subtle thoughts and poetic gleams. Sumner comes to tea and passes the night. We sit up late, gossiping, as in the days that were.

21st. Read Sumner some cantos of Hiawatha, — the 'Sailing,' and the 'Wooing.' After he goes, finish the last canto, at noon.

22d. Lundy Lane and old Mrs. Vassall (born a slave in this house in 1769) come to see me, and stay so long that Fields is driven away, and there is the end of the reading of Hiawatha.

28th. Pierced through and through with these cold steel arrows of the west wind.

29th. A day of pain; cowering over the fire. At night as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind, — a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea.

Siede la terra dove nato fui
Sulla marina.[1]

30th. Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it, and with the bringing in of the two lines of the old Lapland song,

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

April 1. A rainy Sunday. Nevertheless, Sumner came to dinner, and was doubly welcome. After tea Miss D. read from Felton's History of Greece till half-past nine. Then I wrote the poem of 'Victor Galbraith.'[2]

To Miss F—— (in England).

April 6, 1855.

. . . Thanks to you for the friendly interest you express in reference to this country. The idea, the meaning of America is very grand. She is working out one of the highest problems in the "celestial mechanics" of man. We must not be too impatient nor chide too harshly if in doing this she sometimes assumes an ungainly attitude; nor have our teeth set on edge because the slate-pencil scratches a little.

15th. — 22d. Busy copying and rewriting Hiawatha for the press.

To Miss F——.

April 25, 1855.

I have only time this morning to enclose you a poem ['The Two Angels'] which perhaps you have not seen, as it

[1] Sitteth the city wherein I was born
Upon the seashore. — *Dante: Inferno*, v. 97.

[2] Long before, a correspondent had sent him, in a newspaper paragraph, the incident upon which this poem was founded.

is not in any volume. It was written on the birth of my younger daughter, and the death of the young and beautiful wife of my neighbor and friend, the poet Lowell. It will serve as an answer to one of your questions about life and its many mysteries. To these dark problems there is no other solution possible, except the one word *Providence.*

Singularly enough, too, another of your questions, that about the legends of the Indians, I have answered in another, much longer poem, — in fact, a whole volume, which will be published next Autumn.

The address you received was sent by Mr. Felton, its author. His handwriting, taken in small portions, is like mine, and yet very different in a whole page. We both have fallen into the habit of striking these back-handed blows.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

April 25, 1855.

. . . The Professorship has been disposed of to Lowell, the poet, a great friend of mine, who astonished the town last winter with a course of lectures on Poetry. Whereupon the college immediately laid hold of him and made him my successor. For my own part, I am enjoying my freedom very highly; and I think it has been well for me to give up a kind of work which had grown wearisome. Since I left the college I have not been idle. I have two volumes of poems ready for the press, and both will probably be published before the year is out. One is a collection of lyrics; the other a long poem, a narrative based upon Indian legends, — the hero, a kind of American Prometheus, — which I count very much upon your liking. Will you try to do so? I will write you more of this anon. Meanwhile write to me. This I send through my friend Hawthorne, consul at Liverpool, whom I wish very much you should know. I have written to him to find you, if he ever goes to London.

27th. A bleak west wind, — the wind Mudjekeewis. Very disagreeable, with its dryness and dust. It drives me mad.

29th. Sumner is still going from town to town stirring the hearts of men with his noble words on Slavery. God speed him!

May 3. Passed an hour with Lowell this morning. He read me a poem, 'The Muse,' — very beautiful. It reminded me of Emerson's 'Fore-runners.'

4th. Letter from Curtis. He will be here to-morrow. Go to town, and buy two pictures.

9th. A dinner-party for Curtis; Prescott, Lowell, Norton, and Appleton.

11th. This re-writing [for the printers] a poem so long as Hiawatha is very wearisome; but very profitable, as one can better see it as a whole, and fill up gaps.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LIVERPOOL, May 11, 1855.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I am very sorry you are not coming over at present, both on my own account and yours. You ought to be in England to gather your fame, — which is greater, I think, than you are likely to estimate. No other poet has anything like your vogue. Did you hear how the Harrow school-boys, a few months ago, decided by a formal vote (as I understood) that you are the first poet of the age? I make great play at dinner-tables by means of you. Every lady — especially the younger ones — enters on the topic with enthusiasm; and my personal knowledge of you sheds a lustre on myself. Do come over and see these people!

. . . Don't you think that the autumn may be the golden age both of the intellect and the imagination?

You, certainly, grow richer and deeper at every step of your advance in life. I shall be glad to think that I too may improve, — that, for instance, there may be something ruddier, warmer, and more genial in my later fruitage. It is good for the moral nature of an American to live in England, among a more simple and natural people than ourselves. Ale is an excellent moral nutriment; so is English mutton; and perhaps the effect of both will be visible in my next romance.

Truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

15th. I am plagued to death with letters from all sorts of people, — of course about their own affairs. No hesitation, no reserve, no consideration or delicacy. What people!

17th. A beautiful morning. Went and sat an hour with Lowell in his upper chamber among the treetops. He sails for Havre the first of June.

20th. Sumner just returned from New York, where he has been lecturing on Slavery to huge audiences in theatres. A great success, and a great sign of the state of the public mind.

21st. Heard the opera of 'William Tell;' grand and affluent music, flowing with a torrent of sound. What an expansive, sunny, out-of-door nature Rossini has! and what power! — though not perhaps of the high quality of Mozart. He lacks the German's simplicity.

29th. Lowell's friends gave him a farewell dinner at the Revere, whereat I had the honor of presiding. A joyous banquet; one of the pleasantest I ever attended, — a meeting of friends to take leave of a friend whom we all love.

30th. Drove into town with Lowell, and saw him and Sumner depart for New York. Farewell to the Poet for a year, and to the Senator for a month or two!

June 4. Proof-sheets of Hiawatha. I am growing idiotic about this song, and no longer know whether it is good or bad. Epimetheus!

10th. A great wind to-day. Sat on the back piazza and heard it rave and roar. The trees seemed to turn their backs upon it and try to run; but their roots were fast planted in the ground, and they struggled as in a kind of nightmare.

14th. We drive to Charlestown to see the launching of the "Merrimack," taking the boys with us. A beautiful sight, with all the boats, the flags, the sunshine.

17th. Tilton, the painter, came to dinner. We had a long talk on art, artists, poetry, and spiritualism. He is a very single-minded man, with the highest and noblest aspirations.

20th. Things move too slowly for my pulse. The printers lag, the proof-sheets of Hiawatha come in slowly, and give a kind of weariness to the work.

July 3. Left in the afternoon, bag, baggage, and children, for Newport [where the summer was spent at Perry's, in Perry Street].

7th. *Newport.* Looked over proof-sheets, and read two chapters in Don Quixote. What the Bachiller Sanson Carasco says of books is not bad, —

"No hai libro tan malo que no tenga algo bueno." [1]

8th. Passed the morning with Calvert. Dined with Bancroft, where I met Everett. Bancroft has a pleasant cottage on the sea, with rocks and breakers right and left.

20th. Dined with Calvert to meet Mr. Boker, the Philadelphia poet, whom I like.

[1] No book so bad but it has some good in it.

To James T. Fields.

NEWPORT, July 26, 1855.

To-day is very hot. How can I work? If I shut the window-blinds, — darkness! If I open them, — glare! Chamber-maids clattering about; children crying; and everything sticky except postage-stamps, — which, having stuck all together like a swarm of bees, refuse to do further duty. Such is the state of affairs this morning at ten o'clock; when, having come to my room to work upon Hiawatha, I find myself writing you this note instead. Now I am going to begin upon a very interesting canto. You shall see.

August 3. Call on Cogswell. He shows me a volume of Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.

5th. We all went to pass the afternoon in Lawton's valley with the Howes. Strolled down into the deep green gorge by the mill-stream, and seated by the ruins of the old mill, Curtis read to us Tennyson's new poem, Maud. Very beautiful; though there is in parts a spirit of ferocity which I do not like.[1] But the loves of the hero and heroine are exquisitely drawn, and the songs delicious.

16th. Moncure Conway preached a striking sermon on 'Skeptics,' in which he said a good word for doubters and the much abused free-thinkers.

19th. Splendid are these autumnal mornings. When I behold them I think of the words of Prince Ferdinand, in Calderon's *Principe Constante:* —

> "A generous giver, Lord, art Thou!
> Thou givest me a sun to warm me."

20th. In great doubt about a canto of Hiawatha, — whether to retain or suppress it. It is odd how con-

[1] In the introduction, doubtless.

fused one's mind becomes about such matters from long looking at the same subject.

October 2. Go to town on business. The first edition of Hiawatha now in press, — five thousand copies. Meet Mr. Allibone of Philadelphia, who is making a great Dictionary of English Literature.

8th. Sumner comes out for the night. He reads aloud the last half of Hiawatha. But having a cold in the head, and being rather hoarse, he made it sound very lugubrious.

9th. Gave a farewell breakfast to Charles Norton. After breakfast, a call from two Englishmen, — Londoners. It was a complimentary visit, without letters of introduction. They wanted particularly to know whether I said Hyperi'on or Hype'rion, — there being some dispute among their friends at home about the proper pronunciation.

15th. Delicious weather. T. came out to paint the trees on Worcester's island, — which he did very successfully.

16th. More splendid weather than yesterday. I cannot sit still; but must walk, walk, walk, — or be out in the air. Drove with T. and F. through the lanes of Watertown in the autumnal splendors.

17th. Walked to town to secure tickets for Rachel's tragedies next week. Saw Hillard, who is making a school Reader. He wanted to know about the Florentine *Caroccio* and *Martinella,* by way of note to 'The Arsenal at Springfield.' Referred him to Napier's Florentine History.

18th. Warm, dreamy weather. Golden days, full of sadness and visions.

19th. Walked again to town. After dinner Sumner came out; and I walked with him to Mr. Cushing's in Watertown, and saw his garden and his barns and little, meek Alderney cows; and so back in the misty twilight, with white fogs settling on the lowlands.

23d. Saw Rachel in *Phèdre*. Grander than yesterday.

24th. Rachel as 'Tisbe,' in Victor Hugo's drama of *Angelo*. A great actress; the best I ever saw.

27th. Rachel in 'Adrienne.' Felton and Agassiz are among the most enthusiastic admirers of Rachel. They never miss a play.

31st. The end of the beautiful month of October. Ah, me! Why do no songs flit through my brain, as of old? It is a consolation to think that they come when least expected.

November 10. Hiawatha published to-day, by Ticknor and Fields, who tell me that more than four thousand out of the five of the first edition are sold. They ordered a new edition of three thousand.[1]

15th. Hiawatha makes some sensation. Sundry squibs and the like, imitations of the metre, as if it stirred the minds of readers a little.

18th. Some of the newspapers are fierce and furious about Hiawatha, which reminds me of the days when Hyperion first appeared.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LIVERPOOL, November 22, 1855.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I thank you for Hiawatha, which I had already received from Bogue, and read with great delight, and a pleasant surprise at finding myself in a new dream-land. So far as I have the means of judging, it is going to have full success here.[2] I enclose a notice from

[1] Mr. Longfellow kept the copyright of his books in his own hands.

[2] Mr. Bogue, the publisher, writes, the next month, sending £100 for the early sheets, and saying that of his five shilling edition eighteen hundred had been sold, and of the shilling edition about

the Examiner, written by Henry Bright. I see that the editor has both abbreviated and altered it, certainly not for the better. Mr. Bright has given me, to be sent to you, a lithograph of the Belfry at Bruges, which he bought recently under the shadow of the tall tower, thinking of you the while. . . . It seems a great while since I left America, but, I confess, I have no very strong inclination to return, though I sometimes try to flatter myself that I am homesick.

Your friend, N. H.

From Bayard Taylor.

New York, November 23, 1855.

My dear Longfellow, — Since I saw you I have read Hiawatha carefully, and take the first leisure which this vagabond lecturing life gives me, to tell you how much I like it. I am, perhaps, the better able to appreciate it from having gone over the same authorities from which you drew your material. I know how impracticable are the most of those barbaric myths for the purposes of poetry; how much that is grotesque and absurd is mingled with what is simple and characteristic; above all, how little the legends, curious as they are, appeal to the sympathies of our race and the taste of our times. To be candid, I almost feared a failure, and am all the more surprised and delighted at the success; for to me the book is a genuine success. I was particularly struck with the skill you have shown in representing the purely poetical aspects of Indian life and tradition, concealing whatever is gross and repulsive, yet without destroying the fidelity of the picture. The imagery, too, is wonderfully apt and descriptive, and the whole poem floats in an

10,000. "But as a pirated edition of both has been printed here, I presume my lease is nearly up."

atmosphere of the American Indian summer. The measure you have chosen is most difficult, from the very ease of its flow, but I think your repetitions most successfully relieve it from monotony. It is the measure in which a *Saga* should be written, and fits itself well to the rhythm of Indian names and words. The only fault I can find is the occasional introduction of rather uncouth names, when their use is not a necessity. In the chapter of Mondamin, which I read with special attention, I do not find the moral significance of the struggle so thoroughly expressed as in the original legend. This, to me, was a truly sublime feature in the latter. My own version is perhaps too ambitious, and hence too solemn and stately for the simple beauty of the story. Yours seemed to me a little too sportive, — perhaps the result of the measure, which may be tender and pathetic, but cannot be passionate. Pardon me these strictures, which I should not have made to you had I not been so charmed and delighted with the poem, as a whole. It will be parodied, perhaps ridiculed, in many quarters, but it will live after the Indian race has vanished from our Continent, and there will be no parodies then.

I have written for the pleasure of telling you of my pleasure, and hope you will not consider this unasked opinion an officious one.

Ever faithfully yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD, November 25, 1855.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Sanborn brought me your good gift of Hiawatha; but I have not read it without many interruptions, nor finished it till yesterday. I have always one foremost satisfaction in reading your books, —

that I am safe. I am in variously skilful hands, but first of all they are safe hands. However, I find this Indian poem very wholesome; sweet and wholesome as maize; very proper and pertinent for us to read, and showing a kind of manly sense of duty in the poet to write. The dangers of the Indians are, that they are really savage, have poor, small, sterile heads, — no thoughts; and you must deal very roundly with them, and find them in brains. And I blamed your tenderness now and then, as I read, in accepting a legend or a song, when they had so little to give. I should hold you to your creative function on such occasions. But the costume and machinery, on the whole, is sweet and melancholy, and agrees with the American landscape. And you have the distinction of opening your own road. You may well call it an "Indian Edda." My boy finds it "like the story of Thor," meaning the *Hammersheimt*, which he admires. I found in the last cantos a pure gleam or two of blue sky, and learned thence to tax the rest of the poem as too abstemious.

So, with thanks and greetings,

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

From William H. Prescott.

Boston, November 28, 1855.

Dear Longfellow, — I got this morning a note from New York, of which I send you the closing sentence. After the hubbub that Hiawatha has kicked up in the literary community, I thought it might please you to see the opinion of so good a critic as Bancroft; especially as it is not entitled to the large discount to which criticism must be subjected that is intended for the eye of the person criticised.

[From Mr. Bancroft's note.]

"I hope you like Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha. He has made of his subject everything that was possible. I like the whole; and parts of it are in a special manner airy and graceful, delicately and exceedingly beautiful." [1]

From Thomas W. Parsons.[2]

BOSTON, December 1, 1855.

. . . Now that I have made myself familiar with the whole poem, strong in my first opinion, and confident of hereafter, I make my shrift of gratitude, with joy that our poet can find any music in those old fables, and pride that out of our own elements you could make such music.

The measure is monotonous, — admitted; but it is truly Indian. It is child-like, and suited to the savage ear. In your hands it does not weary so long as the interest of the narration is kept up. If that subsides, perhaps the ear becomes a little impatient. . . .

But the great thing is not the pleasure your poem gives to those who know how to read it, but the boldness with which you have walked lyre in hand among those poor painted children of the western forest, and learned and taught us their simple melodies. . . .

Believe me ever your friend and servant,

T. W. PARSONS.

[1] Mr. Bancroft himself wrote to the author: "As a whole it represents wonderfully well that infantile character of Indian life when the inferior animals were half-and-half the equal companions of man, and external nature was his bosom friend. The sketch of Minnehaha is delicious, and you give a lovely picture of conjugal happiness without in the least passing beyond the bounds of savage life. . . . You have made everything of your subject which it permitted; and they who imitate you will not be able to do like you."

[2] The translator of Dante, and the "Poet" of the Wayside Inn.

December 2. There is the greatest pother about Hiawatha. It is violently assailed, and warmly defended Six English papers I have already received on my side [among them the Athenæum and the Saturday Review], and as yet only one against me, — the Illustrated News.

To Charles Sumner.

December 3, 1855.

This is truly one of the greatest literary outrages I ever heard of.[1] But I think it is done mainly to show the learning of the writer. He will stand finally in the position of a man who makes public assertions which he cannot substantiate. You see what the charge of imitation amounts to, by the extracts given. As to my having "taken many of the most striking incidents of the Finnish Epic and transferred them to the American Indians" — it is absurd. I can give chapter and verse for these legends. Their chief value is that they *are* Indian legends. I know the *Kalevala* very well; and that some of its legends *resemble* the Indian stories preserved by Schoolcraft is very true. But the idea of making me responsible for that is too ludicrous.

I see that Conway has written a very good reply to "T. C. P;" but it is humiliating to think how many newspapers will give currency to the slander and not to the answer.

December 4. At dinner, had Ole Bull, T., Story, and Fields. After dinner, in the twilight, Ole Bull played and chanted old Norse melodies, which were very striking.

[1] Referring to an article in a Washington paper, accusing Mr. Longfellow of having borrowed not only the metre but many of the incidents of his poem from the *Kalevala*, without acknowledgment. It was expressly stated in the notes to Hiawatha that the legends were taken from Schoolcraft.

6th. The publishers are just going to put to press the ninth and tenth thousand of Hiawatha. Critics may assail as they please, *eppur si muove.* In the evening, went to town to hear Mrs. ——, daughter, it is said, of Espartero and a negro mother, read Mrs. Stowe's dramatization of her own *Uncle Tom.* A striking scene, this Cleopatra with a white wreath in her dark hair, and a sweet, musical voice, reading to a great, unimpassioned, immovable Boston audience.

From Ferdinand Freiligrath.

London, December 7, 1855.

Are you not chuckling over the war which is waging in the [London] Athenæum about the measure of Hiawatha? Of course William Howitt is right; and your trochaic metre is taken from the Finns, not from the Spaniards. The very moment I looked into the book I exclaimed, —

Launawatar, Frau die alte,

and was laughing with you again over the pages of the *Finnische Runen,* as thirteen years ago on the Rhine. The characteristic feature, which shows that you have fetched the metre from the Finns, is the *parallelism* adopted so skilfully and so gracefully in Hiawatha. I wonder that just this decisive circumstance is overlooked by all the combatants. It settles the question at once.

December 21. The controversy is still raging. After a months' itching of my writing fingers I shall break forth in to-morrow's Athenæum. I trust the way in which I do so may be liked and approved by you.

F. Freiligrath.

7th. More papers from England. Five of them [among these the Examiner and the Spectator] in favor

of Hiawatha; one, not very strong in opposition, but "disappointed." In the afternoon T. came out with Thackeray. As we sat chatting in the twilight, the servant came in to say that T.'s horses had run away with the carriage. So I ordered another, and we drove in together just in season [for Thackeray's lecture]. Found a crowded audience, and had to take a back seat, where I could hear only about a half of a very agreeable lecture on the times of the first George.

8th. In the evening, Ole Bull, Thackeray, and Fields came out to supper. Story and T. failed us. We had music on the Cremona, and then a *petit souper*, with two vacant places and plates looking on with hollow, hungry eyes.

15th. Printing an extra thousand of Hiawatha, — the eleventh.

16th. Read in Lewes's Life of Goethe, — a very clever and judicious book. The best we have had as yet, giving the great German as he really was.

To Miss F——.

December 18, 1855.

I have sixty unanswered letters lying on my desk before me. I have just counted them, and cannot make them one less. But I put them all aside to thank you for yours. . . .

In the summer Mr. Faed, a Scotch artist, sent me a beautiful engraving of Evangeline. Every one who sees it says, "How much it looks like Mrs. Longfellow!" — and there is a certain resemblance. So I hope you will like it. By this time Mr. Routledge must have sent you the long-promised new edition of my poems, in which you will find a portrait said to look like me. All the others have been very bad.

21st. This is a beautiful winter. I keep saying, "How like the north of Italy!"

29th. This evening, in a snow-storm, arrived Buchanan Read, to pass the last days of the year with me. Also Mr. Charles Brace, of New York, dropped in, and John Owen, my old publisher, and we had an extemporaneous supper.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1856.

January 1. Went to town on business. Saw Fields, and heard that Hiawatha is going at the rate of three hundred a day. Called on Mrs. Otis, and at 37 and 39 Beacon Streets; and those were all my calls. I am very glad that the dreadful Knickerbocker custom of calling on everybody does not prevail here. It must be very oppressive. Mr. Brace dined with me.

3d. A visit from Mr. Tanner and his Indian wife, — a gentle little woman, with a very soft musical voice. She sang me a Chippeway song. It was in the minor key, very plaintive and like the wind in the pines. He is the son of Tanner who wrote an account of his captivity among the Indians some years ago.

4th. Dr. H—— came in the afternoon and gave me an interesting account of the poet, Justinus Kerner, in his house at Weinheim, with his humors and hospitalities and ghost-seeing.

11th. A letter from Freiligrath, and a short article by him on the metre of Hiawatha, which is making some discussion in the English papers. He puts the matter right at once. But he does not seem aware that the parallelism, or repetition, is as much the characteristic of Indian as of Finnish song.

To Charles Sumner.

January 16, 1856.

"Their road led through a vast and desolate fen, saturated with all the moisture of thirteen counties, and overhung during the greater part of the year by a low gray mist, high above which rose, visible many miles, the magnificent tower of Ely."

I opened Macaulay's new volume at random two or three days ago, and the very first sentence that caught my eye was this description of the march of soldiery through the Lincolnshire fens. It was at a bookseller's counter; and I closed the book and went away with a picture and a poem in my mind, — a fine historic picture, framed in a single sentence; the word *Ely* a poem in itself, bringing back the monks, and King Canute sailing by with his knights and listening to their song.

17th. Finished Prescott's second volume [of Philip the Second]. The last half — the siege of Malta and the history of Don Carlos — is extremely interesting.

22d. I feel as if my brain were freezing to death. A kind of pleasant lethargy comes over me, and I hate to make any exertion beyond reading a pleasant book. I am looking through Senancour's Obermann, — a dreamy book, which George Sand characterizes as "la rêverie dans l'impuissance, la perpétuité du désir ébauché."

23d. Dined at Mr. P.'s, to meet the ——s of Newport; and sat beside the merry blonde lady who always reminds me of Mme. de Sévigné. After dinner, went to the opera and heard 'Norma,' whose beautiful music I like; but the opera itself — its Druids and Romans and sheeted chorus and prima donnas, looking as if they had just jumped out of bed — has grown very tedious to me. I was in an ab-Normal condition.

29th. Dine with Story in Rowe Place. After dinner, go to hear Curtis's lecture on 'Bulwer and Disraeli;' well done, but very severe.

February 8. In the village to-day, hear of Professor E. T. Channing's death. He is the last of the professors of the old Kirkland period.

12th. Mr. K. came out, bringing me Faed's beautiful engraving of Evangeline.

16th. At the opera. 'The Prophet,' by Meyerbeer, — founded on the history of John of Leyden and the Anabaptists. It is a grand opera, with startling, splendid passages, and an air of power all through it.

18th. Hiawatha parodies come in from all quarters, — even from California.

22d. Washington's birthday. This year, for the first time, it is made a legal holiday [in Massachusetts]. Drove to town, to Mrs. Otis's reception.

28th. Macaulay's History in the morning. In the evening, Felton, who has just got back from a western tour, — beyond the Mississippi. He brings me a photograph of the Falls of Minnehaha.

29th. Dr. H—— passed the afternoon with me; in better spirits than usual. He told me some anecdotes of King Ludwig of Bavaria. He also described a new poem he has been writing, called *Leichenhaus*, — the corpse-house, or dead-house, in which the dead are exposed for several days before burial, in Germany. He wanders through it, looking at the dead and surmising what were the last thoughts of each.

March 1. The Beethoven Festival, and Inauguration of Crawford's bronze statue of the great musician, in the Boston Music Hall. A beautiful spectacle, with an introductory poem by W. W. Story, very good and very well delivered. As I sat waiting for the performance to begin, R. came in. He said, "I have some bad news to tell you.

Dr. H—— is dead. He fell dead in the street yesterday, and was carried to the dead-house!" He must have been on his way from me, and that last conversation, and that poem. He was a gentleman, and a proud one; and the misery of his last year had eaten his heart.

3d. Go to Dr. H——'s funeral. Only a few people gathered together. Then we drove to Mt. Auburn, and left the melancholy exile in his snowy grave, — in the place devoted to strangers, under the green hedge of arbor-vitæ.

4th. Absorbed in reading Macaulay's England.

6th. An amusing and clever paper in Blackwood, on 'Modern Poets.'

9th. Mr. H. preached a very orthodox sermon. He is of the extreme conservative wing of the rebel army of Unitarians. We read Ruffini's Doctor Antonio, — a charming little romance.

12th. "Grace Darling" is reading Hiawatha to crowded houses in Philadelphia; and last night Mrs. Barrow, at the Boston Theatre, after the play, read 'Hiawatha's Wooing' in costume.

14th. The first touch of spring. Went with Fields to see Mr. Gleason carving the figure-head of the Minnehaha, and thought of Hawthorne's story [Drowne's Wooden Image].

16th. Scherb wants me to write a poem on the Puritans and the Quakers. A good subject for a tragedy.

22d. Took the boys over to Donald McKay's shipyard to see the launch of the Minnehaha. A launch is always beautiful. We went up to Mr. McKay's house, where was a luncheon; and Mrs. Barrow crowned the whole with a recitation.

25th. Looking over books on Puritans and Quakers; particularly Besse's Sufferings of the Quakers, — a strange record of violent persecution for merest trifles.

26th. Passed an hour or two in the college library, looking over books on the Puritans. They all tell the same story.

April 2. Wrote a scene in my new drama, 'The Old Colony,' just to break ground.

3d. Dined with Agassiz to meet Emerson and others. I was amused and annoyed to see how soon the conversation drifted off into politics. It was not till after dinner, in the library, that we got upon anything really interesting.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

LIVERPOOL, April 12, 1856.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — In London, a few evenings ago, I happened to be at Evans's Supper Rooms, to which I was introduced by Mr. Albert Smith. The proprietor introduced himself to me, and expressed a high sense of the honor which my presence did him. He further said that it had been the "dream and romance of his life" to see Emerson, Channing, Longfellow — and, he was kind enough to add, me — sitting together at a table in his rooms! I could not but smile to think of such a party of roisterers drinking at one of his tables, smoking and listening to a bacchanalian catch from his vocalists! The band played 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle' in my honor, and several of your songs were sung. The proprietor entreated me to lay this "edition de luxe," as he called it, of his programme "at your feet." You must certainly go there when you come to London.

I have been in all sorts of parties within the last few weeks, and in every single one of them your name was spoken with the highest interest and admiration. Your fame is in its fullest blow; the flower cannot open wider. If there is any bliss at all in literary reputation, you ought

to feel it at this moment. I am not quite sure that it is a very enjoyable draught; but if you drink it at all, it is best to take it hot and sweet, and spiced to the utmost. So, do come to England this summer. There is a strong expectation in London that you *are* coming. Several people have said so to me, as if they knew it to be a fact. I hope that it is; for I want to see you very much, and it will still be years before I meet you on the other side.

Your friend,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

From William Whewell.[1]

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE, April 30, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR, — The accompanying verses are intended for indulgent eyes only. But when I had the pleasure of hearing from you, you wrote so kindly that I venture to send them to you. I wish to do so more especially, as no one has shown so well as you have how the use of metres, simple and yet not common, enables us to express what could not be expressed so well, or at all, in common poetical language. You made that apparent in Evangeline, and still more in Hiawatha. To me the use of such a verse as I have employed in the pages which I send, enables me to express myself as directly and unconventionally as if I were writing prose; indeed, I think, more directly, because more briefly.

The verses have been given to few here. But the community of feeling appears to be a stronger tie with those who are removed so far from us in space as you are; and besides, there is a satisfaction in depending upon the sympathy of one who can express human feelings so well

[1] The well-known author of various philosophic works; at this time Vice-chancellor of Cambridge University. He died in 1866. A volume of "privately printed" poems accompanied this letter.

as you can. I need not say that all readers of English poetry have an abiding feeling of gratitude to you.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. WHEWELL.

May 1. At home all day pondering the New England Tragedy, and writing notes and bits of scenes.

2d. A cold rain. Snug by the fireside, meditating the Tragedy. It is delightful to revolve in one's mind a new conception. It is only the writing down which fatigues.

3d. Dined with Prescott. A farewell dinner to the author of The History of Spanish Literature, who goes soon to Europe. The other guests, — Everett, Agassiz, Felton, Cranch, and Kirk. A very pleasant dinner; Prescott has such excellent social qualities.

7th. How the days whirl away. Each a white milestone; and we rush by with such speed that they look like grave-stones.

9th. A furious northeast storm. It is as good as a sentinel at the door.

12th. At dinner had Fields, Scherb, T., and Mr. Cozzens, author of The Sparrowgrass Papers. When half through, came Mr. D., a grave Frenchman, who is here as Lamartine's agent to secure subscribers to his new Literary Monthly.

From John Lothrop Motley.

18 BOYLSTON PLACE, BOSTON, May 13, 1856.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — If you could have seen the delight with which L. received the beautiful volumes which you were so kind as to send her I am sure you would have been gratified. . . . I have no intention of

going into any eulogistic platitudes upon the subject of your poetry. My feelings have been often enough expressed; but if you could see the little (pirated) volume which accompanied us in the book-bag in all our wanderings from the North Sea to Naples, you would see whether — if thumbs can betray sentiment — we were not always sentimental travellers.

I heard a brother poet of yours, for whom I hope you have as much regard as I have, say, the other day, that you had not only written no line which, dying, you would wish to blot, but not one which, living, you had not a right to be proud of.

As I began by saying that I am not going to compliment you, I had better stop; only adding that I find myself more and more fascinated with Evangeline. I never before could abide English hexameters; but these seem to me "musical as is Apollo's lute." By the way, did you remember Tom Nash's "confutations" of Latin metres, — "The hexameter I grant to be a gentleman of an ancient house (so is many an English beggar); yet this clime of ours he cannot thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; he goes twitching and hopping, retaining no part of that stately, smooth gait, of which he vaunts himself among the Greeks and Romans." I cite the old satirist only to prove how triumphantly you have refuted the confuter.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

J. L. Motley.

22d. Read Sumner's vigorous speech on Kansas.

23d. A lovely morning. Was walking in the garden, when Owen arrives, and in a voice broken by sobs tells me that Sumner has been brutally beaten in the Senate-house by a Mr. Brooks, nephew of Butler, who was

severely handled in Sumner's speech. O Southern "chivalry!" O ——!

24th. Great excitement in town on this affair, and to-night a great meeting in Faneuil Hall. At dinner, — let me record it to his honor, — Felton, who has had a long quarrel with Sumner, proposed as a toast, "The re-election of Charles Sumner."

To Charles Sumner.

May 24, 1856.

I have no words to write you about this savage atrocity; only enough to express our sorrow and sympathy for yourself. We have been in great distress. Owen came to tell me of this great feat of arms of the Southern "chivalry." He was absolutely sobbing. I was much relieved on seeing your telegraphic despatch to your mother, and to hear that George was going to you directly. I should be still more comforted if he would write me a line to tell me you are not dangerously injured.

A brave and noble speech you made; never to die out of the memories of men!

I now go to town to hear more of you, if possible. There was a public meeting last night.

Ever, and never so much as now, yours.

25th. It is difficult to sit still with such excitement in the air. The newspapers pour in from all quarters their denunciations. Only the Southern presses, — and alas! a few Northern ones, — uphold the shameful deed. Conway, from Washington, dined with us. It is cheering to hear him. A Virginian by birth, his soul has revolted against Slavery.

27th. Sad news from Kansas. It is said the town of Lawrence has been destroyed by the Missouri "border-

ruffians," backed and abetted by the Administration now in power.

28th. Write to Sumner, after reading his speech again; it makes me burn with indignation and shame. A storm; but I must go to town, to hear some of the speakers at the Anti-slavery meeting.

To Charles Sumner.

May 28, 1856.

I have just been reading again your speech. It is the greatest voice, on the greatest subject, that has been uttered since we became a nation. No matter for insults, — we feel them with you; no matter for wounds, — we also bleed in them! You have torn the mask off the faces of traitors; and at last the spirit of the North is aroused.

June 5. A farewell dinner to the Storys and T. They go in the next steamer, and urge our going with them, — which I am prodigiously inclined to do.

To Charles Sumner.

June 20, 1856.

A thousand thanks for your beautiful letter. It refreshed me and consoled me. It is delightful to see what delight Leopardi has given you in your prison. I have not answered it sooner, because for the last ten days I have been myself a prisoner with a lame knee; which I cannot bend to sit at a table, and am forbidden to stand upon. I struck it, getting into a carriage. E. says, "Two great men are now wounded"!!

I wish I knew more of *your* wounds; and that you yourself were at Newport, away from the heat and fret of

Washington. But you do not speak of this, and I will not. All must be going well with you; and when we gain the victory this autumn, you shall be sent Minister to England.

I have just had a narrow escape of going there myself, — not as Minister, but as traveller, with wife and children; and so to France and Italy. Tom. and the Storys, who go in the next steamer, persuaded us to go also. The state-rooms were engaged, — when this rap on the knee impeded all further movements in that direction, and all the mirage of white town and purple hill has vanished quite away. I did not wish to lodge at the Cripple-gate in London.

Besides, — my vote in the autumn! I have great respect for that now, though I never cared about it before!

24th. Still a prisoner. It begins to be tedious!

We have taken Mountford's cottage at Nahant, and go down next week. This, to me, is much easier than going to Europe. I am quite content to remain behind and make the best of it.

And how is it with you? Are you making the best of it? Are you getting well? I read in the papers that you are at Mr. Blair's, "walking in the garden." That is good. I am delighted to hear it, and with your letter about Leopardi. That shows how your mind instinctively reverts to scholarship and the delights of poetry.

Have you read Julia Howe's poem? I mean 'A Woman's Word.' I have not seen it, but hear high praise of it. She was here yesterday, and is all alive with the events of the last six weeks, and full of deepest feeling for you.

You must not think that our not going to Europe is any great disappointment to me. On the contrary, I am in a very quiet and happy mood of mind. Strange as it

may seem to you, when I found myself fairly embarked in this enterprise, the thought of it made me very wretched. I awoke as from a troubled dream; and am glad it was only a dream. The undertaking was too formidable. If I had gone at all, I should have gone very reluctantly.

My love to George. He has been a good nurse, I am sure; for though he has the heart of a man, he has the hand of a woman. May he soon have both the heart and the hand of a woman, — some woman yet unknown.

July 3. *Nahant.* This Mountford cottage boasts one of the finest situations in Nahant. It is on the southern point, and right above the ocean. From this little room in the attic I look over the broad Atlantic, with nothing between me and England; and the rush of rising tides and the ceaseless wash of the sea is heard by day and night.

5th. This sea is a never-ending delight. I sat on the piazza and read the Birds of Aristophanes, in Cary's translation, which I am afraid is not very good. In the evening, fireworks from the hotel, which rises on the cliff, with its glimmering lights like a distant town on a hill. In contrast with these feverish earthly fires, gleamed serenely above, the whole firmament of stars, and the sea moaned and rushed along the shore below us.

To Miss F—— (in England).

NAHANT, near BOSTON, July 8, 1856.

I must tell you how near we came to going to England this summer. I was getting into the carriage to drive to town to take our state-rooms in the America, when I struck my knee a violent blow. . . . The surgeon, looking grave, said I must not think of making a voyage until my knee

was well. And so the steamer sailed without us; and here we are by the seaside, instead of being on the sea.

We have a cottage directly upon the shore. From this window I could throw a stone into the tide which is now rising with a roar. There is nothing between me and England but the Atlantic. We see the steamers go by. And if the world were not round, and Ireland were not in the way, and my eyes were good enough, I could look directly up the Solway Frith, and perhaps see you standing at the door of Scaleby Hall. But neither you nor Old England shall I see this summer. Having failed this time, I shall patiently wait for the ripe occasion and the beckoning hand, and let things accomplish themselves without will or effort of my own, as I am sure they will some day or other. For you are not wrong in supposing that England is to me "a beloved mother country," for which I have a strong affection. I often wonder if any of my kith and kin are still living there. I have never heard of any. And I fear I should have to hunt for my name in village grave-yards only, and not on the hospitable doors of houses.

Enclosed I send you a wild rose from the Falls of Minnehaha. If you have a map of the United States, look for the Falls of St. Anthony on the Upper Mississippi; near them, but not put down on the map, flows the Minnehaha. You will see how far away it is; nearly half round the globe from where you are.

9th. A cold northeast storm. It is fine to look out upon this dismal sea, with the fringe of foam round every rock, and the wet gray sails struggling against the wind, and on the shore the kale and sea-weed, —

> The coral and sea-fan and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

12th. Finished Amyas Leigh. It is an ample and rather grand book, with magnificent passages of description; but too ponderous and melodramatic.

15th. As I was dressing, this morning, I watched a bark beating up the harbor, very near the shore. I saw her go about, and thought of my first sea voyage, when I used to watch this manœuvre with so much interest. Ah, me! thirty years ago, when I sailed for France, so full of youth and hope and enthusiasm! At sunset we drove on the beach to and fro, watching the long emerald waves break into foam, rosy with the light of the red evening sky, that from behind the barricade of withered pines which serves as a breakwater and collects the drifting sands, shot its level arrows into the sea. A lighthouse has been built on Egg Rock; which takes away from its resemblance to a lion couchant.

17th. Write to Curtis to come down to us. Then touched a scene or two in the New England Tragedy. In the afternoon, received a set of Cooper's novels, — a long array of some thirty volumes. Began reading The Two Admirals to E. The style is the old-fashioned family-coach style, — the old historical-novel style, with slow and dull beginning and minute descriptions. But Cooper has strength and determination and self-reliance, and leaves an impression of greatness on the reader's mind. The sultry, lazy sea has been very lovely all day long, — crowded with a phantom fleet, that hardly seemed to move; and the night is lovely with a large moon.

18th. Read The Two Admirals to the boys. The description of the fleet in the fog is fine. In the afternoon, drove to Swampscott with E. and A. A splendid sunset, which A. said looked "just like scenery." She has seen the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at the theatre. I never saw a more beautiful rising of the moon. It came up round and large, through smoke-colored sea-mists, from

which fell on the sea a great circle of light. We watched it late, R. singing German songs. Far away to the north, lightning was playing in the clouds. On the afternoon drive I had seen it on the white crests, like flashes of anger heightening the color in a face.

August 4. A lovely morning, without the glare of the sun. The sea in great commotion, chafing and foaming.

So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and gleaming,
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again.
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its passage,
Though the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand.

5th. The sky is misty and gray, with a kind of half-rain. The sea in great commotion, tumbling and roaring on the beach and among the rocks. Intermingled with the sound of the waves are the shouts and laughter of the bathers. The motion suggests a life-giving power, a healing, — as when the angel moved the stagnant pool of Bethesda. Yesterday I had a visit from Schele de Vere, who has grown older and graver, and from long residence and marriage in Virginia has become quite a Southerner. He speaks of the Sumner outrage as "an unfortunate occurrence," — the phrase of The National Intelligencer.

To Charles Sumner.

NAHANT, August 5, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER, — The sea is roaring and flashing under my window, and far out in the mist is anchored a black ship, reported to have the yellow fever on board! Two or three days ago we were near losing two of our children, — A., while bathing; and C., in a sail-boat, in a sudden squall, driven upon the rocks full in sight here from the house! Yesterday, Felton, sitting on the rocky shore near his house, doubtful about bathing on account of the furious surf, was lifted up by a huge wave and carried

out like a baby; but, being a good swimmer, he got off with some bruises and pretty bad scratches. Such is our Nahant chronicle for the week.

I need not say I was delighted to get your letter. I only wish you were here, instead of being among the mountains. What a wretched piece of business! What infamy to the country! What a wound to Liberty!

I sent you last week the article from the London Morning Star; did you get it?

Well, one good result of all this is, that at length Freedom and Slavery stand face to face in the field as never before.

What are you going to do when you leave the mountains? You must not think of going back to Washington.

P. S. Be of good cheer! The signs of the times are encouraging. "Bate not one jot of heart or hope."

10th. A letter from T. He is in full blast in London, enjoying climate and people to the top of his bent.

12th. Write to T. and to Freiligrath. Received Jolowski's collection of Oriental poems, translated by various hands, — *Der Poetische Orient;* a valuable book. With it and newspapers, put my eyes out in the evening. I must not try to read by candle-light.

18th. Lowell [returned from Europe] came down and passed the day, looking as if he had not been gone a week. It is very pleasant to have him back again. A call from Mr. Flower and wife, of Stratford-on-Avon.

29th. Notwithstanding lumbago, I drove over to dine with Prescott. A pleasant dinner, — as Prescott's dinners always are. Guests, . . . all Frémont men.[1] But when I came away they were enumerating Sumner's defects, —

[1] John C. Frémont was the Free-soil Party's candidate for the Presidency.

or what they imagined to be such, — without saying enough of his noble qualities, and the good service he has done for liberty.

September 21. *Cambridge.* In the afternoon Dr. Kohl, a German traveller, comes with a letter from Sumner. He stays to tea, and talks a great deal about the Indians. He has lived in a wigwam on the banks of Lake Superior.

October 1. I always write with pleasure the name of October. It is the loveliest month of the year, notwithstanding its tinge of melancholy.

3d. Drove with F. to Wellington Hill. Stopped awhile on the summit, and walked out into a field overlooking miles of landscape, quite out to sea. If I were a German prince, and fond of hunting, I would build here a *Jagdschloss*, — a shooting-box.

To Charles Sumner.

October 30, 1856.

At length you are coming. So say the newspapers. It will cheer thousands of hearts to see you. And they need cheering, in these dark and dreary days. How near we are to show ourselves a degenerate race! Heaven avert the gloomy omens!

It grows clearer to me every day that the mode of electing our Presidents will have to be changed. With vast surplus majorities of good men, by this thimble-rigging of State elections the minority of voters may carry the day!

31st. I hear that you are to be here to-morrow. Good for us! — if it be good for you. Can you bear the excitement?

November 2. Sumner arrived just as we were sitting down to breakfast. He looks well in the face; but is feeble, and walks with an uncertain step.

3d. We drove over to Mr. Amos Lawrence's, where was the start for the triumphal entry of Sumner into Boston. Thence we drove through Brookline to the Roxbury line, and there Mr. Quincy received us.

14th. Sumner is getting on very well. He takes a pretty long trot on horseback every forenoon, and a walk in the afternoon, and sleeps well. Still, I fear he has a long and weary road before him.

15th. In the evening Hillard and Felton came in with sad faces, and the dreadful news that the steamer Lyonnais, on board which were Albert Sumner and his family, had been run down at sea ten days ago. Charles left us at once to go to town. It was a great shock to him.

17th. In the afternoon the printer came to say that paper had come for a new edition of my Poems. This makes the fourth edition this year, of a thousand each.

22d. Wrote part of a scene in the New England Tragedy.

24th. R. H. Dana came in last night, and was, as usual, very agreeable. What becomes of time? When some one in Red Jacket's presence complained that he "had no time to do anything," the old Indian replied, "Why, you have all the time there is, have n't you?"

25th. I have lying on my table more than sixty requests for autographs.

December 2. In the evening, wrote the first scene in The Courtship of Miles Standish.

9th. Got at the college library Bishop's New England Judged, — a vindication of the Quakers. Not so good as Besse.

10th. Went to town. For the first time in my life, looked in at the library of the N. E. Historical Society; and took out Norton's Heart of New England Rent, — a justification of the Puritans against the Quakers.

18th. We almost froze in our beds last night; and to-day it is bitter cold. We are reading eagerly Mrs. Browning's new poem, Aurora Leigh. Rather a novel in verse than a poem; but full of glorious poetry, and written in the freest and most dashing style. It is very deep, impassioned, strong, and tender; evidently an autobiography, — not of facts, but of feelings.

24th. Sumner and Huntington dined with us. Sumner still perseveres in the design of going to Washington to show himself in his seat in the Senate. This is rather perilous. He will hardly be able to sit still; and if he speaks it will be too exciting for him.

25th. Not a very merry Christmas. We are in a transition state about Christmas here in New England. The old Puritan feeling prevents it from being a cheerful, hearty holiday; though every year makes it more so.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1857.

January 3. Went to town, and in the evening to Sigismund Thalberg's first concert in the Music Hall. A tremendous snowstorm, and yet the large hall crowded. Thalberg appeared, a gentlemanlike man, who played quietly and without parade or extravagance of any kind. What delicious playing! Even, distinct, melodious to the last degree. I went to his room with Mr. Ulmann the manager, and found him quietly smoking a cigarette with a pair of silver tongs. An affable, pleasant man; a collector of autographs, of which he says he has a large collection. He very much wants one of Washington, which I promise him.

6th. A Twelfth-Night party for H. and her schoolmates. A sleigh full of school-girls. Just as they arrived and the young men from college were knocking at the door, out went the gas-lights. We sent to the gas-works, and all was soon put to rights and in full blaze. The evening passed pleasantly, with dances, and rings in the cake, and king and queen of Twelfth Night.

9th. Sumner at dinner. He is elected to Congress for another term; 333 against 12. There is no mistaking the meaning of such a vote. Yesterday I wrote, sealed, and directed seventy autographs. To-day I added five or six more, and mailed them.

20th. The world is blocked up with snow. No such storm for twenty-five years, say the old wise men. We have a lively notion of the Arctic Seas. I feel sometimes as if the house were a ship frozen in the ice, and that a thaw will come and we shall drift away southward. It is quite wretched and unhomelike. It seems to me that I am somebody else, living somewhere else and doing something else.

22d. Read, in the evening, Dickens's Wreck of the Golden Mary. Too tragic, too tragic. The boys rebelled against it, and called for Cooper's Wyandotte, which was given them instead.

28th. Sumner came out. His assailant Brooks has died suddenly at Washington. I do not think Sumner had any personal feeling against him. He looked upon him as a mere tool of the slaveholders, or, at all events, of the South Carolinians. It was their way of answering arguments.

29th. A bright, beautiful morning,—a kind of promise of spring; the weather which Dante alludes to as deceiving the blackbirds, making them think that winter is over,—

Come fa 'l merlo per poca bonaccia.

In Lombardy the last three days of January are still called *I giorni della merla.*

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

January 29, 1857.

Your two letters announcing your Hiawatha came long ago, but the poem itself only two days since,—too late to thank you by the America. I have been waiting for it impatiently; and its not arriving is my reason for not writing sooner. It is admirable, this translation of yours, as I knew it would be from the samples sent

before. A thousand and a thousand thanks for it, and may Cotta pay you, as the broker paid Guzman de Alfarache, in money *sahumada, y lavada con agua de ángeles.*

A passage was changed in the proofs which I sent to Bogue, and which he promised to hand to you. It is in the description of the sturgeon. This was changed to —

> As above him Hiawatha
> In his birch canoe came sailing,
> With his fishing line of cedar, —

because the sturgeon, I found, was never guilty of the crime of frightening or eating his fellow-fishes. . . .

What you say, in the preface, of the close of the poem is very true. The contact of Saga and History is too sudden. But how could I remedy it unless I made the poem very much longer? I felt the clash and concussion, but could not prevent nor escape it.

And now, my dear Freiligrath, tell me about yourself and your own household.

Write me out all the names and ages of your children over again. I like to keep pace with them from year to year. Here are mine. . . .

Pardon me; as an author, I have written them out like the table of contents to a volume of lyric poems.

The last year was not fruitful in poems to me. Still I hope to make up for it this year, and to have a small volume ready by autumn. Once more let me satisfy my own heart by thanking you for your labor of love on this book. Kindest regards to your wife, and a kiss all round to the children.

February 9. A call to-day from Rev. Mr. Fletcher who has been Secretary of Legation in Brazil. He came to tell me the pleasant things the Emperor of Brazil had said about my writings, and that he had charged him on his return home to see me and express his regard.

11th. Read Oliver's Puritan Commonwealth. He is no friend to the Puritans, that is certain.

18th. At Mrs. Kemble's reading of 'Macbeth,' at the Tremont Temple. Just as she was giving the words of Banquo on first seeing the witches, —

> "What are these,
> So withered and so wild in their attire?"

three belated women came trailing down the aisle to a front seat directly in the range of her eye. The effect was indescribably ludicrous.

19th. We gave a supper to Mrs. Kemble. Our other guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Ward, Lowell, the Motleys, Agassiz and Mrs. A., S. Austin and his sister, — twelve of us in all. The table was full as Macbeth's, though without any ghost.

23d. Saw Sumner, and said good-by. He goes to Washington this afternoon; and sails from New York in the Fulton for Hâvre, on the seventh of March.

27th. If we counted birthdays as the Germans do weddings, this would be my golden birthday. To-day I sail into longitude 50°. Half a century old! In the evening, a meeting of the "Sons of Maine," with ball and supper; Hillard presiding.

28th. Saturday. In town. Dined with Agassiz at his club, which he wishes me to join, and I think I shall.[1]

March 4. The reign of Buchanan and the rest begins to-day. A poor piece of business at best. Before long we shall have a sad state of things.

22d. Read [Charles Wyllis] Elliott's New England History. Done cleverly, with a light hand, but depth of research enough.

23d. Find in these old histories a charming subject for a comedy of life in Boston two hundred years ago.

[1] This is the first mention of the Saturday Club. It met on the last Saturday of each month, at Parker's in School Street.

They quote John Dunton's Life and Errors. He describes the society of Boston at that time. I must get the book.

31st. Allibone wants to get from the publishers the number of copies of my books sold up to date, — the editions in this country only.[1]

April 1. In town again, sitting for my bust. After dinner, went to hear Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' Singers and orchestra weak; the music simple and beautiful, and old-fashioned. But Beethoven's music, like the Latin verbs *odi* and *memini*, though past in form has always a present signification.

2d. Caught cold last night at the opera, from an open door. Some demon always holds a door open at such places.

From Ferdinand Freiligrath.

London, April 2, 1857.

My dear Longfellow, — Many thanks for the friendly reception you gave my translation of Hiawatha. I am happy that you think well of it and that it gave you some pleasure. As regards the *agua de ángeles* mentioned by you, Cotta pours it out rather drippingly.

The passage you pointed out to me I have not found in the proofs sent by Bogue. Never mind. On the Rhine it is generally believed that the sturgeon follows the salmon up the river in order to destroy it. In books of natural history I find that the sturgeon is considered a fish of prey. Even if it should not be so, no great harm is done. Little inaccuracies of this kind must never be wanting in a work of genius. They are the bones for the critical curs to gnaw at.

[1] Voices of the Night, 43,550; Ballads, etc., 40,470; Spanish Student, 38,400; Belfry of Bruges, 38,300; Evangeline, 35,850; Seaside, etc., 30,000; Golden Legend, 17,188; Hiawatha, 50,000; Outre-Mer, 7,500; Hyperion, 14,550; Kavanagh, 10,500.

I have read with much pleasure the Index of your children. How I wished that I could see the book itself, — the sweet, fresh poems, of whom, I am sure, you feel prouder even than of your printed poetry. What a blessing and happiness are children. Here you have the "table of contents," or better still, the *catalogue raisonné* of my living works. . . . Oh, the dear little flock! As to me, I am in good health and tolerable spirits; plodding at the Bank, writing for the Athenæum, doing now and then a little in the way of rhyming; but alas very little! Business and London are too much for the *poet* Freiligrath. . . .

So much for to-day. God bless you and yours, my dear old friend! Shall I see you (and them) this summer?

Ever yours, F. F'TH.

13th. Wrote letters and despatched eight to England. In the evening, heard Mrs. Kemble read 'King John.' On coming home found a note from Fields, who wants to publish 'Santa Filomena' as a prelude to Mrs. Jameson's Sisters of Charity.

14th. Went to town to hear a concert of English cathedral music, with historic remarks interspersed, by A. W. Thayer. The singing of boys always had a great fascination for me.

19th. Read to my boys after chapel. Passed most of the afternoon under the pines in the garden, pacing to and fro, and pondering many things.

21st. A furious, driving snow-storm, and so near the end of April! Where is the "oldest inhabitant"? Write a pretty long letter to Sumner.

To Charles Sumner.

April 21, 1857.

We have to-day a furious northeaster, reminding one of Dante's tempest in the Inferno, —

della piova
Eterna, maledetta, fredda e greve
Grandine grossa, ed acqua tinta e neve,

premonitory of the rain of *acqua tinta*, or ink, which I am preparing to shower upon you.

Your letter reached me on Saturday, and was a great refreshment to my mind. It suggested peace and tranquillity. "Hôtel de la Paix, Rue de la Paix"! and all the cannon of Austerlitz silent in the Place Vendôme! When I woke this morning, I lay thinking of it, and how glad I should be some day to open my eyes in the Hôtel de la Paix, Rue de la Paix!

If you were here, the thing which would most interest you to-day would be Gurowski's book, America and Europe; four hundred pages, without gossip or personalities. I have read as yet only one chapter, that on Slavery. It is very good; strong, direct, and solid,—with a fine page on the possible future of Africa rising like a palm-tree in the midst. . . .

We have not yet decided where to go for the summer. You are for Switzerland, it seems. We will think of you, eating cherries in the lovely valley of Interlaken. But I think you will cross into Italy. Or will England, like a great magnet, draw you back? For my part, I think I should rush to meet the spring on the southern slope of the Alps; and cross and recross the mountain passes, and swallow as much mountain air as possible. . . .

Well, I have written myself blind. The snow-storm still rages, and E. comes blowing through it from school, with cheeks like apples. He sends you his love; but will not write to you, because you have never answered his letter of a year ago. *Amour propre blessé!*

29th. Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new Magazine, to be started in Boston by Phillips and

Sampson.[1] I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any Magazine. Went to Mount Auburn. Alarmed at "improvements" proposed by the superintendent, who is evidently a man devoid of taste and feeling for rural beauty.

May 1. A bright, warm May-day. The children have a May-pole in the garden, and a feast in the summer-house; half-a-dozen little girls, with wreaths on their heads, enjoying themselves demurely. After all, holidays are hard things to manage in New England. People cry for more of them; but when they get them, they don't know what to do with them. It is not in their hearts to be merry. In the midst of it, out came Lieber. He said it made him sad to see the little girls going about the streets [in Boston] with wreaths of artificial flowers in their hair. But at this season we have no others, save in greenhouses. Lieber looks hale and hearty. I wish he could have a place here.

5th. Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new Magazine the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest.

10th. Our holiday; but F. too ill to enjoy it. We ought to be driving among the blossoms in the old lane; but alas, not to-day. We are reading Mrs. Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë, a tragic book of a sad family, all dying one after another in the gloomy old parsonage at Haworth. It is too sad a book for an invalid; but so interesting that one cannot let it go.

[1] This was the Atlantic Monthly, of which Mr. Lowell was the first editor. In its first number Mr. Longfellow printed his 'Santa Filomena,' a poem in honor of Miss Florence Nightingale (*Filomena* being Italian for "nightingale").

17th. Read the *Electra* of Sophocles. How admirably the old Greek managed his theme. This is indeed a grand tragedy.

18th. Read the *Ajax* of Sophocles. Not equal to the *Electra*. It is half the battle to have such heroic figures to bring before an audience which has faith in them.

19th. Read the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles; a tragedy with a happy ending, — the tragic element being diffused through the whole in the sufferings of the hero. Ole Bull, the Norwegian, gives a concert in Cambridge, and after it comes up with Fields to supper.

20th. The storm rages, but moderates at noon. I go down to Felton's, and read him my lines for Agassiz's fiftieth birthday. Dined in town with the new Magazine Club; discussing title, etc., with no result

28th. A rainy day. The fiftieth or golden birthday of Agassiz. We gave him a dinner at Parker's, fourteen of us; at which I presided. I proposed the health of Agassiz, and read a poem.[1] Holmes and Lowell read humorous poems, which were very clever. We sat down at half-past three, and stayed till nine.

30th. A letter from Philarète Chasles, with a number of the *Journal des Débats* (April 20, 1856) containing his notice of Hiawatha.

June 4. Dr. J. G. Kohl, the German traveller, comes to pass some months in Cambridge. It is hard for a European to find exactly what he wants; our ways are so different from the ways of the Old World.

From Edward Everett.

Boston, June 4, 1857.

Dear Mr. Longfellow, — When I was at St. Louis the other day, I went on board a noble first-class steamer

[1] 'The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.'

called the Hiawatha, and heard of another, which I did not see, bearing the name of your heroine, Minnehaha. I thought it might afford you some pleasure to see the accompanying indications of the extent to which you have taken hold of the mind of the West. Please accept them as a slight token of the sincere regard of

Yours very truly,

EDWARD EVERETT.

16th. In the afternoon Fields came out and persuaded me to drive in to see N. P. Willis, at his house in the evening. Willis looks very well; fresh, rosy, and young; the youngest looking man of fifty I ever saw; not a gray hair even in his beard; and as slender and lithe as ever.

17th. At Bunker Hill an inauguration of the statue of Warren. Did not go, — not liking this everlasting talk, talk. I see by the papers that Senator Mason of Virginia was there, pow-wowing about the Union and carrying on the government "according to the Constitution," by which he meant catching run-away slaves. Where was Toombs?

20th. Had an offer of one thousand dollars for ten poems, of any length, from the New York Ledger. Declined. I do not wish to write for any newspaper.

From Charles Sumner.

ATHENÆUM, LONDON, June 26, 1857.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Pardon my long silence. For a while I was too unwell, and then too much occupied with *châteaux* and mountains. At last I am in London, and its great world is opening to me. I note changes. The lapse of nineteen years is very plain in the shrunk forms and feeble steps of some whom I left round and erect. Some seem changed in mood and character. The Mackintoshes have been very kind to me.

Opening the New York Tribune yesterday morning I found your verses on Agassiz, enjoyed them, cut them out, and read them at Stafford House; and to-day I gave them to the Duke of Argyll, who expressed a desire to copy them. All that connection take a great interest in you. So does everybody. . . .

Since my journey in the country through France I have improved constantly, and I feel now that I am *very near* my natural health.

A beautiful person, Lady H——, won me completely by her inquiries about you. Lord Shaftesbury, who is a very superior character, gave me his sympathies not only on Slavery, but on you. If you see Prescott tell him how freshly he is remembered.

July 1. Receive a letter from the Baroness Elize von Hohenhausen, addressed to "the Right Honorable H. W. L., near Boston, on Washington's former County Seat." She has translated The Golden Legend, and sends me a copy of her poem, *Die Marquesas-Insel*, founded on Melville's Typee.

2d. Dine in town at ——'s. The "fatal number thirteen" at table, one guest having failed. The hostess, a little troubled thereat, begs us all to rise with her to avert the omen. After dinner, went with Holmes, doctor and poet, to the Howard Atheneum, and saw a dull play.

7th. *Nahant.* We are at Hood's, under the hill.

13th. A splendid morning; as it always should be this thirteenth of July,— being our wedding-day. Drive to Lynn. Read a charming English novel, John Halifax. Afternoon walk with F. on the cliff.

14th. Read John Halifax and look over proof sheets of poems.

17th. Dine at Prescott's in Lynn, to meet Lord Napier, the British Minister; a quiet, agreeable man, and facetious withal; also young Mr. Russell, nephew of Lord John; also the ——s, and Charles King, President of Columbia College.

18th. Winthrop calls with Lord Napier and Mr. Russell, and we go together to see Agassiz, who shows us a beautiful *Medusa* he has just taken from the sea, a new species not yet described. Then to Mrs. Kemble's. Mr. Russell goes home to dine with us.

To Charles Sumner.

NAHANT, July 23, 1857.

Do you remember the two great willows in the village street, and the old house under their shade where, years ago, Motley wrote the first chapters of his Dutch Republic? In that house are we lodged for the summer, with T. and Mrs. H. G——. And what better can I do this rainy morning than write to tell you so, and thank you for your letter, which cheered our hearts exceedingly with its tidings of your well-being.

Last week I dined with Prescott to meet Lord Napier. He made a charming speech at the Alumni dinner, at Cambridge, the day before. I send you the speech, and think you will like it, as we generally agree in such matters.

It has been raining all night and all day, and the Boston Cadets are encamped on a bleak hill, near Mr. Tudor's cottage; at which the Quaker in you, if he is not dead, will quietly smile.

25th. I began my letter in rain; I end it in sunshine. So may our lives end. I am touched by the words of kindness from unknown friends in England, which you send in your letter. I have been thinking of them this

bright Sunday morning, and wondering if, by any chance, I shall ever see them face to face, or only, as now, reflected in letters dimly.

Mrs. Kemble has just dashed by in her phaeton, going to church. Sanford was here a few days ago, and F—— with his Genevan wife, who almost shed tears on seeing Agassiz. The sound of his voice was like a *Ranz des Vaches* to her ears.

But this is too much in the vein of "Fidelius," of the Evening Transcript.

If you meet Dickens, or Thackeray, or Carlyle, or Forster, remember me to them, if they still retain any memory of me. Try to write me once more before you come back. Only once more; it is such a pleasure to get a letter from you.

I say nothing of politics. There is nothing very cheering except the anti-slavery movement in Missouri, and Mr. Helper's book, from Carolina [The Impending Crisis], also anti-slavery.

24th. Went to bathe. Came home in a shower. Found the Rev. Mr. ——, who wanted to know the laws of the sonnet. Stayed and chatted an hour. Mr. Tudor and Mr. Piper came in. They have a plan of planting Iceland with trees, so as to bring back the cultivation of wheat in the island. P. is an interesting man.

26th. Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, called. It was he who found the watch, etc., of Franklin. A tall, fine-looking man.

31st. My friend the Abbé Rouquette, in Louisiana, sends me Émile Montégut's review of Hiawatha, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* very friendly, and carefully written. Only he thinks the legend of 'Mondamin' taken from Burns's 'John Barleycorn.' This is rather too bad,

after I had stated that my legends were real Indian legends. He seems to imagine that I invented them.

August 7. We give a farewell dinner to Motley at Parker's, in Boston. Holmes reads a poem.

17th. Go in the morning to hear a Quakeress from England, Priscilla Green, speak in the church. She spoke with a sweet voice and very clear enunciation; very deliberately, and breaking now and then into a rhythmic chant, in which the voice seemed floating up and down on wings. I was much interested, and could have listened an hour longer. It was a very great pleasure to me to hear such a musical voice.

18th. Winthrop calls with three Crimean heroes, — Colonel Scarlett, Lord Listowell, and Captain Tower; suggesting the camp and the trenches.

27th. Finished this morning the first rough draft of Wenlock Christison.

September 1. The leaves are already touched with bronze, and the sunny afternoons are sad. In the evening we go up and sit on the bench at the brow of the hill, and see the moon on the water, and the little bay like an axe grinding its edge on the pebbly shore. To-night the sea has a peculiar musical moan, an unbroken roar like a cataract.

6th. Chandler Robbins preaches; a good discourse on the gospel, and with unction, without which a sermon is not a sermon.

From Charles Sumner.

YVERDON, SWITZERLAND,
September 9, 1857.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — I have thought of you constantly on every lake and on every mountain; especially at Interlaken, then at the Grand St. Bernard. In the traveller's book at the Hospice, your 'Excelsior' is inscribed,

in a French translation, which I desired to copy; but fatigue prevented. The dogs are noble brutes, but many of the stories which we read of their sagacity are fabulous. As I entered the Hospice and paced its stone corridors, I felt the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. A monk came to welcome me, and I said that I had come to claim for a night their renowned hospitality. At six o'clock other travellers had arrived, — some twenty, — and we all sat down to dinner, with a decanter of red wine for every two plates. Neal Dow is now in Switzerland, but I saw no traces of him among the monks. At night I closed my windows and hugged my bed-clothes; the night before, at Aosta, I left every window open.

Tell Agassiz that M. de la Rive, at Geneva, and M. Haldiman, at Lausanne, both send their regards to him. They hear with great pleasure of his great success among us. Fay, at Berne, my old friend, is an admirable character, and has won the grateful regard of the Swiss government. He hates Slavery as much as you and I do. How hateful it is! It makes us a nation of barbarians.

To-morrow I hope to be at Heidelberg, and to find letters from you.

12th. A picnic at Ship Rock, under Mrs. Kemble's supervision. A great success. We stayed late, and came down the hill through the wood by torchlight, which was very picturesque.

20th. T., Dr. Kohl, and the Baron von Osten-Sacken, Secretary of the Russian Legation, dined with me.

21st. A beautiful day. Drove with T. to look at sundry spots whereon to build, — castles in Spain they will all be.

October 1. The golden October mocks the money-market, and laughs at commercial distress. It maintains its state and splendor, though banks fail and merchants cease to pay. It scatters its golden currency with full hands, as if nothing had happened.

12th. Read White Lies, by Charles Reade, author of Christie Johnstone; a man who writes as if he were writing a letter or talking, — in the most off-hand manner possible.

14th. The gloom darkens. The New York and Boston banks suspend payments. The old wise men do not remember such days.

19th. Keep in-doors and read Victor Hugo's Contemplations, and the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, — which is too horrible and revolting in its subject.

21st. The *Œdipus Coloneus*, — a fine tragedy, built on a slight foundation. One thinks of 'Lear' and 'Samson Agonistes.'

23d. At the publisher's I meet Charles Mackay, the English poet, and editor of The London Illustrated News. Brought him out to dine with me. He is going to lecture in Boston on 'National Songs.'

29th. Still raining. Such weather gives a kind of cloistered seclusion to one's life, — not disagreeable, if it does not last too long.

31st. Take Mackay to the Club to dine, and place him between myself and Emerson. A quiet session, — the heat of the room taking away all life and animation. It is impossible to boil and talk at the same time.

November 2. A walk with F. in the warm sun. In the evening, Scherb read to me some curious Talmudic legends from Corrodi's *Chiliasmus*, — of the great angel Sandalphon, and the Feast of the Leviathan; at which feast this great fish is to be served up.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

November 3, 1857.

Some *mauvais plaisant* or penniless penny-a-liner must have invented the paragraph about my eyes; they are neither better nor worse than they have been for some years, — since 1843; that is, *herzlich schlecht* for all purposes of work, but otherwise giving me no pain nor trouble. If I let them alone, they let me alone; but when I want them to do me the favor of reading or writing in the evening, they decline. This crowds all my writing into a few morning hours, and plays the very mischief with my correspondence.

I sometimes think that another summer on the Rhine, with a judicious mixture of Water-cure and Grape-cure, would make all right again. But all visions of travel float away and dissolve like a beautiful mirage. The trouble there is in getting my babies to Nahant in summer, with all the go-carts and nurses, warns me of the perils of any long journey, and admonishes me to "let *well* alone." Therefore, though thy parlor fireside looks very tempting, and thou standest with both hands full of cigars, and, like the Skeleton in Armor, —

> Streckst wie ein Supplicant
> Nach mir sie aus dir,

alas, I cannot come! I can only send you friendliest and most affectionate greetings, for the present. Can you tell me anything of A. R. Nials? He has sent me a translation of my Lyrics, very cleverly done, I think.

4th. Crawford is dead![1] We were looking sadly at his Excelsior, thinking of him and saying that it was typical

[1] Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, — maker of the Orpheus in the

of his own career. A few days ago his little sketch in clay, of a huntress, which he gave me when he was last here, was thrown down and broken. It was just when he was dying so far away, in London.

5th. Go to see Howe. George Sumner comes in. We consult, and all think Charles should not return. I write to Sumner to say so.

To Charles Sumner.

November 5, 1857.

I am afraid I have been very negligent in writing. Thinking of you always as riding on the topmost wave of life in England, I have forgotten that there might also be lonely hours, which a letter might enliven.

Your letter from Inverary Castle has just arrived, and quite overwhelmed me with its purple tints and its glimpses of faces that I might see, but alas! shall not. Only what you say of yourself saddens me. You must not come home; certainly not yet, — not yet! I put before all other things whatsoever your complete restoration. It will not do to go limping through the remainder of your life with a tangled brain. Therefore, come what may, you must not return to your work till you are perfectly well. Follow the counsels of the "old wise men"!

A new Magazine, called The Atlantic Monthly, has just been established by Phillips & Sampson. Here is my contribution to No. I. For the legend, see Mrs. Jameson's Legendary Art (ii. 298). The modern application you will not miss. In Italian, one may say *Filomela* or *Filomena*.

Friendliest greetings from F., and from T., who has bought a house in Cambridge.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A sketch in plaster, from his hand, of Excelsior, and another of Sappho, are in Craigie House.

8th. T. passes the rainy Sunday with us. We hear Dr. Bushnell in the chapel. He stands on the outpost of the Orthodox army, as Mr. Huntington does on the outpost of the Unitarian; and so they fraternize.

9th. Very hot. George Sumner comes to dinner; and T., excited by the heat, is particularly vehement in conversation, knocking us down right and left.

10th. Miss Bird, the English authoress of Travels, calls, with Miss M., in the rain.

12th. Went to town to hear ——'s lecture. A very sensible, solid production, — like a staid article in The North American Review. I noticed that his definition of the "great poets" was one which would include himself.

13th. Look over Garcia de Resenda's old Portuguese *Cancionero Geral*, which begins with a long poem, — *O Cuydar y Sospirar:* —

> "You, Signor Nuna Pereyra,
> For whom are you moping and crying?
> For whom are you sobbing and sighing,
> Signor George of Silveyra?"

This single poem fills more than a hundred octavo pages! Tinkle, tinkle, little poet! Dr. Kohl comes to tea, and reads a synopsis of his work on the Coasts of the United States.

19th. Heard Mrs. Kemble read 'The Merchant of Venice' for a charity, in the Music Hall. Then we went to E——'s, where we supped. I left in the midst, hearing that Sumner had arrived, and ran over to see him at eleven o'clock. A light was burning in his bedroom window, and I soon brought him down in his dressing-gown. Delighted to find him so well; though the doctors warn him not to work.

20th. Sumner came out to dine, and regaled us with various descriptions and anecdotes of life in England, and

the incredible comfort and luxury of its appointments. Felton also dined with us. In the evening, I went into town to hear Mrs. Hatch, the "trance medium," — a pretty woman, with long sunny locks and a musical voice. The theory is that it is not she who speaks, but that spirits speak through her. Adroit spirits they were; and answered, or parried, very cleverly the puzzling questions put by sundry people. I was not much edified, but thought her very superior to her audience. In the midst, from a neighboring hall where Mr. Banks was lecturing, I heard the thunder of applause which announced Sumner's entrance; for he had been carried off to the lecture-room.

24th. On coming home to dinner, find Sumner; full of good talk on France and the old *châteaux* of the Touraine. Very interesting.

26th. Thanksgiving day in town, at 39.[1] Fourteen at table, — a pretty show of descendants.

27th. Dined with T. at his "Parsonage,"[2] to meet Mrs. ——. She was rather savage on America, as usual. The very word seems to rouse all her antagonism, and makes her say uncivil, though often very true, things to our disadvantage.

29th. Drove to town to hear ——, at Mr. Gannett's church. Before the services I seemed to see Channing's pale face rise in the pulpit, and thought of the text, "Though one should rise from the dead." I think —— has found his true vocation, for he preaches with heart and unction.

December 2. Soft as spring. I begin a new poem, 'Priscilla;' to be a kind of Puritan pastoral; the subject, the courtship of Miles Standish. This, I think, will be a

[1] 39 Beacon Street was Mr. N. Appleton's residence.

[2] Thomas Appleton had taken a house in Cambridge previously occupied by a clergyman.

better treatment of the subject than the dramatic one I wrote some time ago. Sundry people call: Mr. A., and with him Sir Charles Fox, who built the Crystal Palace in London, after Paxton's plans, and was knighted therefor, and his son. Then came a young English clergyman, — introduced by Mrs. Stowe, — who was for a while chaplain of a regiment before Sebastopol.

3d. My poem is in hexameters, an idyl of the Old Colony times. What it will turn out I do not know; but it gives me pleasure to write it; and that I count for something.

4th. Met Whittier at the publisher's. He grows milder and mellower, as does his poetry.

11th. Nothing can be more splendid than these winter mornings before the sun is up. From my window I saw to-day the great oriflamme of dawn, blown by the morning wind, and in its field of gold a silver crescent and a silver star.

17th. F. reads us a chapter from Thackeray's new novel, The Virginians; full of life.

21st. Greater splendor than ever; a perfect day, the air cool and delicious. Dined with the Atlantic Monthly people; a very sumptuous game dinner at Porter's in North Cambridge; Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Quincy, Parkman, E. H., and the publishers.

28th. Drove to Watertown. Walked back, and stopped at Mt. Auburn, where great abominations are going on in the way of cutting down trees. All the hill of pines near the gates is cleared away!

29th. Work a little at 'Priscilla.' Toward evening, walk in a gently falling snow, under the shaded lamp of the moon.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1858.

January 1. A letter from Miss Nightingale, thanking me for 'Santa Filomena,' and sending a photograph of her sister Florence, from a drawing of her own. Also, two others: one, of the "lady with a lamp," in the hospital at Scutari; the other, a symbolic lily. In town see Sumner and bring him out to dinner. A brilliant moon rises, and I walk on the eastern piazza and meditate on many things. And so ends the first day.

5th. Dined at Howe's in South Boston. The omnibus rattling and reeling to and fro; an old lady in black with silver-bowed spectacles; in getting out the horses start; she staggers back, then pitches forward, and exclaims, "Oh! I feel as if I had taken my bitters!"

8th. Go to see the collection of engravings given by Mr. Frank Gray to the college, and have a very delightful morning in the snug alcove.

9th. Evening at home, reading Montaigne. How like Emerson! — and how much Emerson owes to him! But the New Englander is more poetical than the Gascon.

12th. A day of almost incredible beauty, sunny and warm and sweet. The birds are singing; but I cannot even do that, so beautiful is the day. The evening filled with calls from young collegians and others.

13th. F., T., and I go to see the engravings. There we find Sumner with Thies,[1] and there we pass the morning in the little alcove of Art.

15th. Again at the Library, with the same band of lovers of art, looking over the Titians and Murillos, with a sprinkling of others of the Venetian and Spanish schools. In the evening with F. and T. at the play, to see Miss Heron in Julia Howe's tragedy of 'The World's Own.'

18th. Finished the poem, 'Sandalphon,'— a strange legend from the Talmud, of the Angel of Prayer. Supped at the Revere with the Harvard Musical Association. An extremely agreeable affair, with songs and speeches. Both Holmes and Lowell read poems: the first, serious; the second, humorous; and both good. I contributed nothing.

21st. Like yesterday in splendor; and we again passed the morning with the engravings, and again brought Sumner and Thies home to dinner; which they left midway to go back to the portfolios. Sumner is insatiable. He will be the death of Thies, who is ill. For my part I cannot take in so much at once. It fatigues my brain and body.

24th. In the evening went to town to hear Haydn's Oratorio, 'The Creation,' with Herr Formes the *basso profondo;* and a grand singer he is. He looks wonderfully like Pierre Soulé, and sings superbly.

25th. Rachel is dead! and General Havelock is dead!

26th. Sumner comes to dinner. He was last night at our neighbor C.'s, looking over his engravings, and this morning at Thies's house, engaged on his private collection. Verily he goes thoroughly through the work.

29th. Began again on 'Priscilla,' and wrote several pages, finishing the second canto.

February 1. Cannon and bells at sunrise, announcing that henceforth the Cambridge toll-bridge is free. At

[1] Louis Thies, the curator of the Gray Collection.

noon, more bells, and a procession of forty or fifty railroad cars with banners and music, and a speech on the bridge, and surrender thereof to the City of Cambridge.

3d. Only —— at dinner. A quiet day, with no fierce discussions, such as sometimes arise among many guests of many minds.

18th. In the afternoon, Mr. George P. Marsh calls. He is a learned Scandinavian scholar; has been Minister in Constantinople; a man of marked ability and full of information.

17th. Have worked pretty steadily for the last week on 'Priscilla.' To-day finish canto four.

March 1. Keep in-doors, and work on 'Priscilla,' which I think I shall call 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' But not feeling much in the mood, took to reading Homer; the death of Hector, and Priam's visit to Achilles in his tent.

3d. Rowse began yesterday to draw my head in crayons. His own idea, so I let him work away. He is a very clever artist; a Maine man, born in Bath, brought up in Augusta.

7th. Ill with a cold. Read Wuthering Heights, a fierce and wonderful novel, by Emily Brontë. It has astonishing vigor of thought and style. Written by one so young, it is a miracle.

16th. Rowse resumes portrait. But I find time, notwithstanding, to write a whole canto of Miles Standish, namely, canto eight.

To Charles Sumner.

March 16, 1858.

Sometimes in the narrow lanes of the newspapers appear such romantic signs as the above [a matrimonial advertisement clipped from a paper]. Knowing that in

the papers you read only the double-shotted heavy-leaded leaders, I think it my duty to send you now and then brief notices of the imaginative and ideal world, to call your attention to the romantic element in common life. Here again is something rare and curious [another newspaper cutting], —

> Eight days before the death of Rachel, a foreigner of distinction called upon her. A pleasant conversation ensued. On rising, he begged for her autograph. She acceded, and wrote, "In eight days I shall begin to be devoured by verse and biography. RACHEL." "Take it," she said, "it may be the last words I shall ever write."

For *verse* read *worms* (*vers*) *!*

In the next number of the Atlantic look for a poem of mine, entitled 'Sandalphon.'

I have letters from Germany. A translation of The Golden Legend is to appear there, by the Baroness Hohenhausen. She was a great beauty in Chateaubriand's time, and is mentioned with admiration in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*

Here is a puff for Emerson from somebody's bellows [another printed scrap]: —

> Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on 'Works and Days,' said many things worthy to be repeated; among others, the following: "The days are God's best gifts, but like many other gifts they pass by unappreciated and unheeded. And yet we complain that we have no time! An Indian chief once said a wise thing to a white man, who said he had no time. 'Well,' replied Red Jacket, 'I suppose you have all the time there is!'"

I furnished that joke to the philosopher, at a dinner-party.

I have just received the Sumner Gazette. An article in it on the "Sumner flouring-mill," whose manager "is now prepared to grind and bolt," is rather amusing, considering the double meaning of those words.

Pardon me for sending you so much froth!

18th. Look over a curious volume of old English vocabularies, sent me by the editor, Mr. Wright. I like to read dictionaries. Some words have a perfume about them like flowers. Others are quaint and pleasing to the eye, like the fantastic gables of an old house.

22d. The poem [Miles Standish] is finished, and now only needs revision, which I begin to-day. But in the main, I have it as I want it.

26th. Write letters, which always wearies me. And I have to take the best bright morning hours for it, on account of the light. Then read A. Dumas's *Impressions de Voyage*, — very lively and peculiar, with very good description of a bull-fight.

April 1. April-Fool's day, and the children alert with fun; the little girls trying to make papa one, and getting caught in the process.

23d. Printing Miles Standish, and seeing all its defects as it stands before me in type. It is always disagreeable when the glow of composition is over to criticise what one has been in love with. We think it is Rachel, but wake to find it Leah.

May 4. A perfectly delicious day, the warm sunshine delicately iced by an east wind. I cannot remember what I did in the morning; but I believe it was nothing at all, —or as near that as our imperfect nature will admit. In the afternoon, a game of cricket with T. and the boys. In the evening, Monti and music.

5th. Went to East Boston to see Felton off in the English steamer [on his way to Athens].

6th. A serious question arises. Is it worth while to try to live twice at the same time, by recording one's daily life?

10th. A delicious morning like that of 1843. Fifteen years ago! The air laden with the perfume of cherry blossoms, and full of sunshine and songs of birds, as it ought to be.

11th. Write to Sumner. He cannot get well while he lingers in Washington.

13th. Kensett, the artist, arrives to make T. a visit. An excellent man, and excellent artist.

22d. A letter from Mr. M., at Dresden. He has been passing the winter at Copenhagen, and tells me about Professor Stevens of the University there, who did me the honor to devote the whole college year, two lectures a week, to my writings in prose and verse.

24th. Farewell note from Sumner. He sailed from New York for Hâvre on Saturday; the anniversary of the assault upon him in the Senate-chamber by Brooks.

27th. Get all the plate-proofs of Miles Standish, and look it over with a keen eye to its defects. It is not pleasant to go over a work in this way.

29th. In town. Dine with the Club. Felt vexed at seeing plover on the table at this season, and proclaimed aloud my disgust at seeing the game-laws thus violated. If anybody wants to break a law, let him break the Fugitive-slave Law. That is all it is fit for.

To Charles Sumner (in Europe).

June 3, 1858.

I am thinking of you this bright summer morning. It is here half-past ten o'clock. With you [on the steamer] it must be dinner-time. I hope you are enjoying that cheerful meal; though it makes my head reel to think of it, with the pent-up atmosphere and the sun glinting in at the windows. Let us waive the subject, if you please. When this reaches you, you will have tasted the delectable viands of Paris. I hope you are already better; better for escaping the inevitable fret of political life. You must not read American newspapers. They are bad now for people in robust health, and much worse for invalids

You will be shocked to hear Seward and Wilson and Hale uttering a louder war-cry against England than any of the Slavery men.

And now of more private matters. I have just finished a poem of some length,—an idyl of the Old Colony times; a bunch of Mayflowers from the Plymouth woods.

June 23. Is it not a shame? a yawning gap of twenty days! Well, so goes my life. It seems to consist chiefly of gaps. It is all interruption, and no longer a peaceful flow. We got your letters from Cowes, and are cheered by them. Get well: that is the one important thing.

Among the small matters which may amuse you is this; I have bought a billiard table and set it up in my study, preparatory to building a pavilion in the garden for it and its uses. I hope we shall play many a game there, you and I. You must be practising in your travels, or I shall beat you.

28th. Another break. I wish I could get a distinct view of you. The last account is not very agreeable,—namely, that the French surgeons are torturing you, by applying white-hot irons to your spine. I hope it is not so. Try rather cold water. I cannot too strenuously urge the trial of this natural, tranquil remedy. Do not disdain it.

I have had a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society here at the Headquarters. Among other things, George Livermore exhibited a volume of Anti-slavery tracts, once owned by Washington, strongly bound, and having his signature on each.

June 8. June is now in its full freshness and pomp; the hot day, the cool breezy night, with the double darkness of heavy foliage, and the odor of the lilac hedges.

13th. Mr. Huntington preached a noble sermon on strength of character; text, "The mountains shall give peace."

17th. Meeting of the Historical Society here in the afternoon; with much historical chatter and anecdote; letters read, and books exhibited. Then supper. All very pleasant and satisfactory.

19th. Receive from Captain Leitch of the steamship Europa, an English turbot in a basket of ice, —

> Honneur à toi, grand homme!
> La voile triomphante a rapporté dans Rome
> Des cigognes et des turbots.

So sings Louis Bouilhet, of Sempronius.

23d. Captain Leitch and George Sumner at dinner. Had, this time, an American turbot from Cape Cod. I thought it quite as good as the English; the Captain did not.

28th. I try to keep pace with time, but cannot. Such a series of interruptions! Contrive to-day to finish a letter to Sumner, who is in Paris undergoing torture from the French surgeons, with their "irons at white heat." In my opinion cold water were better for him.

From Charles Sumner.

PARIS, June 27, 1858.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Little did I think when I last wrote you that *fire* would be my destiny. It has been applied six times. . . . The torment is great. My special thought in my restless solitude is the brutality of Slavery. All my plans are gone. I struggle for health, and do everything simply for that end. The doctor is clear that without this cruel treatment I should have been a permanent invalid. Surely, life is held sometimes on hard conditions.

I have enjoyed the pictures and engravings here in the intervals when I could crawl to the Louvre and the Bibliothèque. The Gray Collection is small by the side of the million and a half here, but it is beautiful. The pleasure I have in some engravings is very great; almost enough to make me forget my bent form, my painful, stiff, and smarting flesh.

Madame Mohl inquires with energy after T., who, I suppose, is with you. I miss the mild pleasure I was always sure of when I went round to dine with him.

July 6. We get away for Nahant and reach our cottage on the South Shore. We have our boats right under our windows; the house is pleasant, and I hope for a hot and happy summer. In the evening Lord and Lady Napier called. Very agreeable people; she especially pleasant. They are at the hotel for the summer.

To Charles Sumner.

NAHANT, July 10, 1858.

Here we are at the sea-side again, — in Wetmore's cottage, looking southwest toward Boston, dimly seen across a sandy strip of mainland.

We arrived on the same day as your letter of June 10, with its date like the burden of a ballad. But this time it is not "peace," but a hot iron! When I read in the Wandering Jew the description of the *moxa* and its application to the back of the old Jesuit, I little thought it would ever come so near me as now. I wish you were at the baths of Marienberg. It is Nature's method. . . .

I wrote you about my new poem, Miles Standish; founded on the well-known adventure of my maternal

ancestor, John Alden. The heroine's name is Priscilla; and so you have the chief characters and the chief incident before you, — taking it for granted that you remember the traditional anecdote [of Priscilla's reply]. I am now going upon something more important.

13th. The mist hangs in the sky, and the boats float in the calm water, with their reflections like a mirage. There is a low gurgle and rattle of the rising tide along the rocks. The sun illumines, without penetrating, the fog. I sit with the boys at the open chamber window; they are wearily plodding away at some Latin translation of Roman history, longing to be out of doors. The voices of F. and the children come up from the veranda below. The shadow of the mast of the Wyvern, C.'s boat, makes a long corkscrew in the water; she swerves with the tide, and now there are two corkscrews, that will soon uncork the school-room and let these effervescing spirits free. This is our wedding-day, — the fifteenth anniversary. I celebrate it by a sail.

15th. After a rainy night, the vapors begin to grow thinner, and a gurgle is heard on the beach. It is the rising tide.

> I vapori umidi e spessi
> A dirardar cominciansi, la spera
> Del sol debilmente entra per essi.

So sings Dante; and the dead low tide, the slimy shore, and rocks covered with sea-weed, like huge, dishevelled heads, suggest the *morta gora* of the eighth canto of the *Inferno*, and Filippo Argenti *pien di fango* rising out of the water.

18th. Drive to Cambridge in the afternoon to hear S.'s sermon to the Theological class. The sermon fervent and

impressive, but very latitudinarian in doctrine. One man, I hear, gnashed his teeth and went out. Drove back to Nahant by moonlight.

From Charles Sumner.

PARIS, July 19, 1858.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — Your letter written at different dates came to cheer me last week. I am happy in the new poem, and wish I could read it here in my painful solitude. My chief solace, latterly, has been in seeing Mrs. Jameson, whose conversation is clear, instructive, and most friendly; and in the Brownings. All of these have been full of kindness for me, and I like them all very much. It is refreshing to be with persons whose knowledge and sympathies are so gratifying. It was pleasant to hear the B——s talk of Tennyson and praise him so cordially. They have left Paris for *bains de mer* near Hâvre. . . .

Fergusson's elaborate work on Architecture has been to me as good as medicine. It is a most interesting book, written with ample knowledge, and with an idea of the relations between the architecture and the political and social histories of the different nations. Of course I cannot be idle. I must be occupied with something; and besides literature my last hobbies are Engravings and Architecture. I have studied all the cathedrals and churches of France.

My sufferings have been very great; nothing but my great strength of constitution and my intense desire to get well has sustained me.

25th. Well, one must be on the alert or the days will escape him here by the sea. Thus far I have only

read novels; amusing, but not edifying. Nor was the sermon to-day. But the sea was; heaving in at sunset with stupendous billows on the eastern shore. Agassiz in the evening.

30th. R. dines with us. A rainy afternoon. We discuss "Woman's Rights," sitting on the veranda toward the sea.

31st. Went to town to dine with the Club. The only stranger present was Judge ——, of Florida. I discussed Slavery with him. He said, "Slavery always has existed. Scripture does not forbid it. The text 'Do unto others,' etc., means do to the slave what you would have him do to you if you were his slave." To which I answered, "If you were a slave, the thing you would wish most of all would be your freedom. So your Scripture argument for Slavery is knocked into a cocked hat." He blushed, then laughed and said, "Well, it is so; I give it up," very frankly. Came down in the evening boat with Agassiz. On board was a funny little Frenchman, *bourgeois, naif,* and very communicative, who seemed to have stepped out of the pages of Molière.

August 5. At the hotel. Standing in the office I hear the click! click! of the telegraph, and presently the clerk says, "The Atlantic Telegraph is laid!" Soon it buzzes through the corridors, and the whole house is alive with the news.

6th. Go to town with the boys. Flags flying and bells ringing to celebrate the laying of the telegraph. Return in the early boat, with a regiment of soldiers. Also the Rev. ——, an Oxford divine, in a priestly dress, who has been in Cambridge, and is quite bewildered with the idea of a liberal college. A true Oxonian, he cannot conceive of any religion out of the pale of the English Church; so at least I judge from his conversation. I hope I misunderstood him.

8th. John Ware preaches a good, earnest sermon upon life and its uses. But the Church-of-England people do not think it very good, — "it would do for a lecture," and the rest of the phrases.

12th. A rainy day, with mist on the sea, through which the steamer blows its horn like a Triton's conch. The sea looks lifeless and heavy as lead; and the unused boats lie idle at their moorings. The rising tide begins to murmur along the rocks in long surges, sighing heavily. I sit, as wearily sighing, and answering letters. Why will people write so? — strangers mostly, making strange requests. Here, now, is a letter which I shall *not* answer; the writer, entirely unknown, says, —

"Now I want you to write me a few lines for a young lady's album, to be written as an Acrostic to read *My Dearest One*. If you will please imagine yourself a young man loving a beautiful young lady, who has promised to be his wife, and then write as you would for yourself, you will much oblige one who has been an ardent admirer of your poems."

Then at the bottom of the page, "Send bill." Write a long letter to Sumner.

To Charles Sumner.

NAHANT, August 12, 1858.

I console myself with the thought that already you are comforted with the Baths of Aix. Will it not also comfort you to know that the greatest sympathy is felt for you here by all kinds of people? Lady Napier spoke of you with great interest and feeling the other night, and said with great emphasis, "Of course I am on his side." And yesterday, at a dinner given to the Historical Society by Mr. Tudor at his cottage, the editor of the [Democratic] Boston Post, who sat next to me, showed a great deal of emotion in speaking of you, and said many

things pleasant for me to hear. He said with emphasis that he "hated Slavery," and I replied, "I wish you would come out against it in your paper." . . .

Agassiz, Lowell, Emerson, and some others have gone to the Adirondack country, to camp out and do many wonders. Agassiz is to weigh the brains of trout which the others are to catch. —— has bought himself a double-barrelled shotgun for the occasion; on hearing which, I respectfully declined joining the party! They have been out ten days, and so far we have not heard of anybody's being shot.

You have already rejoiced at the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, the great news of the hour, the year, the century. The papers call Field, "Cyrus the Great;" and the poets begin to twitter and chirp, celebrating the event in the feeblest little songs you ever heard.

Miles Standish will not be out till next month. I get in England one hundred and fifty pounds for the advance sheets; a good round sum for a small book. I hope you will like it.

You remember this cottage of Wetmore's, on the southern side of Nahant. Boston is right in front of my window, dimly seen in the distance through the mist.

13th. Read in Homer's Odyssey. Ulysses is the earliest teller of ghost stories on record. His description of Achilles "stalking away with great strides across the meadows of asphodel" is very grand. So is that of Ajax, who turns away into the gloom without speaking.

17th. Again a misty morning; and again the sun-burst through it, with mellow sounds across the waveless, windless water. The morning, as usual, worm-eaten with the writing of letters. I am now going to try a scene in Wenlock Christison.

I write, accordingly, scene second of act first. Just as I finish, the bells ring noon. There is a distant booming of cannon. F. comes in and says, "The Queen's message has arrived by the Atlantic Cable."

18th. We shall look eagerly in the papers every morning for European news. Then it will become an old story.

September 9. *Portland.* Rose early and walked before breakfast through the streets of the beautiful town, as far as Bramhall's hill, looking down upon Deering's Woods. After dinner, returned to Cambridge. Portland is

> The land of the Dacotahs,
> The land of handsome women.

A bevy of young damsels were at the station to bid farewell to a young bride. How pretty they were! so fresh, and healthy. After the train had started, the wildest of them ran along the platform and kissed the bride through the open window, saying, "I will have the last kiss."

October 7. *Cambridge.* Fields comes out to make a new proposition about Miles Standish. They have printed ten thousand copies, and want to print ten thousand more without delay.

12th. Went to the Police Court to get off some poor German women, accused of stealing apples. Got the case re-opened, as they had already paid the fine. But I think it will be remitted, as the apple-tree was not in an enclosure.

14th. After breakfast, the poor Germans again, about the apple case. Later, another German, a converted Jew, rejected by his own people and not very kindly treated by the Christians. Poor fellow! Get the fine of the women remitted, whereat they are full of gratitude.

16th. The Courtship of Miles Standish published. At noon Ticknor told me he had sold five thousand in

Boston, besides the orders from a distance. He had printed ten thousand, and has another ten thousand in press. Met George Vandenhoff, who reads the poem in public to-night.

23d. Between these two Saturdays Miles Standish has marched steadily on. Another five thousand are in press; in all, an army of twenty-five thousand, — in one week. Fields tells me that in London ten thousand were sold the first day. Dined with the "Atlantic Club."

November 3. There was music parading the streets last night, — some party triumphant in the election. It turns out to be ours,[1] at which I greatly rejoice; as it proves that we have lost nothing, but have beaten the combined forces of the Democrats and discontented Whigs.

4th. Rainy day. Get Carlyle's History of Frederick, and begin reading. Graphic introductory chapters; then a dull morass of *Kurfürsten* and the like, with great shadows stalking through the mist. Finally, half through the first volume, the history begins and is very interesting.

6th. I give a dinner to Ticknor and Fields, the publishers, in honor of the success of Miles Standish; the other guests, T., Starr King, and Whipple.

13th. Read Carlyle's Frederick, — a powerful book, with great grasp and insight; poetic, graphic, keen.

16th. Carlyle's Frederick. Fantastic, if you will; but full of power and insight.

18th. A call from Bayard Taylor, just returned from his European tour; grown stouter, and looking as large as Sumner.

28th. Ehninger has sent me a beautiful illustration of Miles Standish. It is the bridal procession going through the Plymouth woods; and is full of feeling.

December 13. I have been at work on Wenlock Christison, moulding and shaping it. A winter's day, such as

[1] The Free-soil Party.

I like. Not cold, the air still and vapory, the bare trees standing motionless against the dull sky. Walk to Fresh Pond. In the evening, Fields, and Bayard Taylor, who has been lecturing at the Port, came to a *petit souper*.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

December 14, 1858.

Bayard Taylor was here at supper last night; said he saw you in London, looking well and handsome, — therein confirming the report of the *Weser Zeitung*. All this was pleasant for me to hear, and gave a grace to our roasted chestnuts and Chablis.

Has C—— made his appearance at your door? And have you smoked the Kinnekanik in the redstone pipe? — so rude and simple, and with its small capacity of holding tobacco, — suggestive of the self-denial of the Indian. Only a thimbleful! I suppose filling it often helped the savage to pass the time pleasantly; as making his *cigarillos* helps the Spaniard to "kill the enemy." You were disappointed, of course. You expected a pipe-stem flaunting with feathers and red beads and the like. So did I. But it came in this simple guise, and so I sent it. Ka-ge-ga-gah'-bowh is still extant. But I fear he is developing the Pau-puk-keewis element rather strong!

Find time to write me a good long letter all about yourself, — the life you lead, the books you read.

Did you ever hear of the Baroness of Hohenhausen, at Frankfort on the Oder? and do you know anything of her translation of The Golden Legend?

21st. If I go out I take cold; but then I must go out, — walk to Fresh Pond, or else up and down the piazza, like a prisoner on the wall of his prison. To-day, rain;

the meadows are a lake, and the haycocks like clumsy ships afloat.

22d. "Forefathers' Day;" the day when John Alden stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock. Evening at the opera; the first time I ever saw the *Nozze di Figaro.* Herr Formes and the Piccolomini; very good, and the music charming, — particularly the delicious aria, *Deh! vieni.*

28th. I have been reading both in Prescott's Philip the Second and Palfrey's New England. What a contrast in the two subjects!

30th. I like these brumal days. They are full of souvenirs of Europe; particularly of Germany, where I twice travelled in winter.

31st. Children's party. E. disguised as the Old Year, in great beard and boots; little A. as the New Year, with a wreath on her head. Then, acting of charades and tableaux, with great fun. There is a strange, mysterious feeling at midnight of the old year. It is as if some one were dying in the darkness.

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1859.

January 2. Heard at chapel to-day of the death of Dr. Nichols.[1] He died at half-past eight this morning. What a Sunday morning to him! Passing away in the silent sunshine of the day of rest, — the church-bells for his passing-bell!

5th. Funeral service for Dr. Nichols, at his house. The bright morning after the storm. The house wore its usual aspect, with the sun shining in at the windows. I thought of Uhland's poem, of the spirit of the country pastor coming back — not by night, but in the sunshine — to walk with the reapers in the field.

8th. In the evening, go to hear Hiawatha [set to music by Herr Stoepel]. The music is beautiful and striking; particularly the wilder parts, — the War Song and the Dance of Pau-puk-keewis. It was given in the Boston Theatre, and was interspersed with explanatory readings from the poem, by Mrs. Stoepel [Matilda Heron, the tragic actress].

9th. At chapel, Mr. Huntington makes fit allusion to the death of Dr. Nichols. But, after all, no one here has any idea of how great a mind is gone.

[1] The often-mentioned pastor of his youth, who had removed from Portland to Cambridge.

11th. Bitter cold; six degrees below zero. What a foe to civilization such cold weather is! Who wants to shave, or dress, or be elegant, in such weather? One feels like a Laplander. After dinner we tried to warm ourselves with a game of billiards. In the evening, by the blazing fire, reading Dumas's Guardsmen, — a tale of the time of Henry III. and the League.

12th. Warmer. A vapor fills the air. There is not a breath of wind, and all the trees — every branch and minutest twig — covered with soft, feathery snow. A beautiful winter's day. Mr. —— called to get me to write words for a grand National Song, to be performed next Fourth of July throughout the United States. He informed me that it was he who introduced the firing of cannon in Washington's March last year. I declined his proposition.

19th. Breakfast with Dana, to meet young Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Seymour and Lord Radstock.

25th. Reporter calls for copy of the speech I am expected to make at the Burns dinner this evening, the centennial birthday. Alas, I am not even going to the dinner, being crippled with lumbago.

26th. Papers full of last night's celebration. A charming little speech by Emerson, and poems by Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier.

27th. A lovely day. I feel like a boy with a guinea. I want to spend it, and to keep it, both. Keep it I cannot. In what way shall I spend it?

29th. The first thing that catches my eye in the morning paper is the death of Prescott. Mournful news! He was well at twelve o'clock; at two, he was dead. So departs out of our circle one of the most kindly and genial men; a man without an enemy; beloved by all and mourned by all.

31st. Prescott's funeral at the Chauncey-Place Church, at three in the afternoon. It was very impressive and touched me very much. I remember the last time I spoke with Prescott. It was only a few days ago. I met him in Washington Street, just at the foot of Winter Street. He was merry, and laughing as usual. At the close of the conversation he said, "I am going to shave off my whiskers; they are growing gray." "Gray hair is becoming," I said. "Becoming," said he; "what do we care about becoming, who must so soon *be going?*" "Then why take the trouble to shave them off?" "That's true," he replied with a pleasant laugh, and crossed over to Summer Street. So my last remembrance of him is a sunny smile at the corner of the street!

February 3d. Another cold. Keep in doors; feel wretchedly, and try to read and write. In fact do write, or finish writing, a poem on Italy, 'Enceladus.'

15th. Cold *crescendo.* Read Lessing's *Emilia Galotti;* very tragic, but dramatically of great power. A kind of modern Virginia. The subject is not pleasant.

22d. Washington's birthday. Also Lowell's, whose friends give him a dinner. Holmes read a poem, and so did Emerson, and so did Lowell; and there was a good deal of speech-making.

25th. The thought struck me this morning, that a very good poem might be written on the Saga of King Olaf, who converted the North to Christianity. Read the old Saga in the *Heimskringla,* Laing's translation.[1] It is very curious. 'The Challenge of Thor' will serve as a prelude.

28th. The end of the little month, shorter than his brothers, as if he had no heels to his boots. Farewell, little fellow!

[1] The Sea Kings of Norway. This "thought" was afterward carried out in the Tales of the Wayside Inn, 1863.

March 9. In town again for my portrait. I see it will consume a great deal of time. Well, it is not for my pleasure, but to gratify a young artist who wants my head as a sign.

13th. F. drives into town to hear the last sermon in the old Federal Street meeting-house, Dr. Channing's church; the building having been sold to be taken down.

14th. Fields came out, and I read him two acts of Wenlock Christison, with which I do not think he was much struck.

To Miss F——.

March 20, 1859.

At last the winter is gone, with all its gloom and all its splendor, which have been about equally mingled. I hope it has passed happily with you at Scaleby Hall. For my own part, I am delighted to hear the birds again. Spring always reminds me of the *Palingenesis*, or re-creation, of the old alchemists, who believed that *form* is indestructible, and that out of the ashes of a rose the rose itself could be reconstructed, — if they could only discover the great secret of Nature. It is done every spring beneath our windows and before our eyes; and is always so wonderful and so beautiful!

26th. Club dinner. Evening at the concert, — Beethoven's Egmont and Ninth Symphony. It being the anniversary of his death, all was Beethoven, and very splendid, — a sea of sound, with breaking, dashing waves.

28th. Reading Charles Auchester, a musical romance, to the glory, chiefly, of Mendelssohn, under the name of Seraphael; very fine and effective; the artistic life brought out with great force.

April 7. Fast-day. To chapel, where was a service but no sermon, which was a pity. I rather like Fast-day

sermons, as they are more bold and outspoken than Sunday ones.[1]

9th. Went to see the Aquaria; a whole room-full of tanks. Particularly amused by the movements of a red, irascible stickleback, who was building a nest or something of the kind, and kept his half-dozen ghostly wives at a distance at the top of the tank, where they fanned themselves complacently, as if they were looking down the cellar stairs, while he, like a butler, was storing away his old port. Every now and then he would dart up the stairs and give one of them a bite, and then hurry down again.

12th. Have got the billiard-table into its new room, built in the garden.

15th. It is hard work to live one's life and record it too. I always get behindhand. Time revolves like Ixion's wheel, and we are all tied to it; and away we go, and can only dip our pens in the inkstand when we come round to it.

17th. C. R. preached a sermon that sounded very Orthodox. Some of the Unitarians do this thing; others swerve off to the opposite extreme.

19th. After dinner, Carl Schurz, the Wisconsin orator, came; and we had a game of billiards and a good deal of talk.

26th. Monti at tea; excited about Italy. At nine, drive into town to a dancing-party, very elegant and pleasant, except the fading away of the people one meets from year to year, and the notches made by Time with his scythe. The eye a little dimmer, the mouth a little sadder; or, if not sadder, more pathetic.

[1] The New England clergy were wont on Fast-day to arraign national or political sins. Afterward they came to think Sunday not too holy for such "liberty of prophesying."

27th. An amusing letter from Charles Sumner at Florence.

To Charles Sumner.

April 27, 1859.

Yesterday I had the great pleasure of receiving your very amusing letter from Florence. How characteristic that scene at the *Sasso di Dante*. . . . I see by last evening's paper that De Tocqueville is dead; but no particulars of time and place.[1]

Dr. Howe has got back. I had a letter from him yesterday. He is full of indignation against the Legislature for giving permission to place the bronze Webster, in the swallow-tail coat, in the State House grounds, and wants to have a statue of you put on the other side. I think *you would rather die first!*

Agassiz has got quite run down with overworking. He is triumphant with his new Museum; having a fund of over two hundred thousand dollars. The building will be begun immediately.

I dined two or three days ago at Mr. B——'s, — a sumptuous dinner, with Henry Wilson, Banks, C. F. Adams, Burlingame, Holmes, Whipple, Fields, and others. A Mr. Schurz was there from Wisconsin, a German, and a Republican. He is a friend of Freiligrath; studied at Bonn, and, being a German patriot, has taken refuge in the far West. He is a keen-looking young man, and said to be a man of talent and influence.

Such are the matters that occupy us here, while you scour the Ausonian plains. . . .

Our dear country has fallen into dreadful hands, but there are signs of a signal retribution at hand.

[1] Alexis de Tocqueville, the well-known author of *La Démocratie en Amérique*. He died at Cannes.

29th. Read Michelet's *L'Amour;* a strange book; partly physiological, partly sentimental.

30th. Dined with the Club. Ask Emerson if he has read *L'Amour*. He despatches it with the words, "It is a poor book." Walk out to Cambridge alone, in the pleasant, warm evening, with the stars and the lamps reflected in the water. The bridge is always beautiful at night.

May 8. Walk in the garden, hearing the birds, and the trilling of the frogs like the chorus in the Greek tragedy, or a huge Æolian harp vibrating in the distance.

10th. In the afternoon read, Love me Little, Love me Long, by Charles Reade; very clever and amusing.

14th. Dined with the Atlantic Club, at Fondarive's. The "Atlantic" is not the "Saturday" Club, though many members belong to both. They are the writers for the Atlantic Monthly. Governor Banks and Senator Wilson were guests.

19th. Read George Sand's *Elle et Lui*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* sufficiently disagreeable.

20th. Still rainy. Read Massinger's Virgin Martyr. Like all the old dramatists, too much in "the great bow-wow style." But in all the scenes where Dorothea appears, it is very beautiful, with lofty spiritual meaning. The last act is very powerful.

30th. In the evening, went to town to see Paul Morphy play, at the Chess Club. A crowd of ladies and gentlemen. Morphy played serenely, and with a delicate nervous touch, as if the chessboard were a musical instrument. A slight youth, pale and quiet. T. said he reminded him of Chopin.

June 1. The Paul Morphy dinner was a brilliant affair. Holmes presided; and of course there were endless speeches. Judge Shaw, Sparks, Agassiz, and so forth.

2d. Dined with the homœopathic doctors in the armory of Faneuil Hall. In the morning, Morphy and two handsome youths from New York came out and sat an hour. Also Murdoch, the tragedian.

To Charles Sumner (in Europe).

June 13, 1859.

Your letter from Rome and Turin came by the last steamer, and I lose no time in replying. To-day comes the *Journal des Débats*, showing that you have reached Paris. The great question rises, Are you *quite* well? If not, you must not come back. If you are, we will bear you on our hands in triumph. But be cautious; "too soon" is a fatal word.

You have been actually in the midst of wars and armies! Did it give you the "cannon fever," as it did Goethe of old? We have a different kind of fever here, — the fever of hope for the Italians; and read eagerly the news. England, that is, the English government, does not appear well. It evidently wants to side with Austria, which is shameful.

Meanwhile, here in Craigie House, we are devoting ourselves to Art! T. B. Read has been painting a very successful portrait of me, standing at my desk, with the clock behind. He is now doing my three girls in one group, a charming picture. Rowse has also just finished for T. a crayon head of F. I have had a duplicate made by Wight, of his head of Humboldt, and presented it to the Natural History Society of Portland. So much for our quiet life for the last month.

Agassiz, Winthrop, and Choate sail on Wednesday for England. Agassiz goes on without delay to Switzerland, where he is to pass the summer with his mother, at Lausanne.

This is Monday; —— will be out to dine. We shall talk of the war, — the horrors thereof, and the hopes thereof; and of any other little matters the German may bring in his wallet. George comes on Wednesdays; but —— I cannot nail down to that day. He changes his perch to Monday; why, I have never been able to discover, unless he wishes to be supreme on the occasion, the sole guest. Well, the first and only toast shall be your good health!

15th. This is summer, at last. And very charming it is to sit out of doors and feel warm in the open air, and look at the white clouds, and be as happy as Isaac Walton, without the barbarity of his hooks. Murdoch dines with us, and is very pleasant and full of talk.

16th. Drove C. over to the Navy Yard. Lieutenant Preble takes us on board the Hartford and the Minnesota. What a different life from ours! C. felt this; for as we drove into Cambridge on our return, he said, "Why, I feel as if I had been gone away all summer." Life may make up in latitude what it wants in longitude. A great many new impressions suggest a long lapse of time.

July 4. *Nahant.* A beautiful sunset. Through the purple and crimson vapors comes the mingling clang of the bells of Lynn, and the thunder of cannon from the forts in the harbor. Later, we sit on the seaward veranda and see the fireworks all along the horizon, gleaming and disappearing like fire-flies; while the steady old light-houses hold up their lanterns, — the street lamps along the highways of the sea.

6th. A delightful day. I look from this chamber window over the sea. The tide is low, and the purple dulse is lovely, lying in the shallow water like patches of heather. The boys are busy on the shore with their boats, getting ready for great nautical expeditions.

9th. Dined with the Atlantic Club at the Revere. Mrs. Stowe was there with a green wreath on her head, which I thought very becoming. Also Miss Prescott, who wrote the story 'In a Cellar.' The others were, Mr. Stowe, with his patriarchal gray beard, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Underwood, Higginson, etc. One of the publishers of the Magazine is a good teller of funny stories.

15th. Read some of Mme. Blaze de Bury's poems; clever and singular. "Jenny Plantin," the wife who kills herself to give her husband a sensation, and rouse him from his torpor, is founded on fact. It really happened, in Germany, twenty-five years ago.

17th. Two weeks of our Nahant life gone. The old mower swings his scythe, and the golden summer days fall.

19th. Get from the publisher Tennyson's new poem, Four Idyls of the King. Eagerly devour the first of them, which is charming, — reminding one of Chaucer's 'Griselda.'

20th. Finished the Four Idyls. The first and third could have come only from a great poet. The second and fourth do not seem to me so good.

21st. A very clever novel by Mme. Charles Reybaud, called *Misé Brun* (*Misé* being Provençal for *Madame*). A charming character, beautifully drawn.

23d. The scent of the wild roses that surround the cottage mingles pleasantly with the odor of the sea.

25th. Write a little poem called 'The Ghost's Walk,' in allusion to Prescott's favorite morning walk under the willows in the meadow here.[1] Get the Atlantic for August. Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing continues very charmingly. 'Enceladus.'

26th. The sea is calm, — its surface broken by the flapping of innumerable fishes. It sounds like a heavy

[1] This was never printed.

rain. Monti comes down to dinner. He is rather aghast at the news of a premature peace made between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, in which the King of Sardinia does not seem to have been consulted; and which can hardly satisfy the Italians, as it leaves Austria with one foot in Italy.

27th. We have hardly had any summer, — only an unripe autumn.

31st. Read in Irving's Life of Washington. Very amusing anecdotes about the camp in Cambridge. I must collect all the things relative to Headquarters. General Lee's house was called "Hobgoblin Hall." The anecdote of General Greene shouting through the house for his wig, on some sudden alarm, he does not give.

August 1. Dine at the X——s'. X—— flamed like a comet through his white beard and hair, and proclaimed from the top of the table that "the wife is the natural enemy of the husband."

To Charles Sumner.

[Enclosing a newspaper-paragraph, announcing that Harvard College had conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon George Barrel Emerson, George Perkins Marsh, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Charles Sumner.]

NAHANT, August 4, 1859.

Your last came to me here two days ago. I read it on my way across the meadow, under the willows where Prescott used to walk; so that I went with you and him on either side of me, and mused, and mused, on many things, — your endless breakfasts and dinners in London, your solitary baths in Dieppe. I beheld your dear head emerging from the sea, like Chrysaor's or Leander's, — or, to come nearer home, like one of these boulders under my window on the edge of the sea, covered with sea-weed!

Since I last wrote you, George [Sumner] has delivered a Fourth-of-July oration ; solid, sober, literally paved with facts, which he pounded in so hard as considerably to hurt some of the Boston aldermen ; particularly the Dred Scott fact jammed the lovers of fiction very badly.

Hillard has gone to England for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe likewise sailed in the last steamer. Choate, as you must already know, started for England, but died at Halifax. R. H. Dana has gone for his health to California ; and means to go to China, and come home by way of India and Egypt, — *remède héroique.* I have seen Dr. Hayward, who thinks you will come back thoroughly well.

I have written a lyric on Italy, entitled, 'Enceladus ;' from which title your imagination can construct the poem. It is not a war-song, but a kind of lament for the woes of the country.

To James T. Fields (in Europe).

NAHANT, August 12, 1859.

A thousand thanks for your charming letter from the Isle of Wight, with its suggestive date of Bonchurch (the only church you went to that day), and the spirited outline sketch of the Idyllic Poet serenely ploughing his windy acres. How much you have enjoyed! I have heard of you in London, — your breakfasts without end, and dinners forevermore.

The Idyls [of the King] are a brilliant success. Rich tapestries, wrought as only Tennyson could have done them, and worthy to hang beside The Faerie Queene. I believe there is no discordant voice on this side the water. Even George Blunt has put a sugar-plum in his mouth, to speak of them with more dulcet accents than usual.

And so you go on, seeing all the notable men and notable things. Meanwhile, the summer is not so propitious to me at the seaside. I feel as if I were on board ship; and you know what that means, — ill half the time, and unwell the rest. I begin to think that travelling is "a great medicine;" and this passing one's life, as I do, in two jails — the Sing Sing of Cambridge, and this salt-water-cure of idle Bostonians — is rather monotonous. To give you an idea of the amusements provided for the patients, I enclose you a programme of this evening's performance; eagerly awaiting which, I pass the day in writing letters, — to Fields and others. But the children! — they thrive and rejoice. Here come the three girls bursting into the room, fresh from a bath. Well, I have kissed them all, and written them a little letter apiece, and turned them all out; and now proceed.

Next time, tell me about Hawthorne and his new book; and about your walks and talks with the publishers. I have not seen any English papers this summer, and am therefore rather in the dark. Occasionally, one of Ticknor & Co.'s advertisements in the Transcript glares at me like a lantern; and I am dazzled with the names of new books gathered by your hand in London.

As soon as you got fairly out of the country, I published 'Enceladus,' in order to contribute fifty dollars to the Italian "widows and wounded." Mr. Prentice, of Louisville, is of opinion that you may shout, "Enceladus, arise!" a long time, before he will recover "from his third Nap."

Items, by the "key-hole" of the Transcript: E. P. Whipple is at Pigeon Cove. Darley is also there; this distinguished artist is soon to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss J. C., of Cambridge. Pigeon Cove is their well-selected nest for the summer. James R. Lowell has gone to the Adirondacks. The "Autocrat" is at Newport.

Emerson is on crutches, — Monadnock having "trundled him down its stones." William Winter is in Cambridgeport.

My wife sends her thanks, special and especial, to yours, for the kind remembrance, and the jessamine from Tennyson's garden. "Thank her very much indeed," she says, from the adjoining room. Our united love and good wishes to her in return. And now, *Benedictus benedicat!*

14th. The pleasantest day of the summer. Kensett and Mr. S. of New York took tea with us. Afterward, Burlingame and George Livermore came in. Read Kelty's Memoirs of the Primitive Quakers, and parts of John Woolman's Journal.

15th. T. departs for Newport. Read *Lutèce*, by Henri Heine; spicy descriptions of Paris and Parisian notabilities in the days of Louis Philippe. Looked over Christ's Passion, a tragedy, translated by George Sandys from Hugo Grotius. Also, Rétif de la Brétonne's free French translation of the Latin poems of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim.

17th. Go with F. to see the surf on the rocks by the eastern cliff. Meet on the way Mrs. P. of Toronto, and her fair daughters. The surf very fine. We sit on the rocks a long time.

To Emily A——.

Nahant, August 18, 1859.

Your letter followed me down here by the seaside, where I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age; but as little girls' ages keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice;

I never forget that. She is a nice girl, and loves poetry almost as much as you do.

The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks which I sometimes call her "nankeen hair," to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots.

The youngest is Allegra; which, you know, means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw, — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls, and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day. They bathe in the sea, and dig in the sand, and patter about the piazza all day long, and sometimes go to see the Indians encamped on the shore, and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

And now, dear Miss Emily, give my love to your papa, and good-night, with a kiss, from his friend and yours.

19th. Drove to Lynn. The sea magnificent, — flashing and foaming at every rocky point and headland, and rolling in huge billows of foam along the beach. In the afternoon read that oldest of Spanish dramas, '*La Celestina*,' in Lavigne's French translation. It dates from 1492, the year of the discovery of America.

25th. Another week gone without a record. I have written nothing but letters; and have read only Scudo's *Chevalier Sarti*, an art novel. The scene is in Venice, — of which excellent descriptions are given in the days of its decadence, — Napoleon's time, the end of the last century. Music and love are the themes; and there are long dissertations on singers and musicians, — very learned but rather heavy.

29th. Drove up to town to dine with Dr. Holmes's friends on his fiftieth birthday. Felton presided. A delightful dinner. Holmes made a charming little speech, with some verses at the end to round it off; after which I came away, having to drive back to Nahant.

September 3. T. came back from Newport yesterday, his blood dancing with its gayety, and thinking Nahant sombre and sad, as it certainly is.

4th. At church, Mr. S. of the Baptist persuasion preached gentle and liberal sermons.

6th. A farmer in Michigan writes to inform me that he has written a poem on the Iroquois tradition of Hiawatha, and wishes me to "endorse" it, so that he may escape "the baleful influence likely to arise in the minds of many that it must be in some sort a copy or imitation of the Song of Hiawatha." Rather cool!

7th. Drove with T. to Salem in company with Mr. Peabody. From Salem we drove to the Endicott Farm in Danvers, and saw the old pear-tree planted by Governor Endicott in 1636, — a hollow old tree, but still bearing fruit. Thence to Peabody's farm, — a pleasant country-house, where we dined. The old Endicott Farm used to be called "The Orchard," and slopes down to Crane River, an arm of the sea. The Governor used to come down to it in his yacht from Boston.

8th. Reading Adam Bede, by an English man or woman, I can hardly tell which. It is too masculine for a woman, too feminine for a man.

18th. *Cambridge.* The storm is over, but the sky still cloudy. At chapel, a doctrinal discourse, also cloudy.

October 4. Go to town. Dine with Mr. Everett, to meet Sir Henry Holland, who reminds me in look and manner of old Mr. Prescott, the historian's father. A large dinner-party.

20th. D.'s wedding. The church crowded, and such lovely bridesmaids! a pleasant sight to see. Afterward a reception. I think the pleasantest wedding I ever attended, except my own. I like to go to weddings, and be married over again, as it were. It freshens one's feelings.

From William M. Thackeray.

36 Onslow Sq., London, November 16, 1859.

My dear Mr. Longfellow, — Has Hiawatha ever a spare shaft in his quiver, which he can shoot across the Atlantic? How proud I should be if I could have a contribution or two from you for our Cornhill Magazine.

I should like still better to be driving to Cambridge in the snow, and expecting a supper there. Two or three months ago I actually thought such a scheme was about to come off. I intended to shut up my desk for a year, — not write a line, — and go on my travels. But the gods willed otherwise. I am pressed into the service of this Magazine, and engaged to write ever so much more for the next three years. Then, if I last so long, I shall be free of books and publishers; and hope to see friends to whose acquaintance I look back with — I can't tell you how much gratitude and kind feeling.

I send my best regards to Tom Appleton, and beg him to back my petition to his brother-in-law.

Always sincerely yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

November 16. The great event of the last week was the festival at the Music Hall, on the 10th, in honor of

Schiller's one hundredth birthday; with music and speeches, — one by Solger in German, one by Dr. Hedge, and another by Scherb, in English.

21st. This morning I dreamed that Charles Sumner had returned, and that I had seen him. I was awaked suddenly by the sound of two cannon shots. It was the salute of the British steamer in Boston harbor. So after breakfast I went into town; and sure enough, in the little parlor in Hancock Street I found him, looking hale and hearty and calling himself "a well man." He came out to dine, and after dinner gave us a long account of his visit to Tennyson in the Isle of Wight.

22d. Reading the *Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier*. It is spun out into two heavy octavos, and is very much made up of dull letters of Chateaubriand, who was her faithful friend and ally. The book should be pruned and half its leaves taken off.

25th. The days come and the days go. Ah, if they were only self-registering thermometers!

December 1. Evening at Mrs. Otis's, to meet Rembrandt Peale, the artist; old as Titian was.

2d. The second of December, 1859. This will be a great day in our history; the date of a new Revolution, — quite as much needed as the old one. Even now as I write, they are leading old John Brown to execution in Virginia for attempting to rescue slaves! This is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, which will come soon.

15th. A special meeting of the Historical Society at Mr. Sears's in Beacon Street. I presented the resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Everett with a written sketch of Irving.

16th. Go with F. to Mrs. Kemble's reading of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Something stupendous was this reading.

26th. Go to see Sumner. Find Emerson there. Afterward Wendell Phillips and others come in. Sumner and Emerson come out to dine. In the evening, a Christmas-tree.

30th. Snow lies a foot deep. I plough my way to Dr. Palfrey's and ask him to dine with me and Sumner. A pleasant, quiet dinner. Palfrey is an excellent companion; full of learning, mellow, and lenient in judgment.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNAL.

1860.

January 4. A softer gleam of sunshine across the marshes and on the Brighton hills. Went to town. Met Sumner in the street. He has had a New Year's present of a case of knives, forks, and spoons, — gold and pearl, inlaid with turquoises. Afterward meet Dr. Howe. He is troubled lest Sumner should make some violent speech in the Senate; thinks nothing good comes out of the organ of *destructiveness*. He said nothing about the Virginia tragedy or his being summoned as a witness.

5th. Last evening we went to hear Mrs. Kemble read 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and after the reading, to the Revere House, to a *petit souper* in her parlor. There were a dozen of us; Richard Dana, the ancient poet, and his daughter, and others.

Sumner came to dinner. He goes to Washington to-morrow with rather sad forebodings, I think.

7th. We dine at ——'s, in the armory, — a room full of arms and armor of the Middle Ages. The dinner of Damocles was nothing to it. We had a hundred swords; but they were fastened to the wall.

13th. At chapel. H—— came out with a really "Orthodox" sermon. "There was no mistake this time," as Gil Blas said of the Archbishop's sermon, though in a different sense.

16th. After dinner I went to town to see Dr. C. about getting some lectures for ——, at the Lowell Institute. On my way out, passed the Revere House and heard the band playing *Di Provenza il mar, il cielo*, at the supper of the Harvard Musical Association; to which I should have gone, but did not, through fear of being called upon to speak.

17th. Went with F. and the boys to hear Rossini's 'Barber of Seville,' with young Adelina Patti as Rosina. She is still crude, but full of promise; a very pretty, charming girl of sixteen. Too young to appear on the stage.

18th. Was to have gone to the Franklin birthday banquet in the Port; but sent the carriage away, hearing that I was expected to reply to a toast in honor of "the poets of Cambridge."

26th. G. W. Curtis lectured at the Port on 'Modern Infidelity,' and came home with us for the night. We had Lowell also at supper. We sat up talking till after one o'clock.

30th. After dinner, sundry calls; people with subscription papers and the like. In the evening F. reads Don Quixote to the boys, who are delighted with it. This has been our evening reading for some time.

31st. At the opera; the 'Somnambula.' I never saw a better Amina than little Patti.

February 16. Evening at Mrs. Kemble's reading of 'Cymbeline.' Met there *President* Felton,[1] just from Washington.

21st. Drove to Roxbury to see Miss Catharine Sedgwick, whom we found cheery and pleasant.

27th. Gave part of the morning to the *Heimskringla*. In the evening, Mrs. Kemble's reading of 'Othello.'

[1] Professor Felton had just been chosen President of Harvard College.

28th. A gloomy day; out of spirits. Hearing tragedies is not cheering to the heart of man.

29th. Went to town. Got Hawthorne's new romance, The Marble Faun. In the evening let C. go with his mamma to hear Mrs. Kemble read 'Hamlet,' — her last reading! I stayed at home and read the Faun, almost putting out my eyes.

March 1. A soft rain falling all day long, and all day long I read The Marble Faun. A wonderful book; but with the old, dull pain in it that runs through all Hawthorne's writings.

2d. Read Charles Norton's description of Orvieto, in his Travel and Study in Italy; very interesting. All books on Italy make me restless. I long to be there, yet doubt and hesitate. Can I find again my lost Italy?

4th. "Redeunt Saturnia regna!" Dr. N. again at the chapel. The old days have come back again.

8th. At a ball at Papanti's. Pleasant, and a little sad; reminding one of the past, — and exhibiting the Past seated all round the walls, while the Present danced in the middle.

9th. Read George Sand's *Homme de Neige*, a new romance of the North; very interesting, though without the passion and fire of her youth.

12th. In the evening, Barnaby Rudge. Dickens is always prodigal and ample; but what a set of vagabonds he contrives to introduce us to.

17th. In town. My publisher says he shall print next week a new edition of Hiawatha. He sells two thousand a year; which is a great sale for an old book, of which fifty thousand have already been sold.

22d. A dull, leaden day. A schooner, with jib and mainsail set, floats up the river with the tide. Arrange the several cantos of 'King Olaf.'[1]

[1] For Tales of the Wayside Inn.

25th. Took up a volume of Pepys's Diary. What a droll book it is, with its record of all trivialities, — from Lady Castlemain's petticoats hanging out to dry, down to his own periwig and velvet cloak.

April 3. To town to see about cottage at Nahant. Thomas Wetmore is dead; but I secure the cottage for the summer, and have the refusal of it, if sold.

4th. George Sumner at dinner. He proposes an expedition to the "North End," or old town of Boston.

5th. Go with Sumner to Mr. H——, of the North End, who acts as guide to the "Little Britain" of Boston. We go to the Copp's Hill burial ground and see the tomb of Cotton Mather, his father and his son; then to the old North Church, which looks like a parish church in London. We climb the tower to the chime of bells, now the home of innumerable pigeons. From this tower were hung the lanterns as a signal that the British troops had left Boston for Concord.

6th. I see by Bossange's catalogue that some one has translated Hyperion and Kavanagh into French.[1] ['Paul Revere's Ride' was begun on this day.]

7th. Atlantic dinner. After dinner went to the Music Hall to hear Franz Kielblock's 'Operatic Cantata of Miles Standish.'

8th. Easter Sunday. At sunrise the chimes of Christ Church ring for the first time. T. says the words they utter are a parody upon Whittington.

18th. At Norton's I saw a new painting by Rossetti, the pre-Raphaelite, representing Dante meeting Beatrice, as described in the *Vita Nuova*. A quaint picture with a certain fascination about it.

19th. I wrote a few lines in 'Paul Revere's Ride;' this being the day of that achievement.

[1] Hypérion et Kavanagh, traduction Française précédée d'une notice de l'auteur. 2 vols. *Dentu.*

21st. No news; except that the ill-natured newspaper, the Courier, is badgering Sumner about a quotation from Virgil applied to Senator Mason, "castigatque, auditque." There is an unaccountable amount of hatred to Sumner in Boston. He can neither say nor do anything right.

24th. Evening at the "American Academy" meeting, to hear Dr. Hayes on his proposed Arctic expedition.

28th. Dinner at the Club. After which I went with the "Autocrat," Holmes, to see an exhibition of fencing.

30th. After dinner came Captain F., a Hungarian, frank and free and soldier-like. He says his brother-in-law has translated my poems into Hungarian, while a prisoner in Olmutz.

May 1. One writes the word May with peculiar pleasure. But it is a cold May-day, with a strenuous east wind blowing. Go down to the college exhibition to see Felton on his first appearance in public as President. He is handsome in his cap and robes; like a Don of one of the English universities. In the afternoon, at a pretty child's party with costumes; delightful.

10th. Walked before breakfast to inhale the air from cherry blossoms, and drink the first foam of the spring.

18th. Clear, warm, and sunny among the cherry and peach blossoms in the garden. The papers announce the nomination of Mr. Lincoln of Illinois as Republican candidate for President.

27th. The lilacs are in blossom, and the apple-trees. The whole country is a flower-garden; and all the birds singing, singing, singing!

28th. At the opera. Verdi's noisy 'Trovatore,' with splendid passages. Heard Musiani, the new tenor, with his *C di petto*. He sprang at it like a bird springing to the topmost bough, amid thunders of applause. Gay, the artist, went with us.

30th. At the Anti-Slavery meeting, heard Remond and Douglas, colored men, speak; also Wendell Phillips. All good speakers.

June 1. In town. Went to see Rosa Bonheur's splendid picture, 'The Horse Fair,' which I greatly admire for its truth to nature.

4th. Charles Sumner speaks to-day in the Senate at Washington.[1]

13th. Went with a party to Lake Winipiseogee, crossing the lake from Weir's Landing to Wolfesboro'.

14th. Twenty miles across the lake to Senter's Harbor, a beautiful sail in the bright morning. Home for dinner. A pleasant excursion; the first I have made alone, for pleasure, since I was married.

To Charles Sumner.

June 14, 1860.

You have done your work fearlessly, faithfully, fully! It was disagreeable, but necessary, and must remain as the great protest of Civilization against Barbarism in this age.

Its great simplicity gives it awful effect. In rhetoric you have surpassed it before; in forcible array and arrangement of arguments, never!

30th. At the publisher's, found both Hawthorne and Fields, who came back in the English steamer of Thursday. Both have the brown tint of the sun and sea; and both seem a little bewildered and sad at getting back from Europe. It is the schoolboy's Blue Monday, — vacation over, work beginning. Both dined at the Club.

[1] 'The Barbarism of Slavery,' a speech on the Bill to admit Kansas as a State.

July 10. *Nahant.* Last evening, a young man was drowned in the bay, just below our windows. Stepping from a yacht into his boat, he missed his footing, and struck his head against the gunwale of a boat full of water, which stunned him, and he sank. A young sailor, to be married in a few days. A gloomy sight, to see the boats plying to and fro with grappling-irons in search of his body. This morning it was found, and is to be sent home to his father and mother on their farm, in Connecticut. What a return home! and what a bridegroom for the bride!

August 2. Rowed, and walked, and read Goldoni, with his everlasting Venetian *Pantalone*, and Bergamask. . . . Still, he is amusing, and gives, I suppose, a pretty good picture of the manners of his day.

3d. How lazy the seaside is. If one only had no conscience! But idleness makes me unhappy.

5th. John Ware, of Cambridge, preached a good sermon from the text, "While I was busy here and there, he was gone." I applied it to myself.

28th. *Portland.* This has become to me a land of ghosts and shadows. Within two years people have grown so much older, and so many have departed. Fessenden, I find buried in politics; John Neal, a good deal tempered down, but with fire enough, still. Mrs. M——, my mother's old friend, eighty years old, sitting in white, stone-blind! Drove to Highfield in the morning, and in the afternoon returned to Nahant.

31st. Return to Cambridge, and close the lyric volume of The Summer by the Sea.

To James T. Fields.

CAMBRIDGE, September 20, 1860.

I have no end of poems sent me for "candid judgment" and opinion. Four are on hand at this moment. A large

folio came last night from a lady. It has been chasing me round the country; has been in East Cambridge and in West Cambridge; and finally came by the hands of policeman Sanderson to my house. I wish he had "waived examination and committed it" — to memory. What shall I do? These poems weaken me very much. It is like so much water added to the spirit of poetry.

September 22. In town, at Fields's little room at the Corner. While we were talking, in came Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinboro'; a stout, gray Scotchman, with a very pleasant smile. Called with him to see his wife at the Tremont.

28th. It is always painful to discover the limitations of a person's mind whom otherwise you like. Expecting to enter a well-stored room, you suddenly find the door walled up, and grope about, like Don Quixote looking for his library.

Evening at Waterston's, in Chester Square, to meet the poet Bryant, and his wife and daughter. Bryant looks old and shaggy, with his white beard. Mrs. B. seems very little changed, and J. is charming. Walked from Chester Square to the Cambridge bridge, by the Common, in the moonlight and lamplight.

29th. Breakfast at Fields's, with Bryant, Holmes, and others. Could not persuade Bryant to dine with the Club. We had Richard Dana [the younger], just returned from a voyage round the world, with very pleasant talk about China and Japan, amusing and instructing us a good deal.

October 1. Drove with F. to Chester Square — some six miles of pavement — to see the Bryants, whom luckily we found at home. W. S. Bailey, editor of "The Free South," whose printing-press in Newport, Kentucky, was destroyed

by a mob, called in the afternoon. An amiable, brown-bearded man, looking like John Brown.

9th. In town. Met Senator Sumner walking with his colleague Wilson. Went with S. to an auction sale of marble ornaments. His imagination took fire, and I think he would have bought half the collection if I had not held him back.

12th. Children are pleasant to see playing together. It is still pleasanter to have one alone. Then you become a confidant or father-confessor.

18th. In town in the morning to see the Prince of Wales at the review on the Common. A splendid day, — a perfect illumination of sunshine and golden leaves. We see the procession from the balcony of 39 Beacon Street. The Prince in uniform, looking remarkably well on horseback. Dined with Charles Norton, at Parker's, to meet General Bruce and Dr. Ackland, of the Prince's suite. Very pleasant gentlemen both. Dr. A. with a rather pensive, melancholy face, and an agreeable smile; the General, with his gray mustache, very urbane and full of conversation. After dinner, I joined the committee of reception, and went to the Revere House to receive the Prince and accompany him to the Ball at ten. Saw the old Earl of St. Germain; and also the Duke of Newcastle, who was very hearty and cordial. The Ball was a very fine affair.

19th. Another splendid day. The Prince's reception at Cambridge by the college, which went off very well.

27th. Club dinner. Hawthorne sat next to me. He has been enlarging his house at Concord, and building himself a tower over the roof, for a study. He gets into it by a trap-door, upon which he says he shall place his chair while he writes. After dinner, went with Agassiz and Bache, of the Coast Survey, to hear music at Dresel's rooms in the Pelham.

30th. A visit from the Vicar of Ballingarry, Ireland, — a pleasant gentleman with a gentle, sensitive face. In the evening Mrs. ——, an Englishwoman, who has been all over the world and knows everybody. Her conversation is very interesting and incessant. Who is she?

November 1. Had my photograph taken for Darley, to go into a picture he is making, — "Washington Irving and his friends."

2d. Go down to the college library to look up some old Icelandic Sagas. Meet Felton, who introduces Mr. C., an Englishman. We come home and smoke together the cigar of peace. A lively, agreeable man, reminding me of Sam. Ward in days that are no more.

6th. The election; voted early.

7th. Lincoln is elected. Overwhelming majorities in New York and Pennsylvania. This is a great victory; one can hardly overrate its importance. It is the redemption of the country. Freedom is triumphant.

9th. Wrote at my 'Saga of King Olaf.' Walked in the garden with A. and E. among the Sibylline leaves of autumn.

20th. Sumner's Lecture on Lafayette. Very elaborate, and some two hours long. I was struck with the prodigious memory of the man, — he not once glancing at his notes, if he had any, for dates or sequence of facts.

30th. With all kinds of interruptions, I have contrived this month to write nearly the whole of a poem, 'The Saga of King Olaf,' in a series of lyrics.[1]

December 3. Congress comes together to-day. The sky looks troubled, and disunion is threatened. I hope the North will stand firm, and not bate one jot of its manhood. Secession of the North from freedom would be

[1] Fifteen in number, each written in one day. Five were added afterwards, and the whole printed in the Tales of a Wayside Inn.

tenfold worse than secession of the South from the Union.

8th. In the afternoon saw Miss Cushman in 'Meg Merrilies,' — a Porte St. Martin affair, of the melodramatic kind; an old hag, instead of a splendid gypsy. Evening at Professor Horsford's to meet Miss Cushman.

9th. A good sermon at chapel from Edward Hale. In the evening finished 'Iron Beard,' which ends the 'Saga.' Another stone rolled over the hill.

16th. The demon of Neuralgia raging in my brain. Shiver by the fireside.

18th. The same. It is almost unendurable. But all things do come to an end. Read the newspapers. No good cheer there. Rebellion stalks through the land. South Carolina talks nothing but fire and fury. She says she *will* secede this time. Better this than have the North yield, which I am always a little afraid of. I hope we shall stand firm, and so end the matter once for all.

22d. South Carolina thinks too much of herself. "Old Huguenot families," and the rest of it! It sounds very grand, but it is only sound. To be a Huguenot is no title of nobility. The Huguenots were only the Puritans of France. The Puritans of England were quite as grand as they.

29th. Fields wants to cut out of his reprint of Recreations of a Country Parson some not very good-natured remarks upon 'Excelsior,' and so forth. I tell him he had better let them stand.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1861.

January 3. The South Carolina secession goes on, — or, rather, goes round and round. The North does not rouse up; but, as if conscious of its power, jogs quietly its way.

4th. President Buchanan's Fast. The evening papers bring report of the Boston sermons; highly patriotic, and some of them slightly bellicose.

13th. At dinner we were speaking of the exposure of Nahant fishermen in winter. Little ——, sitting at my side, said to me, in a mysterious whisper, "The trade of poet is better, because you can do it all winter."

26th. Club dinner. Emerson and Hawthorne came from Concord. And we had Channing — "our Concord poet," as Emerson calls him — and Henry James, the philosopher.

28th. Six States have left the Union, led by South Carolina. President Buchanan is an antediluvian, an *après-moi-le-déluge* President, who does not care what happens, if he gets safely through his term. We owe the present state of things mainly to him. He has sympathized with the disunionists. It is now too late to put the fire out. We must let it *burn* out.

30th. Slowly the events of Secession unroll. Nothing very noteworthy happens; and yet one feels from day to day that the gulf yawns wider.

February 3. F. and the girls went into town to church, at the Stone Chapel. I, to hear Emerson in the Music Hall, — Theodore Parker's parish, or audience.

5th. The usual dreary news in the papers. The South arrogant; the North like a giant weak in the knees, — at least, a part of it; but I trust enough will stand firm to avert the evil day. How a few cowards infect a whole land!

15th. The dissolution of the Union goes slowly on. Behind it all I hear the low murmur of the slaves, like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, prophesying Woe, woe!

21st. Dine with the American Insurance Company. A sumptuous banquet, with great profusion of flowers, and a large company, — all business men, except Professor Peirce and myself.

22d. Washington's birthday. Heard the bells ringing at sunrise, through the crimson eastern sky. They had a sad sound, reminding me of the wretched treason in the land.

23d. At the Club, old President Quincy was our guest; and was very pleasant and wise.[1] After dinner, went with Dr. Holmes to hear the "negro minstrels" in the Old Province House, — now a quiet little theatre or concert-room.

25th. In town. Called on Governor Andrew, to consult with him about Sumner's going as Minister to England. I have it much at heart.

March 4. The Inauguration of President Lincoln. In the evening we had his Inaugural Address, which is very conciliatory, and yet firm.

[1] He had just passed his eighty-ninth birthday.

10th. Darley comes to dinner. Then a walk on the veranda, where we are joined by a law-student, who is downcast and misses his Philadelphia.

12th. In town, to urge Sumner's friends to do all that is needful to secure for him the Mission to England.

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

March 14, 1861.

After so long a silence, these friendly lines from you are doubly welcome. Not less so the portrait, — a strong face, which I like better than the early one in the frogged frock-coat, so long my silent companion in my study. You wonder I did not thank you for it sooner; but I never even heard of it till your letter came. F—— forgot it, or neglected it; and when called to account, confessed, "Oh, yes; it is at the bottom of my trunk. I put it there to keep it smooth." So you have been kept smooth for six months, — "like General Monk, lying in a trunk." Thanks!

Thanks, also, for the quaint *editio princeps* of Bürger's *Prinzessin Europa*, which will enrich my small collection of curious books; and for the Coleridge. I have read your memoir of the poet carefully, and with much satisfaction. In short space, you give a very clear outline of the poet and the man.

18th. Dine with Agassiz. Several professors and Captain ——, a fresh-looking, mellow, drum-voiced Englishman. We all look baked and dried in comparison.

19th. Mr. B. calls. He has been in Acadie; and brings me a bit of the barn "in which Gabriel and Evangeline sought for swallows' nests." At all events a bit of an old Acadian barn; and some rusty nails from the barracks or old fortifications of Louisburg. Evening at

the opera. Well repaid; a charming actress is Miss Kellogg.

22d. Snow-beleaguered. I write to Sumner. Then read Strinholm's *Wikingszüge*, in Frisch's German translation, — on the manners and customs of the ancient Scandinavians.

27th. George Sumner comes out to dine. We lament over certain diplomatic appointments, like two old Jews in the dreary streets of Jerusalem.

April 4. Fast Day. But, to see what the old Puritan Fast has come to, read this [from a newspaper]: "To-morrow being the annual Fast, the various places of public amusement will be open, with attractions suited to the occasion, as will be seen by the advertisements."

In the rhymed rules of the English "Beef Steak Club," 1784, is this line, "The lean should be quite rare, not so the fat." *Now*, an Englishman would say *underdone*; only an American says *rare*.

10th. Dr. Hamlin, an old Brunswick pupil of mine, now missionary in Constantinople, dined with us. We had some pleasant talk about the Turks.

12th. News comes that Fort Sumter is attacked. And so the war begins! Who can foresee the end?

14th. After chapel, Bryant the poet calls, with Judge Phillips. I never saw Bryant so gentle and pleasant.

15th. The news only a repetition of yesterday's. We are in the beginning of a civil war. A very bitter thought! Dined with Judge Phillips to meet Bryant.

16th. To-day two regiments muster on the Common for the Southern war.

To Miss F—— (in England).

April 16, 1861.

Your last letter gave me great pleasure and great pain. I was glad to hear from you, but the tidings you sent were

very sad. From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with you and with your mother in this dreadful event.[1] All the more as my eldest boy has the same name, and has a passion for boats and the sea; so that all summer we live with our hearts in our mouths, lest some accident should befall him. What a shock this must have been to you all. Words cannot reach such a sorrow; I can only press your hand in silence.

. . . If you ever read the newspapers you will see that we are in great political troubles here. The Slave States are trying to break away from the Free States, and we are on the eve of a civil war.

17th. Go to town. Faces in the streets are stern and serious. A crowd in the State-House. At intervals drums are heard, and a red-coated horseman gallops along. At the gateway of the State-House two youths of twenty, with smooth, fair cheeks, stand sentry. Ah, woe the day!

18th. In the afternoon, L——, who is full of fight, while I see the sadder aspect of the war.

19th. Walk before breakfast and hear the birds sing. Nothing is talked of but this ghastly war!

20th. In town. Dine with the Adirondack Club; and we talk of war, war, war! Interesting, but not agreeable nor instructive, as none of us know anything about it. Walked out to Cambridge with Lowell in the tranquil moonlight.

21st. At chapel, a war sermon.

23d. Weary days with wars and rumors of wars, and marching of troops, and flags waving, and people talking. No reading but reading of newspapers.

[1] The drowning of her young brother.

26th. Sumner came out to tea, looking strong and well, and very cheery in spirits. He gave us an interesting account of his narrow escape from the mob in Baltimore.

27th. In town. All the streets gay with flags. Dined with the Club. Sumner there; and just at the end, C. F Adams, our Minister to England.

28th. I was glad the pulpit did not thunder a war-sermon to-day. A "truce of God" once a week is pleasant. At present the North is warlike enough, and does not need arousing.

30th. When the times have such a gunpowder flavor, all literature loses its taste. Newspapers are the only reading. They are at once the record and the romance of the day. By way of contrast, I read one of Calderon's *Autos Sacramentales.* It has a far-off, dreamy sound, like the ringing of church bells in a little Spanish village.

May 1. The word *May* is a perfumed word. It is an illuminated initial. It means youth, love, song; and all that is beautiful in life. But what a May-day is this! Bleak and cheerless. And the little girls with bare necks, and rose-wreaths on their heads, remind me less of dancing than of death. They look like little victims. A sad thought for May-day.

2d. The civil war grumbles and growls and gathers; but the storm-clouds do not yet break. Sumner comes out to tea. He seems rather depressed. It is indeed a heavy atmosphere to breathe, — the impending doom of a nation!

4th. Dined at No. 39. Mr. Appleton is very feeble, and looks death in the face with perfect calmness. His has been a

> "Life that dares send
> A challenge to its end,
> And when it comes say, 'Welcome, friend.'"

6th. A rainy evening. Papanti's ball for the children at Lyceum Hall. Both my little girls looked very pretty. A stormy night; great gusts of wind, and a deluge of rain. I thought of the youths on guard, at arsenals and forts.

7th. Sumner looks worn and sad. After dinner I went with him to Sparks's, and to George Livermore's, — a bibliophile and collector of rare books.

9th. A delightful morning. Went to town. Met Sumner in the street, who stopped to talk of Emerson's lecture on the English poets last evening. Afterward met the lecturer himself. In the afternoon went with Felton to the arsenal to see the students drill, — a dress parade. As the major did not arrive, Felton and I were requested to review them! — which we did, by marching up and down, in front and rear.

14th. If South Carolina had not been so self-conceited and precipitate, this war might have been avoided. But the North could not stand the firing on the flag at Sumter.

18th. In town. The "Corner" looks gloomy enough. Business at a standstill. So much for war and books.

20th. First grand display of buttercups in the grass. How beautiful they are! The purple buds of the lilacs tip the hedges; and the flowery tide of spring sweeps on. Everywhere in the air the warlike rumor of drums mingles discordantly with the song of birds.

21st. A note from Curtis, urging me to write a national song. I am afraid the "Go to, let us make a national song," will not succeed. It will be likely to spring up in some other way.

24th. News of the death of Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Zouaves.

27th. The days come and go, with a trouble in the air, and in the hearts of men.

29th. Angry articles in the papers about England. John Bull is not behaving well about this Rebellion. He chooses to put Civilization and Barbarism on an equality.

June 2. Mackintosh dines with us. I like him much. His voice is beautiful. He looks, not like a Londoner, but like an English country gentleman.

3d. Mackintosh at dinner again, with Sumner, who draws him out better than I do, who am rather a silent man.

6th. A dinner-party in honor of Mackintosh. We sat from five till ten; discussing mostly the war, and the tone of England and her newspapers.

10th. Mackintosh thinks the English are too modest, and do not think enough of themselves. Other nations have not yet discovered this trait of their character.

11th. A delicious summer day at last. Stroll about in the sun, thanking God, like the captive *Principe Constante*, of Calderon, —

Me das este sol para calentarme.

16th. Sit at home reading Maurice de Guérin's *Reliquiæ*.

17th. Go to town with F. to see her father. He is very weak. Yet he is very patient, and looks death steadily in the face from day to day.[1]

To George W. Curtis.

June 20, 1861.

We all liked Dr. T. very much, and did what we could for him during his short stay. I had a supper, to which he did not come, — the invitation, by that sleight-of-hand known at first-class hotels, not reaching him till the supper was over, though left by my own hand the day before.

[1] Mr. Appleton died in July.

What a sad affair is the death of Winthrop![1] My heart bleeds for his family. This is one of the tragedies of life. *Bethel*, "house of God," is all one can say.

I forgot to answer your appeal for a National Song or Hymn. I shall not compete for the prize. Such arenas I never enter. Do you?

26th. The two armies are drawing nearer to each other, and a battle is looked for.

July 1. Agassiz comes to dinner. He has a new offer from the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, to be at the head of it, if he will only pass three months there yearly; but he declines.

3d. There is a splendid comet in the north, near the Great Bear.

6th. A sweltering day. We are thinking of Nahant.

8th. Still, the fervent sunshine and heat, with a south wind fanning in at the window.

. . . . . .

There is a break in the Journal, here. And then these lines of Tennyson, added many days after: —

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul!
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll."

The break in the Journal marked a break in his very life; an awful chasm that suddenly, and without the slightest warning, opened at his feet.

[1] Theodore Winthrop, one of the many young men of finest promise who fell a sacrifice in the war for the Union. He was killed at Great Bethel.

On the ninth of July his wife was sitting in the library, with her two little girls, engaged in sealing up some small packages of their curls which she had just cut off. From a match fallen upon the floor, her light summer dress caught fire. The shock was too great, and she died the next morning. Three days later, her burial took place at Mount Auburn. It was the anniversary of her marriage-day; and on her beautiful head, lovely and unmarred in death, some hand had placed a wreath of orange blossoms. Her husband was not there, — confined to his chamber by the severe burns which he had himself received.

These wounds healed with time. Time could only assuage, never heal, the deeper wounds that burned within. This terrible bereavement, made more terrible by the shock of the suddenness and the manner of it, well-nigh crushed him. Friends gathered round, and letters of sympathy poured in upon him from every quarter, as the sad intelligence flashed over the land and sea. He bore his grief with courage and in silence. Only after months had passed could he speak of it; and then only in fewest words. To a brother far distant he wrote: "And now, of what we both are thinking I can write no word. God's will be done." To a visitor, who expressed the hope that he might be enabled to "bear his cross" with patience, he replied: "*Bear* the cross, yes; but what if one is stretched upon it!"

Journal.

September 10. Return from Nahant to this desolate, desolate house. Find my sister A. to welcome us.

12th. Walk before breakfast with E., and afterward alone. The country beautiful, but ah, how sad! How can I live any longer!

13th. Another beautiful day. Drove with the little girls in the morning. In the evening, Sumner and Dana.

14th. Fields came out and passed an hour with me. He is very sympathetic.

19th. A week of fine autumnal weather. How it has gone I know not. The noonday warmth and sunshine I have improved for drives with the children, and the afternoons for walks. The rest of the time looking over old letters and papers, and the routine of every-day life. But the thoughts that are in my heart and brain I cannot record.

To George W. Curtis.

September 28, 1861.

Have patience with me if I have not answered your affectionate and touching letter. Even now I cannot answer it; I can only thank you for it. I am too utterly wretched and overwhelmed, — to the eyes of others, outwardly, calm; but inwardly bleeding to death.

I can say no more. God bless you, and protect your household!

October 5. The glimmer of golden leaves in the sunshine; the lilac hedge shot with the crimson creeper; the river writing its silver S in the meadow; everything without, full of loveliness. But within me the hunger, the famine of the heart!

22d. I walk to town and back. On the bridge meet Dr. Holmes, who is troubled about his son, lieutenant in the Massachusetts Twentieth, which has been in an engagement on the Potomac.

25th. Bad news. Young Putnam is killed, and Holmes wounded.

November 21. Thanksgiving-day. We made no feast of it. T. dined quietly with us; and in the twilight I took a long, solitary walk under the fading daylight.

27th. George Sumner and Mr. Bakounin to dinner. Mr. B. is a Russian gentleman of education and ability, — a giant of a man, with a most ardent, seething temperament. He was in the Revolution of Forty-eight; has seen the inside of prisons, — of Olmutz, even, where he had Lafayette's room. Was afterwards four years in Siberia; whence he escaped in June last, down the Amoor, and then in an American vessel by way of Japan to California, and across the isthmus, hitherward. An interesting man.

29th. Charles Norton came, with Mr. Anthony Trollope and Lowell, after his lecture.

December 6. A memorable day. A walk in a grove of pines; the gray cloud-rack overhead, and the russet pine-leaves under foot, and a friend by my side whose generous sympathy quieted me, and whose noble words strengthened and uplifted.

12th. Another walk under the pines, in the bright morning sunshine.

> "Known and unknown; human, divine!
> Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
> Dear heavenly friend, who canst not die;
> Mine, mine for ever; ever mine!"

25th. How inexpressibly sad are all holidays! But the dear little girls had their Christmas-tree last night; and an unseen presence blessed the scene.

In one of his early letters Mr. Longfellow had said: "With me all deep feelings are silent ones." It was always so of the deepest. No word of his bitter sorrow and anguish found expression in verse. But he felt the need of some continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts; and after some months he summoned the resolution to take up again the task of translating Dante, — begun, it may be remembered, years before, and long laid aside. For a time, he translated a canto each day.[1] This work, with repeated revision and elaborate annotation, occupied him, as we shall see, for some years. It was finally and fully completed not till 1866. When he began again to write verses of his own, it is only infrequent phrases and lines that reveal the sorrow lying ever at his heart. Eighteen years afterward, looking over, one day, an illustrated book of Western scenery, his attention was arrested by a picture of that mysterious mountain upon whose lonely, lofty breast the snow lies in long furrows that make a rude but wonderfully clear image of a vast cross. At night, as he looked upon the pictured countenance that hung upon his chamber wall, his thoughts framed themselves into the verses that follow. He put them away in his portfolio, where they were found after his death. That has removed from them the seal of secrecy.

[1] I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate.
Sonnet i., '*On Translating Dante.*'

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

July 10, 1879.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1862.

January 8. Bright, — not with the enamelled cold of the last week, but a certain vapory softness in the air. I have letters to write; but nevertheless, I will first go and walk. Walk to Mt. Auburn.

9th. Beautiful description of a heron and a gerfalcon in Calderon's *El Mayor Encanto*, jornada ii. I am trying to bring myself to a little more systematic course of reading.

To Charles Sumner.

January 15, 1862.

It is hard for me not to write to you, and still harder to write. I have no heart for anything. There is only one thought in my mind. You know what that is. . . . So we will not speak of it, but rather of your admirable speech on the Trent affair. It is very clear and thorough and statesmanlike. Everybody reads it; and none reads it but to praise. Curtis was here yesterday, and thinks it admirable; so does Norton; so does T.; so does Mrs. Kemble, who says she likes it best of all your speeches. And these, with one or two newspaper writers, are my "everybody." When you add to these everybody else's everybody, you will have a grand aggregate.

How busy and overburdened you must be! Felton says we owe it to you that we have no war with England; and I have no doubt it is so.

16th. I hardly know how these weary winter days creep along. Newspapers, Calderon, Michael Angelo's Sonnets, *Fioretti di San Francesco;* Woods and Waters, by Street; letters, talk with friends, walks through the snow; so one after another the heavy days are rolled over the horizon and disappear in the abyss.

29th. Kept in-doors [by a lame knee]. Read Vapereau's *Année Littéraire,* which gives a sketch of everything published in France during the year; endless poems, plays, and novels. Very clever critics are the French, with their easy, subtle analysis of everything. We and the English have nothing of the kind.

30th. Read newspapers, wrote letters, and mused unprofitably by the fireside. Tried a walk. In the twilight Miss C. comes and sings to the children, accompanying herself on her guitar; strange Spanish and Indian songs from New Mexico.

31st. Read the inevitable newspapers, hoping for something, longing for something; finding nothing, except a little poem by Tennyson, — 'The Sailor Boy.'

February 3. In the morning, Michael Angelo's *Sonnetti.* In the evening, read Dante, Purgatory, with the children. C. has taken up this idea from attending Lowell's lectures in college.

4th. Newspapers take up much time, — too much by a great deal; but one can hardly help it now when any moment may bring the greatest tidings. Visit from Curtis.

5th. A visit from my classmate, J. S. C. Abbott, author of the Life of Napoleon. Still amiable and joyous, as of old.

6th. An hour at the Nortons'. Borrow the splendid illustrated Dante of Gustave Doré, which is very imaginative, wild, and vigorous.

8th. Look over Doré's illustrations of the *Inferno*. They leave on the mind an idea of vastness and lurid sublimity, greater than that produced by Flaxman. A prodigality of horrors. "Soleva dire Michel Angelo Buonarotti quelle sole figure esser buone delli quali *era cavata la fatica*," — only those figures were good from which the *fatigue* was taken out. This is not always the case with Doré's.

10th. Wrote a long letter to Paul Blier, the French translator of The Golden Legend; answering sundry questions, to hunt up which answers took me all day long. Then walked up to the Nortons'.

12th. The days pass in dull monotony, and having nothing to record, I record nothing. A newspaper, a novel, a vain attempt at more serious study, and weariness, — that is all.

13th. The war goes on. The North is in motion at last; and great results are looked for.

14th. The little girls sending and receiving Valentines. Well, it is something to busy one's self with their business, and partake their joy.

15th. A week of victories all along the line, East and West.[1]

20th. Translated the beautiful Canto xxv. of the *Paradiso*.

21st. To-day Captain Gordon, the slaver, is to be hanged. It seems to me very illogical to hang him, and yet to protect by the Constitution all our internal slave-traders.

24th. Translate Canto xxx. of the *Paradiso*. In the evening a great fire in Boston, flushing the whole heavens.

[1] Springfield, Fort Henry, Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City.

A wonderful scene from the windows. The sheeted snow, and lights from houses gleaming through the red flush of the air; the wind blowing like a trumpet.

25th. Translated part of *Paradiso* xxvii.; St. Peter's wrath, and the angry glow of the air, which I thought of last night as I looked from the window.

27th. My birthday. Translated Canto xxiii. of *Paradiso*. News comes of Felton's death at his brother's, in Chester, near Philadelphia. I go down to see Agassiz, and find him in great distress. Dear, good Felton! how much he is beloved!

28th. I keep mostly in-doors, translating. Snow-drifts are piled about, and the month ends with the blast of windy trumpets over the chimney-tops, — melancholy enough to a melancholy man.

March 3. Finished *Paradiso* xxiv. Went to town. At the publisher's, met Mr. Trollope, who has just returned from the West.

4th. A cheerless, gray March day, — the streets flooded with snow and water. Felton's funeral, from the college chapel. So passes away the learned scholar, the genial companion, the affectionate, faithful friend!

5th. Went to the greenhouse to get flowers for Miss W——'s funeral. The funeral in the afternoon. Ah, what sorrow and what loveliness united! Painter never painted death in lovelier shape than this young girl. "Dear, beauteous death!"

6th. C. has been asked to go to Ship Island. Drive to town with him to see him on board. It is a great tug at the heart-strings, this parting with a son for the first time.

10th. See Fields, who wants some cantos of the *Paradiso* for the Atlantic. He gives me a picture of Stradivarius in his workship among his violins. I feel as if I should like to make musical instruments and could do it,

if my head were not full of other things, — as Don Quixote thought he could have made good toothpicks and bird-cages, if his head had not been full of adventures.

18th. All the past week I have been pretty busy upon Dante, — quite absorbed.

25th. Another week gone. All given to Dante. I have now completed twelve cantos of the *Paradiso*, — xxii.–xxxiii. Sit an hour with Lowell in his study. Go up to the Nortons'.

26th. Meet Sophocles in the street. He has written an epitaph in Greek for Felton's gravestone, which he wishes me to translate. A strange, eccentric man is Sophocles, with his blue cloak and wild gray beard, his learning and his silence. He makes Diogenes a possibility.

April 2. Walk to town. Then hurry home to read the first volume of Irving's Life and Letters. Very interesting.

9th. Great battles, and great victories for Freedom.

11th. Bought a set of the British Essayists, in forty-five volumes; beginning with The Tatler, the first number of which was published April 12, 1709.

12th. Walking in the pleasant sunset, I met Richard Dana, and shortly afterward his father, the old essayist, author of The Idle Man; a courteous gentleman, who has somewhat outlived his fame, and to whom the present generation does not pay the honor which is due to him. We had some pleasant chat about the British essayists, and the charm that still lingers round their memory. As we walked we met Lowell and Norton; and I felt that we belonged to the "Old-Guard."

14th. Letters, letters, letters! How they come, and how they consume one's time! Not those from friends, — I do not mean that, for it is always a pleasure to hear from them, — but the "perfect stranger," as he is fond of

calling himself, who always wants you to turn his grindstone. A charming essay might be written on the Perfect Stranger.

20th. Easter Sunday. Keep in-doors with heavy cold. The sickly sunshine streams through the windows. The dust flies. Heavy in heart and head.

To Charles Sumner.

April 20, 1862.

Here is a photograph of Felton, which is pretty good. Dexter has made a bust of him, a most agreeable likeness; an admirable head, like one of the Roman Emperors. It is not yet in marble, so that one cannot pronounce a final judgment.

You are hard at work; and God bless you in it. In every country the "dangerous classes" are those who do no work; for instance, the nobility in Europe and the slave-holders here. It is evident that the world needs a new nobility, — not of the gold medal and *sangre azul* order; not of the blood that is blue because it stagnates; but of the red arterial blood, that circulates, and has heart in it, and life, and labor.

I am writing you on Easter Sunday. What an Easter this is for the negroes in the District of Columbia![1] I rejoice, with you and with all true men, on this Easter of Africa.

To Miss F.——.

April 28, 1862.

Your letter from Seaforth last summer comforted me in a very dark hour, and I should not have left it so long

[1] Congress had just passed a bill emancipating the slaves in the District; "the first instalment" said Mr. Sumner, "of the great debt we owe an enslaved race."

unanswered if I had had the heart to write to any one. Even now I can do little more than thank you for it. I cannot speak of the desolation of this house, and the sorrow which overwhelms and crushes me. I must be patient and silent. My children are all well, and good; and that is a great comfort to me. . . .

I can hardly tell you how changed Cambridge has become to me. Felton, too, is gone; one of my oldest and dearest friends. It seems indeed as if the world were reeling and sinking under my feet. He died of heart disease, and is buried here at Mt. Auburn, the crests of whose trees I can see from this window where I write. A truly noble, sweet nature!

To Ferdinand Freiligrath.

April 28, 1862.

Pardon me for not having answered your letter of last summer, which comforted and strengthened me with its words of sympathy. I have not had the heart to write; nor have I now, save my thanks and my affectionate remembrances to you and your dear wife. It makes my fatal wound ache and bleed too much. So forgive me if I say no more than that I am still overwhelmed and crushed.

I have no definite plans for the future, but drift along from day to day through these bitter waters. It is very difficult to build up again such a shattered life. It crumbled away like sand. But I try, and am patient; though, having seen what I have seen, I wonder I am still alive. My children are all well, and that comforts me, and gives me courage.

Thanks for the *Skizzen aus Nord America*. Do you know the author, Dr. Kohl? He is a very admirable, excellent man.

I hope that you and yours are all well and happy. God bless you and guard you!

29th. Lowell comes to hear some cantos of my translation of the *Paradiso*. Then Fields; and I walk with him on his way to town.

May 1. A lovely May-day. A procession of girls and boys has just gone by with banners and wreaths of flowers.

To Miss F——.

May 8, 1862.

As I was passing down the village street yesterday, I saw at a shop window, directly opposite Felton's study, a beautiful orange-tree, having upon it six oranges and a hundred buds and blossoms. I could not resist the temptation of buying it; and it is now flourishing in my own window and filling the room with fragrance. . . . It stands under the shelter of a lemon-tree ten feet high, which for the last ten years has kept up a make-believe summer all winter long in my study.[1]

Felton is universally regretted. He had thousands of friends and not one enemy. What Burke (or some other friend) said at Johnson's death may be said of Felton's: "It has made a chasm which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead: let us go to the next best. There is nobody. No man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson."[2]

This is equally true of Felton. He had a wider range of scholarship than any of us; and his nature to the last

[1] The lemon-tree is gone, but the orange-tree still adorns and perfumes the study.

[2] It was William Gerrard Hamilton, who said this. See Croker's Boswell, v. 353.

was pure, genial, and sympathetic. Strangely enough, I was not much shocked at the tidings of his death. I suppose I was too benumbed with suffering to feel anything very keenly at that time. But I feel his loss all the more perhaps. His epitaph has been written in Greek, by Sophocles, himself a Greek, and Professor of Greek in the University. I send you a literal translation; like the original, it is in the elegiac, or hexameter and pentameter, metre.

Felton, dearest of friends, to the land unseen thou departest;
Snatched away, thou hast left sorrow and sighing behind!
On thy companions, the dear ones, alas! the affliction has fallen;
Hellas, of thee beloved, misses thy beautiful life!

Of the civil war I say only this. It is not a revolution, but a Catalinian conspiracy. It is Slavery against Freedom; the north wind against the southern pestilence. I saw lately, at a jeweller's, a slave's collar of iron, with an iron tongue as large as a spoon, to go into the mouth. Every drop of blood in me quivered! The world forgets what Slavery really is!

10th. I send you a photograph of my little Saxon E., eight years old. I am very fond of photographs. Did you ever examine what the photographers call the *negative*, in which all that is to be light is dark, and the reverse? If so, you will feel how beautiful was the remark made by a brother-in-law of mine that "this world is only the *negative* of the world to come, and what is dark here will be light hereafter."

I wonder what you are doing on this beautiful day. My little girls are flitting about my study, as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls; and on the table I find this programme, in E.'s handwriting, which I purloin and send to you, thinking it may amuse you. What a beautiful world this

child's world is! So instinct with life, so illuminated with imagination! I take infinite delight in seeing it go on around me, and feel all the tenderness of the words that fell from the blessed lips, — "Suffer the little children to come unto me." After that benediction how can any one dare to deal harshly with a child!

E. occupies her leisure in a correspondence with me. Her post-office is under her pillow, where she expects to find a letter in the morning.

9th. On my way out from town, met John Dwight, and asked him to dinner. Pleasant chat about music and musical people in Germany and Italy. He is translating Mendelssohn's letters, for his Journal of Music. They are very interesting.

11th. News to-day of the surrender of Norfolk, and the destruction, by the Rebels, of the iron ship Merrimac.

12th. Begin sitting to Healy for portrait.

17th. Drove with my little girls through the budding, blossoming roads of Watertown, under Wellington's Hill, and home by Mr. Cushing's. Here is one of the best things the war has yet given us. [A newspaper paragraph containing General Hunter's Order, declaring the military department of the South under martial law, and all persons held as slaves therein, free.] All hail to General Hunter.

22d. Emerson and Lowell call.

In the month of June Mr. Longfellow joined a party of friends in a visit to Niagara Falls, which he had never seen, — taking his boys with him.

June 4. A rainy day to begin the Niagara journey. On, on, on, all day long. Reach Albany at five.

5th. To Utica by rail. There we take a carriage to Trenton Falls. Dine, and then go down the steep steps to the lovely river, rushing, roaring along its banks of stone, through a deep wooded ravine. We follow it up for miles; all loveliness, and a little spice of danger from a slip on the narrow ledges. A nice hotel, and a good host, fond of music and of art, and possessing two parlor organs and a piano, and rooms full of pictures. Go down to the river at night. Black and fearful is it in the deep ravine, with flashes of white foam, and the waterfalls calling and beckoning.

6th. Down at the river before breakfast. In the afternoon another ramble up the beautiful river. It is very lovely.

7th. Reach Niagara at nine, and stop at the Cataract House impending over the Rapids. After supper go with E. and Miss S. to Goat Island, lovely in the moonlight, and get our first glimpse of the Falls.

8th. A bright, beautiful day. Pass all the morning alone, on Goat Island and a smaller one, just on the western brink of the American Fall. What a lovely spot! Better than a church for me to-day. Go up the stone tower in the midst of the English Fall. It drives me frantic with excitement. In the afternoon, go over the suspension bridge to Table Rock, on the Canada side. It is the finest view of the English Fall. In every other particular the American side is preferable.

9th. Niagara is too much for me; my nerves shake like a bridge of wire; a vague sense of terror and unrest haunts me all the time. My head swims and reels with the ceaseless motion of the water.

10th. Last night we took a farewell ramble on Goat Island, Luna Island, and the Three Sisters. Leave Niagara for Toronto after dinner to-day. After supper, took a stroll through the main street of Toronto with E.; then to

bed in our gloomy Castle of Otranto, called the Rossin House.

12th. From Kingston, down the St. Lawrence in the steamboat; first, among the "Thousand Islands," then down the rapids, which is exciting. But in the afternoon we ran aground in Lake St. Francis, where we remained fast, till two steam-tugs got us off in the evening and conveyed us to the shore. We passed the night snugly at the landing-place.

13th. Started early, and passed through the lake, and down the Coteau, Cedar, and Cascade Rapids, and across Lake St. Louis. At a wretched little Indian village of huts, with moss-covered roofs, Caughnawaga, the Indian pilot Baptiste came on board and steered us down the last and most dangerous of the rapids, the Lachine. We reached Montreal for breakfast, at the St. Lawrence hotel. A day in Montreal is not much time for so nice a place. We all like it. Pass the forenoon in rambling through the streets, and the afternoon in a drive round the mountain.

16th. From Burlington to Boston, by Bellow's Falls, a pleasant route. Reached home at dark, and found the house deserted.

22d. Bright, melancholy day. It is too terrible to bear! This utter loneliness!

24th. Begin to get ready for Nahant. Afternoon, go to the college chapel to hear Mr. Paine, on the organ. Some of Sebastian Bach's fugues. Mr. P. is a Portlander, just returned from Germany, and now musical instructor in the college. A fine organist, young and full of promise. He and Dwight at tea.

July 8. Afternoon hazy and hot. A bath, and a soft hazy evening, with a copper moon, rayless and ominous, hanging over the motionless sea.

10th. I can make no record of these days. Better leave them wrapped in silence. Perhaps some day God will give me peace.

To James T. Fields.

NAHANT, July 16, 1862.

Your second note, "to remind," shows me how the days pass. A terrible week this last has been. So pardon the neglect. Thanks for the offer of books. Trollope I have, and Winthrop's last novel I should like very much. I began copying 'The Cumberland' for you the other day; but gave it up in disgust at the end of the second stanza. I have found the seven volumes of Mme. D'Arblay, very pleasant seaside reading. They have helped me over some dreary hours. I find Nahant very sad this summer; "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." But I fancy place makes no great difference. Change of place does. That is the best thing, if one were only free to take it, or make it.

19th. Nahant is very solitary and deserted this year. I stood looking down at the steamboat-landing opposite. Not a fishing-boat; not a human being in sight. Then the ghostly little steamer comes in, and the phantoms go over the hill toward the ruins of the burned hotel, and all is still and lonely again.

31st. A visit from Sumner, and long political talk.

August 2. A bath at noon, with the children. Try to write. Splendid mirage.

4th. Reading a very clever French book, with a very foolish title, *Dick Moon en France.* A beautiful description of Paris, *prise du Pont des Arts,* on the sixty-seventh page.

. . . . . .

The rest of August a blank. War and rumors of war; and a sense of apprehension in the air, and sadness and general discomfort; no heart to write down the record of the passing day.

September 1. Yesterday we had report of a great battle at Manassas, ending in defeat of the Rebels. The moon set red and lowering; and I thought in the night of the pale, upturned faces of young men on the battle-field, and the agonies of the wounded; and my wretchedness was very great. Every shell from the cannon's mouth bursts not only on the battle-field, but in far-away homes, North or South, carrying dismay and death. What an infernal thing war is! Woe to him by whom it cometh! We are waiting this morning with greatest anxiety for news.

3d. Field, of Philadelphia, and Wild, the painter, dine with us. After dinner, Agassiz comes in. He is at his wit's end about the Scientific School. Want of funds to go on with, and so forth.

5th. Read Voltaire's Charles XII., whom he considers "l'homme le plus remarquable qui ait existé," — though I believe he throws in a *peut-être* somewhere. Elsewhere, he calls him an "homme unique, plutôt que grand homme."

14th. Sumner comes to dinner. He is very gloomy and desponding; and sighs out every now and then, "Poor country! poor, poor country!"

23d. Good news this morning. Emancipation of the slaves! On and after January 1, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then and thenceforward and forever free."

October 11. Write a little upon the Wayside Inn, — a beginning, only.

31st. October ends with a delicious Indian-summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red Horse Tavern in Sudbury, — alas, no longer an inn! A lovely valley; the winding road shaded by grand old oaks before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old; and till now in the family of the Howes, who have kept an inn for one hundred and seventy-five years. In the old time, it was a house of call for all travellers from Boston westward.

To James T. Fields.

November 11, 1862.

To the best of my recollection, Miss Procter's Poems was returned long and long ago, — a belief in which I am confirmed by an old habit of having a place apart for borrowed books, and of returning them as soon as read, — and sometimes sooner. Still, I will make diligent search; and if I find the books, I promise to — well, say *blush unseen.*

The breakfast was very charming. You and your wife understand the divine art of entertaining as few people do.

The Sudbury Tales go on famously. I have now five complete, with a great part of the 'Prelude.'

November 18. A lovely day, — the latest Indian summer. Finished the 'Prelude' to the Wayside Inn.

28th. See in the paper that "Professor F. Newman has produced in England a Latin translation of Longfellow's Hiawatha."

29th. Received a copy of this translation, from the author, — *Carmen Hiawathæ.* It is in prose, though printed as verse; and begins: —

Si rogitas unde hæc fabulæ,
Unde vagus carminis mei rumor,
Odorem secum vehens silvestrem
Roreisque et nebulas pratorum.

At work on a tale called 'Torquemada,' for the Sudbury Tales.

December 5. [At midnight.] Finished 'Torquemada,' — a dismal story of fanaticism; but in its main points historic. See De Castro, *Protestantes Españolas*, page 310.

13th. Fredericksburg is taken; a great battle is going on to-day. Went to South Boston, with S., C., and E., to see the Nahant, — an ironclad with revolving turret, like the Monitor. A curious sight. How ingenious men are in the ways of destruction! In the evening, Fields came out, and I read to him 'Torquemada.'

14th. The new President, Dr. Hill, at chapel. He thinks Liberal Christians do not lay emphasis enough upon the "wrath of God."

25th. "A merry Christmas," say the children; but that is no more, for me. Last night the little girls had a pretty Christmas-tree.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1863.

January 1. A great day. The President's Proclamation for Emancipation of Slaves in the rebel States, goes into effect. A beautiful day, full of sunshine, ending in a tranquil moonlight night. May it be symbolical of the Emancipation. There was a grand meeting in Boston, at which Emerson recited a poem. I was not there.

2d. Beautiful as yesterday. I read in C. T. Brooks's translation of Richter's *Titan.* Wrote letters. R. H. Dana came in the evening, and talked of the President's Proclamation, in his own clear way.

3d. Still the same soft weather, suggesting Spring, Italy, Youth. Read *Titan;* very cleverly done into English.

7th. Looked at engravings at the Library. A portfolio of Nanteuil's and Masson's and other French engravers; subjects not interesting, but the engraving fine.

9th. Very dark and dreary within me. I am ashamed to lead so useless and listless a life.

11th. After chapel walk home with Agassiz. Ill all day. In the evening my old friend George W. Greene comes. He is here to give a course of Lowell lectures.

12th. Rembrandt's etchings (at the Library),—a beautiful and interesting portfolio. What homely women! and

yet how true to nature. The "Three Trees" and "Three Cottages" and the "Burgomaster Six" are charming etchings. Greene comes out to dine and passes the afternoon and evening.

14th. Read *Titan;* a splendid book, wild and wonderful. I have not read it since I was in Heidelberg.

19th. Our last session with the engravings. We went over a portfolio of Schöngauer and Albrecht Dürer.

21st. A dinner for Thies, to close up our engraving class.

22d. In-doors all day, reading *Jean Valjean,* the close of Victor Hugo's *Misérables.*

26th. A divine morning, lovely as Italy. The hoar frost, the haze, the genial sun,— all are beautiful. In the evening Greene reads to me his fourth lecture, and I read to him some cantos of the *Paradiso.*

February 19. If you want to enliven a dull dinner table you have only to ask the question, "To which century does the year 1800 belong?" I tried it to-day with success.

28th. Went to town. At Fields's saw Hawthorne, whom I have not met for months. He looks gray and grand, with something very pathetic about him.

To James T. Fields.

March 3, 1863.

I was ashamed this morning to send the expressman to your door in quest of an old umbrella, not unlike that which accompanied and consoled the exiled king of France in his flight to England. Nevertheless, I did send; for it is a lineal descendant of King Cotton, and is of that particularly audacious kind that never says "Lost." In the hands of a modern "sensuous" poet the handle would become pearl (daughter, not mother of) and the rest would

be of a "tissue from the looms of Samarcand." Finally, it is the one I keep to lend to lecturers at the Lowell Institute, and the like; and, though very dissipated, is worth reclaiming.

Accept my apology and believe me, or not,

Yours truly.

March 14. This has been a sad week to me. To-day I began the *Inferno*. I mean to take a canto a day till it is finished.

16th. A letter from Captain McCartney, of Battery A. Mass. Artillery, says Charles is with him on the Rappahannock. He is where he wants to be, in the midst of it all. General Hooker is a fighting general, and will soon be moving.

30th. On recommendation of Colonel Sargent, C. has received a commission as second lieutenant of cavalry. In town all the morning getting his outfit.

To James T. Fields.

——, 1863.

If it is not too late to say so, I had rather not be voted for at the Club just yet.[1] If I were a member I should not go there once a year. Then what is the use of being a member? I do not feel at all up to it. Strange as you may think it, I find no longer any pleasure in such things, nor take any interest in going about among men. Whenever I try it I fail utterly. I had rather be here at my work as long as the day continues; for the night cometh wherein no man can work.

April 16. Finish the translation of the *Inferno*. So the whole work is done; the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* having

[1] Probably the Union Club.

been finished before. I have written a canto a day, thirty-four days in succession, with many anxieties and interruptions. Now I must make some Notes. Meanwhile the Sudbury Tales are in press.

18th. A troubled day. It always makes me unhappy to go to town now. See Fields, and hear report of the taking of Gordonsville by our troops.

30th. Charles Norton tells me that in 1865 the six-hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of Dante is to be celebrated in Florence. He wants me to keep back my translation of the *Divina Commedia* for that occasion.

May 10. Beautiful, after a week of rain. A day full of sunshine, blossoms, and song of birds; and of tender memories!

28th. In town saw the first regiment of blacks march through Beacon Street. An imposing sight, with something wild and strange about it, like a dream. At last the North consents to let the negro fight for freedom.

June 1. Sat an hour with poor George Sumner at the Hospital (in that cheerful No. 10 looking out on the Charles River bridge). T. came to dinner and we went to see Agassiz, who is not well.

2d. Great gusts of wind shaking the heavy tree-tops. Go to the Port to get a license for Trap. Met Thies, who tells me of the Memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense and his day-books, just published [in Germany] and likely to make a sensation. Made up a box of birthday presents for C. in camp on the Potomac.

4th. How sad to me are these beautiful summer days. The burden seems too great for me to bear.

5th. Pass the morning listlessly and wearily. T. comes to dine. And so goes the day; ended by a chapter of Jane Austen's Mansfield Park.

6th. I grow more and more restless. I need change of scene.

To James T. Fields.

NAHANT, August 25, 1863.

A youth in the West, a farmer's boy, sends me these two poems, the one in manuscript for the Atlantic. There are good touches in them. "The cloudy gloom under the moon," I have often noticed, but have never before seen it in print. Perhaps you may foster a new poet.

I am afraid we have made a mistake in calling the new volume, "The Sudbury Tales." Now that I see it announced I do not like the title. Sumner cries out against it and has persuaded me, as I think he will you, to come back to "The Wayside Inn." Pray think as we do.

October 3. Call on my neighbor Worcester, the lexicographer; an old man, nearly eighty.

6th. Went again to the Hospital. A man met us at the gate and said, "Mr. Sumner is dead." We found his brother Charles in the room.

To George W. Curtis.

November 19, 1863.

I have just been reading your very generous, and more than generous, article in the Atlantic. If it were not written about myself I should say it is beautifully done. As it is I must say nothing of the kind, but only think it.

Let us make believe that you were writing about somebody else. Then I can tell you what a charming piece of criticism this is, and how delicately and skilfully wrought out. All this in a merely literary point of view. But the good-will, the sympathy, the tenderness of the article, I cannot make believe about those; nor can I adequately tell you how much I feel and value them. You will find

out some day, when you are among the afternoon shadows, and hear the same call from some one who has the shadows still under his feet. Till then you must try to imagine it.

We are all well here in this old house; mainly waiting and watching the tides of the great war. This morning's paper brings the report of Lincoln's brief speech at Gettysburg, which seems to me admirable.

I am also rejoicing in the new editors of the North American; as you are, I am sure.[1]

November 25. Published to-day by Ticknor and Fields Tales of a Wayside Inn; fifteen thousand copies. The publishers dined with me; also Sumner and Greene.

26th. Thanksgiving Day; ushered in with news of a victory of Grant in Tennessee. Mrs. Appleton and T. dined with us, and we drank the health of "all the lieutenants in the Army of the Potomac."

27th. I have begun to have [the translation of] Dante put in type; so as to have a clear copy to work upon, in making the Notes.

28th. The Army of the Potomac advancing.

December 1. At dinner received a telegram from Washington stating that Charles had been severely wounded. Left for Washington with Ernest at five o'clock. Stormy night, and severe gale on the Sound.

3d. *Washington.* Engaged rooms at the Ebbitt House. Then went in pursuit of C. Find he has not been sent up yet. Go down to Alexandria in steamboat, passing through the Russian fleet. Find Colonel Devereaux, who telegraphs for news. Wait all the afternoon for answer, but get none. Go back to Washington in last boat. At

[1] Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell had taken the editorship.

midnight, a knock at my chamber-door. Telegram from Colonel D.: "Wounded will be sent up to-morrow."

4th. No wounded arrive; will not be up till to-morrow noon.

5th. Drive to station at noon. While I am waiting, a person steps up to me dressed in military overcoat, high boots, and corduroys. He says, "Are you Professor Longfellow? Give me your hand. I am Dr. B—— of Riga; have translated your Hiawatha into Russian. When I came to this country there were three men I wanted to see, — Agassiz, Emerson, and yourself. I am glad to see you here on this business. I am glad to see you are a *man*. I saw your portrait once in an English paper and it looked like a ——. I have been a colonel in the army; am now director of the flying ambulance, etc., etc." The train came in from Alexandria, — only a baggage-car. But in it were sixteen wounded officers, and among them were Charles and Captain Bowditch. Take them to the Ebbitt House, and soon have them snug in bed. Bowditch is wounded through the arm; C. through both shoulders, — an Enfield ball entering under the left shoulder-blade and passing directly through the back, taking off one of the spinal processes and passing out under the right shoulder-blade. A wonderful escape. Both doing well. I watch with them all night.

6th. The army surgeon who came with the wounded alarmed me by saying that his duty to himself and to me required him to say that the wound was a very serious one and paralysis might ensue. In the evening three surgeons came. One of them, Dr. McGill, evidently an able man, gives favorable report, but says the wound will be long in healing, — "he will not be fit for service under six months."

7th. Enter Gurowski, full of sympathy. Dr. Bates, surgeon of this district, takes charge, — a modest, deft

little man, kind and obliging. He makes out certificate for leave of absence. Go with Sumner to the Senate-chamber to see the opening of Congress. See Fessenden, Hale, Dixon, and others. Also Mr. Lyon, of Lyonsdale, who was so kind when I was here last summer. Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch arrive.

8th. Leave for home with the two wounded officers. A very comfortable night journey.

9th. Reach New York at half-past seven. Stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Dr. Van Buren dresses C.'s wounds. He refuses any fee, saying, "I am not often sentimental, but feel disposed to be so this morning." Reach home at ten; Dr. Wyman comes; wounds dressed; patient in bed by midnight.

16th. The girls all go to the great "Sanitary" Fair with Miss Davie.

To Miss F——.

December 28, 1863.

It is so long since I wrote you last that I am heartily ashamed to think of it. So I will not think of it. Let us make believe that I have been a good and punctual correspondent, and then I shall have courage to proceed. . . .

Since I wrote you, I have been through a great deal of trouble and anxiety. My oldest boy, not yet twenty, is a lieutenant of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. Early in the summer he was taken down with camp fever, and did not rejoin his regiment till September. In the last battle on the Rapidan he was shot through both shoulders with a rifle-ball, and had a very narrow escape of it. He is now at home, and doing very well. The two anxious journeys to the army to bring him back, together with the waiting and the watching, have not done me much good, nor left me much time for other

things. However, I have contrived to get a volume of poems through the press, and have requested the London publishers to send you a copy.

The Wayside Inn has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family, by the name of Howe, built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn. All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as "the Squire," — things that must sound strange in English ears. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi, whom I have seen as I have painted him, etc., etc.[1]

Your lotus-leaf pillow is now giving comfort to a younger head than mine, — the wounded officer's. He comes down into my study every day, and is propped up with it in a great chair. How brave these boys are! Not a single murmur or complaint, though he has a wound through him a foot long. He pretends it does not hurt him.

[1] All the characters were real, but they were not really at the Sudbury Inn. The poet was T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti; the theologian, Professor Treadwell, of Harvard; the student, Henry Ware Wales. Parsons, Monti, and Treadwell were in the habit of spending the summer months at the Sudbury Inn. On this very slender thread of fact, the fiction is woven. The tales are drawn from various sources. To Mr. Longfellow belongs the charm of the telling; often with much amplification and adornment. In perhaps only one instance, 'The Birds of Killingworth,' is the story of his own invention.

CHAPTER XX.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1864.

January 1. We all dined in town at 39. Even C. went in. To me it was very sad; well nigh insupportable.

2d. Look over Mr. Ticknor's Life of Prescott. Very interesting. Also the North American Review, — the first number of the new editors, Lowell and Norton. A new life is infused into it.

From Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CONCORD, January 2, 1864.

DEAR LONGFELLOW, — It seems idle to tell you that I have read the Wayside Inn with great comfort and delight. I take vast satisfaction in your poetry, and take very little in most other men's, except it be the grand old strains that have been sounding on through all my life. Nothing can be better than these tales of yours, one and all. I was especially charmed with the description of an old Scandinavian ship-of-war,[1] with her officers and crew; in which, by some inscrutable magic, you contrive to suggest a parallel picture of a modern frigate.

It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse,[2] — even as if I had been gazing up at the moon and detected my own features in its profile.

[1] 'The Building of the Long Serpent.'

[2] In the 'Prelude.'

I have been much out of sorts of late, and do not well know what is the matter with me; but am inclined to draw the conclusion that I shall have little more to do with pen and ink. One more book I should like well enough to write, and have indeed begun it, but with no assurance of ever bringing it to an end. As is always the case, I have a notion that the last book would be my best, and full of wisdom about matters of life and death, — and yet it will be no deadly disappointment if I am compelled to drop it. You can tell, far better than I, whether there is anything worth having in literary reputation; and whether the best achievements seem to have any substance after they grow cold.

Your friend, NATH. HAWTHORNE.

4th. A letter from Hawthorne. He says he is not well, and is evidently out of spirits. He is busy with a new book. Write to Bryant, thanking him for his new volume of poems.[1] In the evening, finish the Life of Prescott.

To William C. Bryant.

January 4, 1864.

I was much gratified to receive on New Year's Day your kind remembrance in your new volume of poems, which I have read with great sympathy and delight, and find very consoling, both in its music and its meaning. I most heartily congratulate you on this new success. Have you looked at the January number of the North American Review, the first under the new management? Some of the articles, I think, will please you; particularly 'Immorality in Politics,' by Mr. Norton, and 'The President's Policy,' by Mr. Lowell.

[1] This was the Thirty Poems, containing among others, 'The Future Life.'

5th. A cloudy day and gentle fall of snow. Such winter days have a peculiar charm. I like them better than the usual glare and glitter of the New England winter.

7th. St. Distaff's day; so says the Old Farmer's Almanac, which I bought this morning to see "when there is a moon," as the *bourgeois gentilhomme* says; and because I saw as the motto for each month a stanza of my own verses!

10th. Wrote to M. Brunel, who has been translating Evangeline into French.

To Mrs. James T. Fields.

January 18, 1864.

I am much obliged to you for your charming note. It certainly is a great pleasure to give pleasure to others, and particularly to those whom we wish to please. Though one may sing for the mere delight of singing, I think it increases the delight to know that the song has been heard and liked. Especially if one sings from the corner of School and Washington streets!

I send you, with this, *Jean Paul's Geist*, in the fourth volume of which apparition you will find [some pieces] which Mr. Fields wanted you to see. It has no index, and no references to the volumes from which the extracts are made, — a great drawback, in my opinion. Glancing over it, you will find many things already familiar, perhaps something new; certainly much that is beautiful.

19th. A misty morning; a twilight such as the "Spiritualists" delight in. And I have a strong impression that a letter from a particular person is lying in the post-office, or is on its way from town, though I have not

heard of the arrival of a steamer, and do not know that any is due to-day. No letter came!

26th. Read over a part of Hyperion, to prepare for a new edition. Ah, me! how many graves I dug open! When it is once revised, I shall never dare look into the book again.

28th. The letter looked for on the 19th arrived.

February 2. Went to town, which devastated the day. After dinner, letters, and autographs for fairs.

From Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD, February 24, 1864.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — What a rusty place is the country to live in, where a man loses his manners, — or never attains to them! What a fat and sleepy air is this, that I have never thanked you for the New Year's poems,[1] — chiefly, the 'Birds,' which is serene, happy, and immortal as Chaucer, and speaks to all conditions! And now you punish me for my ingratitude by new cares for me, and send me word of a new horizon for me in Sweden. Was it you who sent me, a week earlier (the envelope was stamped Cambridge), a Brussels publisher's list, announcing the French translation of Representative Men as *défendu* in France? — of which too much honor I am curious to know the cause.[2] Have you read Elliot Cabot's paper on Art? How dangerously subtile! One would say it must be the epitaph of existing Art, if the artists once read and understand him. And yet, of course, he will say, — only to begin a new creation. But I am very proud of Boston when it turns out such a Greek as Cabot.

[1] Tales of a Wayside Inn, containing 'The Birds of Killingworth.' This poem Mr. Emerson put into his Parnassus.

[2] One might suggest the chapter on Napoleon.

When will you come back to the Saturdays, which want their ancient lustre? I hope the evil symptoms I heard of months ago have disappeared. I have often in these solitudes questions to ask you; but, at such distant meetings, they have no answers.

R. W. Emerson.

March 10. Wrote a poem, 'The Bridge in the Air,' — a little 'Bird of Passage.'[1]

To James T. Fields.

March 13, 1864.

I send you herewith the proof of 'Kambalu.' I think "Mahomed" will do. He evidently did not know how to write his own name, any more than Shakspeare did his, and indulged in variations. Let it pass, — a poetic license. I send also 'The Bridge of Cloud,' or 'Bridge in the Air,' — which shall it be? — enlarged, and more fully expressing the thought in my mind. I should like to consult you also about the passages marked in pencil. Read by candle-light, if you can, and not by the broad daylight of office hours. In the last stanza of 'Palingenesis,' I come back to the old reading, — "nor will I vainly question." That is better, on the whole; and I do not mean to tamper with it any more.

17th. Finished to-day the revision and copying, or rewriting, the translation of the *Purgatorio*, so as to have it all of one piece with the rest; it having been made at different times, long, long ago, and never revised. Now I have the whole before me, of uniform style and workmanship.

23d. Began the notes to the *Inferno*.

[1] Printed with the Wayside Inn as 'The Bridge of Cloud.'

24th. Finished notes on canto i. Norton came in, and we had a long Dantesque talk. I wish I could hope to get my translation ready for next year's celebration. I am afraid it cannot be.

25th. The dates and days of this year 1864 correspond with those of the Dantesque year 1300.

To George W. Greene.

March 25, 1864.

This is a lovely day, as you are well aware. Moreover, it is Good Friday, as you are equally well aware; and leaving aside the deeper meaning of the day, I will tell you something of which I suspect you are not aware. Have you remembered, or noticed, that the days and dates of 1864 correspond with those of the Dantesque 1300? — so that in both years Good Friday falls on the 25th of March. Five hundred and sixty-four years ago to-day, Dante descended to the *città dolente;* and to-day, with the first two cantos of the *Inferno* in my hand, I descended among the printers' devils, — the *malebolge* of the University Press. Is it a good omen? I know not. But something urges me on and on and on with this work, and will not let me rest; though I often hear the warning voice from within, —

Me degno a ciò nè io nè altri crede.

Did you ever notice the beautiful and endless aspiration so artistically and silently suggested by Dante in closing each part of his poem with the word *stelle?* Did any Italian commentator ever find it out? Among English translators, I believe Cayley was the first to remark it.

April 9. In the afternoon I received a copy of *La Legende Dorée* from the translators [Paul Blier and Edward

Macdonnel], — a handsome octavo. In the preface, mention is made of a French translation of Hiawatha as already existing. Hyperion, Kavanagh, and Evangeline have already been translated into French. This translation of the Legend is in prose, and is admirable.

11th. Read in the morning paper of the sudden death of W. D. Ticknor [the publisher] in Philadelphia, whither he had gone with Hawthorne, who is ill. Ticknor published my first volume, the *Coplas de Manrique*, in 1833, — more than thirty years ago. I saw him the day before he went away, merry and rejoicing in the prospect of a pleasant journey, — he knew not whither; but hoping to go from New York to Havana, and by New Orleans homeward.

To George W. Greene.

April 20, 1864.

Walking the other day along the accustomed townward walk, made pleasanter by remembrances of you, I met the East Wind, blowing, blowing; and I said, "This will never do for Greene." And the day after, in the same place, I met the West Wind, and said, "O Mudjekeewis, you are worse than your brother Wabun!" But I hope next week this will all be over, and spring begin as if it were giving some attention to its business, and not going into hopeless bankruptcy.

To my great surprise, I find the making of Notes to Dante very pleasant work. I wish somebody would pour a barrel of something into the grave of the commentators, as the bridegroom in the old Icelandic tale did into the grave of his friend the toper, to moisten the dry bones. I shall not be able to do that; but something like it, perhaps. I have begun already to light up these footlights of the great Comedy, and am not wholly dissatisfied with the effect. Will the oil hold out? I hope so. I have

three introductory sonnets for fly-leaves of the three parts, — Boccaccio's, Michael Angelo's, and a new one of my own.[1]

To Charles Sumner.

April 30, 1864.

Is this which you send me the Gorgon's head on the shield of Minerva, or is it Minerva herself behind the shield, chiding Telemachus?

Your report on the rejection of colored testimony I read with a kind of agony, to think what we had been inflicting on those "whose despair is dumb."[2] This dreadful stone of Slavery! — whenever you lift it, what reptiles crawl out from under it!

Your speech on the Abolition of Slavery came this morning. I shall read it at once. It is enough for me that you have made it.

Ever truly, upholding your hands.

P. S. Many thanks for the Duchess's letter. There is no Gorgon in that.

May 7. In translating Dante, something must be relinquished. Shall it be the beautiful rhyme that blossoms all along the lines like a honeysuckle on a hedge? It must be, in order to retain something more precious than rhyme; namely, fidelity, truth, — the life of the hedge itself.

8th. News of battles, and victories of General Grant over General Lee in Virginia. If fully confirmed, it is the beginning of the end.

[1] He afterwards wrote five more of his own, and prefixed them to the volumes, omitting the others.

[2] In no court of the District of Columbia or any Slave-State could the testimony of a black man be received.

19th. Drove with Greene to Lee's Headquarters and "Hobgoblin Hall." On our return, found this upon my desk: —

"Mr. Fields asked me to call and tell you the sad news of the death of Mr. Hawthorne. The telegram has just reached us from Plymouth, N. H.

A. F."

To Charles Sumner.

May 23, 1864.

And Hawthorne, too, is gone! I am waiting for the carriage which is to take Greene, Agassiz, and myself to Concord this bright spring morning, to his funeral.

But do not be disheartened. You have much work of the noble kind to do yet. Let us die standing. Your Report on the old French claims is complete and unanswerable. I breathe more freely when I read such papers!

I am full of faith, hope, and good heart!

25th. You have doubtless read some description of Hawthorne's funeral. It was a lovely day; the village all sunshine and blossoms and the song of birds. You cannot imagine anything at once more sad and beautiful. He is buried on a hill-top under the pines. I saw your portrait at Emerson's; so in a certain sense you were present.

To James T. Fields.

May 30, 1864.

Hawthorne's copy of Goldsmith has just reached me, saddening me with the thought that I shall see his beautiful face no more. I shall place it among my treasures as one of the most dear to me.

Do, if possible, get one of ——'s articles in type so that he can read the proof-sheets here. It would comfort him greatly.

From James T. Fields.

CAMPTON VILLAGE, June 19, 1864.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — We are here among the serenities and the fresh eggs. Would that you were near, to feel with us the wonderful beauty of the hills! Do come, and go over the Willy acres, and drive down into the comforting valleys by the lovely river, and eat wild strawberries, and rattle over the hills in our old wagon. In one week of this life I have grown as rusty as an old nail. I have lost all care; and the bundles of business have dropped clean off my shoulders and gone into the Pemigewasset. All the *buzziness* here is done by the bees; and the only active people are the birds, who sing all day long about our old dwelling by the roadside. Such a careless, good-for-nothing peaceful old life as this is well worth trying. A great and glorious laziness creeps up and takes possession of you the moment you arrive, and never lets go its hold as long as you stay. You loaf about in dell and hollow, and lie down on the hillside and let the slugs crawl over you without a shake. In the "broad orchards resonant with bees" you go to sleep, and only wake up when the horn blows for dinner. We know nothing of the weather in these parts.

> "It may blow North, it still is warm,
> Or South, it still is clear;
> Or East, it smells like a clover farm,
> Or West, no thunder fear."

Will you not come? . . .

I hope 'Palingenesis' will be well launched when the July Atlantic is ready. I left directions to have it properly put in the papers, but I have small faith in editors when I am out of the way. I am sure nothing finer has been printed for years.

> "Suns rise and set in Saadi's speech."

My wife sends kindest regards and hopes you will make your way to our roadside perch in New Hampshire.

Yours ever, J. T. F.

To James T. Fields.

June 23, 1864.

I have received your pleasant letter. It reads like one of Virgil's Eclogues; or the second stanza of Gray's Elegy; or an article in the Gentleman's Magazine signed Sylvanus Urban; or Don Quixote's discourse to the goat-herds; or Guarini's Pastor Fido. And yet I cannot come.

In return I send you a poem ['Hawthorne'], premising that I have not seen Holmes's article in the Atlantic. I hope we have not been singing and saying the same things. I have only tried to describe the state of mind I was in on that day. Did you not feel so likewise?

On the first day of July, — so my daughter informs me — we take our departure for Nahant. That is one week from to-day. It makes me think of General Grant's movement across the James.

To Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

June 23, 1864.

I have long been wishing to write you, to thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me the volume of Goldsmith; but I have not had the heart to do it. There are some things that one cannot say; and I hardly need tell you how much I value your gift, and how often I shall look at the familiar name on the blank leaf, — a name which more than any other links me to my youth.

I have written a few lines trying to express the impressions of May 23, and I venture to send you a copy of them. I had rather no one should see them but yourself; as I have also sent them to Mr. Fields for the Atlantic.

I feel how imperfect and inadequate they are; but I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory.

More than ever I now regret that I postponed from day to day coming to see you in Concord, and that at last I should have seen your house only on the outside!

From Mrs. Hawthorne.

Concord, July 24, 1864.

My dear Mr. Longfellow, — Your kind note and profoundly affecting poem moved me so much that it has been very difficult for me to reply. This you will entirely understand. We are both now entered fully into the worship of sorrow, and comprehend all its conditions.

It is impossible for me to express the emotion with which I saw you, — on that wonderful day, that was made to seem to me a festival of life, — at the head of the line of loving friends, going up to the Mount of Vision. I had not seen you since the dread epoch of God's mysterious dispensation to you. As it was, I did not see your face, but only the form and the white hair waving in the wind. I thought I had always sympathized with you; but that day I first knew what you had suffered. I understood the depths and heights of bereavement. Remembering also my husband's most affectionate regard for you, it was very sweet and grateful to see you there. I earnestly wished that I could convey to you my sense of these things.

My dear Mr. Longfellow, the last Sunday Mr. Hawthorne was at home, he was sitting in this little library with Julian; and I, in another room, suddenly heard J. begin to read aloud a passage from Evangeline beginning

"Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,"

and ending with the end of the poem. It broke on the perfect silence with singular power. At the close, Mr. Hawthorne said, "I like that," — and then there was again silence. We have often recalled that incident since. With Evangeline we have been enabled to "murmur, Father I thank Thee." I suppose you know how very much Mr. Hawthorne loved this poem; and it was remarkable that Julian should happen to open to it on that last day he saw his father, and read that particular passage, with no forethought.

The poem that you send me has such an Eolian delicacy, sweetness, and pathos, that it seems a strain of music rather than written words. It has in an eminent degree the unbroken melody of your verse. The picture of the scene you have now made immortal.

"Its monument shall be your gentle verse."

I cannot suppose that you would wish, now that All is gone, to come to this house, no longer a palace since the king has left it. But if you are ever in Concord, and would not feel too much saddened to enter these deserted halls, I should most gladly welcome you as one of his chief friends, tenderly valued. His visits to you in Cambridge used to be a great enjoyment to him. He always spoke of them as peculiarly agreeable. For the last years he had stood reverent, silent, and appalled before your unspeakable sorrow.

With great regard, sincerely yours,

SOPHIA HAWTHORNE.

September 1. I hope this absolute rest from all labor will not be without good effect in the long run. But I am getting rather too much of it, and would willingly be in Cambridge again. Correct some proof-sheets of a new edition of Hyperion.

10th. Sundry people came. The Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley of England, a pleasant gentleman, Fellow of Baliol, Oxford, brings me a letter from Mr. Adams, our Minister in London, and stays to dine.

27th. Mr. Robert Ferguson [of Carlisle, England] brings me a letter of introduction. I invite him to stay with me.

Mr. Ferguson has given this pleasant account of his visit, in his volume, America During and After the War: —

"Here, clustered together under the shadow of the oldest university of the New World, dwell many of the men whose names America most justly cherishes. And here, just landed from Boston by the horse-cars, I found myself inquiring the way to the residence of the poet Longfellow. . . .

"I found him in his study, — an elegant and cheerful room, in one corner of which a fine orange-tree, with its golden fruit, keeps green the memory of a departed friend, — the late Professor Felton. The table is strewn with books and presentation copies in various languages, — ay, even in Chinese. But the ways of the Chinese are not as our ways; and this presentation copy was in the shape of a fan, on which a poet of the Flowery Land had written a translation of the Psalm of Life; and if the translation were only as good as the writing, assuredly the work was well done. Though the features of the poet have been made familiar to us by many pictures and photographs, yet no one can see him for the first time without being struck with his appearance. His expression of mingled dignity and gentleness has been fairly presented to us; but the peculiar sweetness of his smile, and the touch of spiritual beauty which often plays upon his features,

cannot be rendered in a likeness. Before him lies the ever-open Dante, his translation of which — a labor of love, which has occupied him for some years — now approaches to completion. But Dante has not his undivided regard, and hardly would the picture of Longfellow in his study be complete without, ever and anon, through one of the 'three doors left unguarded,' a little figure stealing gently in, laying an arm around his neck as he bends over his work, and softly whispering some childish secret in his ear.

"Then, too, his work is interrupted by frequent visitors of another sort; for among the travellers of all nations the tour of America would hardly be considered complete without a visit to Craigie House. And speaking fluently French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, having also a knowledge of Danish, and of Dutch, it may well be supposed that there seldom comes a traveller with whom the poet cannot, if need be, hold converse in his own tongue. And sometimes there come other visitors too, self-introduced, — a class to whom the customs of America show more tolerance than they do with us. I remember, during the period of my stay, a Western man, comically quaint and cool, who came with a request to see the pictures at Craigie House. On two successive days he came, and for three or four good hours was Dante thrown aside while, with an amused good-humor, the poet answered all his odd questions, and showed him everything there was to be seen. Then there came very many others, craving assistance in sickness or sorrow, and to these a deaf ear is never turned. No man's income can be a secret in America; the income-tax returns are open to public inspection; and the newspapers amuse their readers by classified lists of the incomes of prominent merchants, literary men, politicians, and others. Mr. Longfellow is endowed with an income far exceeding that

which is generally supposed to fall to the lot of poets, and as he never refuses to listen to any tale of distress, the number of applicants, worthy and unworthy, who find their way to his gate, is by no means small. The airs which some of the American beggars give themselves are very amusing. I remember the case of a man who came with his arm in a sling, representing himself to have been wounded in the service of his country. Mr. Longfellow, having some suspicion, asked to be allowed to look at the wounded arm. 'It is not a pleasant sight to show a gentleman,' said the man. 'Perhaps not, but we are obliged sometimes to look at unpleasant things.' 'Well, sir!' said the man, drawing himself up, 'if that is the light in which you look at the matter, I would rather not be beholden to you for assistance, and so I wish you good morning.' Then there was another man upon whom, in response to his tale of hunger and distress, there was bestowed a handsome loaf. Now, the least that any English beggar would have done under the circumstances would have been to have taken the loaf and converted it into gin. But this would have been beneath the spirit of an American beggar; and so he resented the insult to his dignity by depositing the loaf as he passed out, like an ornament, on the top of the gate-post. . . .

"A frequent visitor at Craigie House, when Congress is not sitting, is Charles Sumner, the scholarly Senator for Massachusetts, and the representative man of New England politics. And an interesting sight it was to see these two men, Longfellow and Sumner, so kindred and yet so different, sitting together on the eve of the great contest which was to decide the place of America in the world's history; Sumner, with the poet's little daughter nestling in his lap, — for he is a man to whom all children come, — calmly discussing some question of European literature.

Mr. Sumner seemed to feel deeply the defection of certain of the old anti-slavery leaders of England from the Northern cause in the great crisis of the struggle; and all the more because New England had always been a link, by this common sympathy, between the old country and the new.

"A frequent guest, too, is James Russell Lowell, who succeeded to the professorship formerly held by Mr. Longfellow. In conversation brilliant and amusing, Mr. Lowell is one of the persons in whose company one can scarcely be without carrying away something worthy to be remembered.

"And often, too, comes Agassiz, with his gentle and genial spirit, his child-like devotion to science, and — or he would not be a true son of his adopted country — his eager interests in the politics of the day. We went to hear one of his lectures at the University, — not one of what are considered the popular lectures, but one of a special course to a small class. Yet it was deeply interesting. He wound up with some general remarks, in the course of which he exhorted his hearers to strive to take the same pleasure in the scientific discoveries of others as in their own, — a noble aim, yet, ah! how difficult to attain. I believe, however, that if there are any persons capable of so much single-mindedness, Agassiz is one of them. Between the Poet and the Naturalist there exists a very warm friendship, and among other poetical tributes, Mr. Longfellow has achieved the feat — for so it must seem to us, with our rigid English tongues — of addressing to his friend, in the October number of the Atlantic Monthly, a gay and graceful *chanson* in his native language.

"And often, too, comes Dana, one of the most charming of talkers, and, more especially with his sea-stories, enthralling the circle of young and old. . . .

"It was my privilege, on the occasion of both my visits to America, to spend my parting days at Craigie House. And as the traveller, after his weary journey through the desert, rests at eventide by the still waters under the shadow of the palm-trees, so from the keen, anxious life of the West, from the strife and bitterness of the South, did I come back to the calm, beautiful life of the poet's household. The last day of all was a Christmas Day, — kept up in the good old style. The yule-log sparkled on the hearth; the plum-pudding smoked upon the board; with his prettiest offerings did the good Saint fill the stockings of the little girls by night; and all day long did the presents come pouring in to the children of a much-loved household, till the drawing-room table on the following morning looked like the stall of a fancy fair. Even the passing guest came in for some tokens, not needed to remind him of that day. And he left the house wherein the presence of the Master is a perpetual sunshine — where never a peremptory word is spoken, and yet there is a perfect, loving obedience — with the feeling that it was good for a man to have been there."

October 1. Call on Theodore Fay at Parker's. We go to Milmore's studio to see Sumner's bust. Bring Mr. Fay out to tea. A very sweet and elevated nature. He has lived abroad for twenty, thirty, years. In the evening read North American Review. Good articles are 'Modern Italian Comedy,' by Howells; 'Hawthorne,' by G. W. Curtis; and 'The next Election,' by Lowell.

3d. In the car met Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, full of spirit and energy.

6th. Go down to the printer's with a sonnet, 'On translating Dante.' Meet Fields. He wants it for the Atlantic.

7th. A warm bright day with open windows, and the fireless grate heaped with autumnal leaves that imitate a flame. Greene arrives. Walk with him to the Riverside Press. See a little steam-tug passing the bridge; we get on board and go down the Charles to the lowest bridge. Land, and cross over to Mr. Alvan Clark's observatory. He showed us his great telescope, and the largest lens ever made.

November 10. Lincoln re-elected beyond a doubt. We breathe freer. The country will be saved.

13th. Stay at home and ponder upon Dante. I am frequently tempted to write upon my work the inscription found upon an oar cast on the coast of Iceland, —

Oft war ek dasa dur ek dro thick.
"Oft was I weary when I tugged at thee."

24th. I cut this from to-day's paper: "A new edition of Longfellow's Hyperion, illustrated with photographs, by Francis Frith, has just been issued in London."

From Louis Agassiz.

[The original is in French.]

December 24, 1864.

My dear Longfellow, — I was on my way to your house when, thinking of my mother, great tears began to fill my eyes, and fearing to be taken for an idiot, I returned home. You, then, were thinking of me at that moment; I have just received the proof of it, only an hour ago. Thanks, a thousand times, dear friend. I am as proud as happy for your present. Proud, because it comes from Longfellow, whom I admire; happy, because it comes from Longfellow, whom I love. And then also I can let my good mother *read* my wine, if I cannot let her taste it.

Adieu, dear friend. Accept the good wishes of *Noël* which I make for you. May your *quintette* give you as much happiness as my *trio*. Hoping soon to see you,

Tout à vous,

L. AGASSIZ.[1]

29th. T. came out to dine, with M. Laugel, a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and secretary to the Duc d'Aumale; and M. Duvergier d'Hauranne, a young Parisian, just past twenty-one, — the most youthful French traveller I ever met with.

To George W. Greene.

December 27, 1864.

I have just received your letter, and am thinking with pain what a sad Christmas you must have had, with your darlings so ill. I hope and trust that the danger is now past, and that you are relieved from all apprehension. I sympathize with all your anxieties.

To-day I have been making Notes on *Inferno*, canto six. In spite of Ginguené's abuse, I have always taken an interest in that poor old diner-out, Ciacco; and I shall quote the whole of Boccaccio's tale of him and Filippo Argenti. It is like looking out of a window on the piazza

[1] Mrs. Agassiz also wrote, "Your birthday poem I do not read to this day without emotion, and this 'Noël' touches the same chord. For, witty and gay and graceful as it is, a loving sympathy for Agassiz pervades every line. We read it together, not without tears as well as laughter; for its affectionate tone moved us both. Then it came as if in answer to a thought which Agassiz had just expressed, — that it seemed so sad to him that his mother should never share in our enjoyment. Hardly five minutes after, your note was handed him with the verses, all in French; and our first exclamation was, 'And the best and loveliest of all our Christmas gifts can be fully shared by her.'"

in Florence, — a curious glimpse into the days of old. What fools some critics make of themselves by insisting that Dante ought to keep himself up to his highest level. As if he did not know best what he was about. Sometimes the sock, sometimes the buskin; the final result a real *commedia*. Ginguené wants it all buskin. That would be *tragedia*. Now, I think canto six peculiarly felicitous. The outer darkness, the rain "eternal, maledict, and cold, and heavy;" the mire and the stench, and the being bitten now and then by the dog in the yard, contrast so admirably with the warmth and light and perfume of a banquet, that perhaps we could have better spared a better canto, if all were not necessary to the completeness of the work.

I send you to-day the Evening Post, that you may not lose the remarks of the literary critic therein contained, and other things marked. I send you also a 'Noël,' which I wrote the other day, to go with some bottles of wine to Agassiz. As they tell their own story, I will not tell it for them here. I hope it will amuse you as much in reading as it did me in writing.

December 31. I looked out of the window at night and saw the trees all covered and bent down with snow, and thought of Richter's "New Year's Eve of an Unhappy Man," and knew that I should *not* "wake and find it a dream."

CHAPTER XXI.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1865.

January 1. I was up at two o'clock this morning. I placed a candle at one window, and looked out of another on the lovely trees, all feathered and plumed with snow. The air was motionless, and in their illumination they looked like one great aerial Christmas-tree.

To —— ——.

January 30, 1865.

I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your poems, which I have read with much interest and sympathy. You must excuse me if I do not give you any opinion of their merits in detail, nor offer any criticism. I never sit in judgment upon the writings of others; and therefore beg you to be satisfied with my saying that the pieces found in me a friendly reader, and not a Rhadamanthus.

February 10. Received from the binder, volume one of my translation of the *Divina Commedia;* a copy, to be sent to Italy, "*In Commemorazione del Secentesimo Anniversario della Nascita di Dante Alighieri.*"[1]

[1] This was the inscription printed upon a blank leaf of the copy.

To Charles Sumner.

February 10, 1865.

To-morrow, I shall send you by post, a copy of the first volume of my translation of the Divine Comedy, to be handed to the Italian minister, and by him forwarded to Italy. You may make, if you like, a small speech on the occasion, expressing my regret that it was impossible to get the other two volumes printed in season. They will follow later.

I want you and the Minister to look at the volume. It is beautiful, and worthy of the Italian press; all written, printed, bound, in Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts!

The grand event of the century — the Anti-Slavery Enactment — has been as silent as the daybreak, or the coming of a new year. And yet this year will always be the Year of Jubilee in our history.

Find time to write me a line to say you are well.

12th. Trying hard to snow. Lowell read to me a new poem, 'The Gold Egg.'

27th. Somebody is fifty-eight years old to-day. E. and A. insist upon it that I am the guilty man, and I cannot deny it.

28th. At Fields's, met Alcott, the philosopher, — a prose Wordsworth; and, I fancy, much like him personally.

March 1. March begins with Ash Wednesday; and the day seems clothed in sackcloth and ashes, so gray is it everywhere. Go to Charles Norton's, to bespeak a favorable notice of Miss Booth's translation of Martin's History of France. Found him writing one, with the original and translation before him.

5th. Called on Agassiz. He has decided to go to Brazil and the Amazons this spring.

6th. Mr. Fletcher brings me some Portuguese translations of 'The Children's Hour' and 'Daybreak,' by Da Silva, President of the *Gymnase* at Rio. He says that Lisboa (the Portuguese Minister at Washington) has translated 'King Robert of Sicily,' as well as the Emperor. In the evening, read a French comedy, *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*, — very clever and amusing.

7th. Another French comedy, — *Par Droit de Conquête*, by Legouvé; in a lighter vein, but not so funny.

8th. In an English paper, an excellent lecture on American affairs, by Mr. Stanley. Also a second lecture by Mr. Ferguson, with beautiful bits of landscape.

9th. As one grows older, the wheels move slower. The day goes by, and the result is small. Go up to Lowell's and read to him canto x. of 'Purgatory,' — one of the beautiful. Dante looks out for his perfect number, ten, and takes care that it shall have a perfect canto, — in the *Inferno*, Farinata; in the *Purgatorio*, the bas-reliefs on the wall; in the *Paradiso*, the celestial horologe.

11th. A doleful day. T. comes out to dinner; the only cheer I had.

13th. How slowly the printers get on with my work! It is discouraging. We shall not have the 'Purgatory' finished before summer.

14th. Fields comes out, with the proposition to publish a selection from my poems, in a cheap form.[1] Begins with twenty thousand.

21st. Walked into town with Lowell, to see some billiard-playing by "professionals." Lieutenant Cushing of the Navy was there, — he who destroyed the Rebel ironclad Albemarle. A handsome, intrepid-looking youth

[1] Household Poems.

of twenty. His profile is very like the portraits of Count Rumford.

23d. A parting dinner to Agassiz [on his departure for Brazil] at the Union Club. A dozen guests. Holmes read a witty poem.

29th. Reading Sainte-Beuve's *Nouveaux Lundis.* He is a fascinating critic.

April 2. Sunshine, and song of birds. An afternoon walk with E. to the old Fort Putnam, on Dana Hill, overlooking the Charles.

3d. Great news to-day, of the evacuation of Richmond.

To George W. Greene.

April 4, 1865.

Make all haste you can conveniently to come on. The weather is fine, the walking good. But I begin to find that it takes two to take a walk; yes, and a *dog.* Trap has tried me several times lately, but single-handed he cannot succeed. And then, the great events that are taking place almost every hour! Really, you ought to be here.

The printing of the Dante is such slow work that Fields has almost persuaded me to publish the volumes separately. What do you think? Sumner sends me a note on the *gran rifiuto,* from the N. British Review. The writer thinks the person in question was not Pope Celestine V., but the "young man" in Matthew. But how would Dante recognize him?

The town is all illuminated to-night, and the bells ringing for the great victory!

5th. Grant in pursuit of Lee, who is "turned into the bitter passes of flight."

7th. In the afternoon comes news that Lee has surrendered. So ends the Rebellion of the slave-owners!

8th. How I am weary of correcting and weighing, and criticising my translation! It takes more time than it did to make it.

14th. The hideous news comes this morning of the assassination of President Lincoln, and attempt to assassinate Secretary Seward.

. . . . . .

To George W. Greene.

June 7, 1865.

As I was sitting at dinner to-day, with an open window at my back, Mudjekeewis, the Northwest Wind, shot me in the back with an arrow so keen that I lost my evening walk, and am bent just in the proper attitude for writing a letter. You know those treacherous dining-room windows, and how often you have shut them. Thank them, this time, else instead of writing to you I might be wasting my time on Notes to Dante!

My little girls have gone to Portland, and I am silent and solitary here.

8th. Here I was interrupted. *Dico continuando* that it is an intensely hot day, but I have been nevertheless at Lowell's, and at Norton's, on Dantesque matters. I am afraid you will find it very hot work moving your household. Courage!

Sumner is in very good spirits. His Eulogy [on Lincoln] was a success, though he read it, which diminished its effect.

To George W. Greene.

June 11, 1865.

Lord Derby in his preface, ridicules [English] hexameters, and thinks there is no salvation outside of blank verse. He translates the last line of the Iliad thus, —

"Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid."

For the one characteristic Homeric epithet there was not room enough in the line. In an hexameter line there is: —

Such were the funeral rites of Hector, the Tamer of Horses.

It is odd enough that a man who had the "Derby" named after him, or his, should have omitted the stable so completely in his version.

The Senator [Sumner] has dined with me to-day, satisfactorily, I hope, as he is now asleep in the great arm-chair, with a white handkerchief thrown over his head. He is now meditating two speeches, — one on the importance of negro suffrage, and another on our foreign relations, — particularly our English cousins. For my part I have been meditating on the great importance it is to a literary man to remain unknown till he gets his work fairly done. It can hardly be overstated.

If Sumner were not sound asleep he would send his love.

To James T. Fields.

June 16, 1865.

Among the fifty-two impossible weeks in the year, you have chosen the most impossible for my imaginary visit to the mountains. For next week I expect C., and I must be at home to receive him. Besides, the Dantesque Notes move along so slowly that I cannot bear to put any impediment in their way. We have just reached the twentieth canto, and fourteen more remain! I must be satisfied with looking at the blue hills from my window, instead of the White Mountains from yours. Yet what would I not give for the sight of a brook brawling through a wood, and the sound thereof. Give my best regards and worst regrets to your wife, and tell her how sorry I am that so cordial an invitation must be declined.

I am also looking over my poems for the new edition. They remind me almost too keenly of the days that are no more. "There is no greater grief than to be mindful of the happy days in misery," — so says Boethius in his Consolations of Philosophy, and one Dante, in a curious book, so tragic that he calls it a comedy.

To James T. Fields.

NAHANT, August —, 1865.

I do not know what day of the month it is, but I know that it is Friday, and just twelve o'clock, for the village bell is ringing. I shall not write you a long letter; the weather is too hot. But I must thank you for your kind invitation to Manchester and the Isles of Shoals. It will give me great pleasure to promise to come, — with the understanding that you do not expect me to keep my promise. It is so pleasant to make plans, and then not carry them out! You have only to sit still and imagine the thing done, and it is done, without fatigue or expense.

Dante is going on as fast as the printers please, and every day I do something in the way of correcting copy, so as to have no delay when I get back to Cambridge. Please send me Botta's book on Dante. I see it advertised.

As you have not promised to come to Nahant, I hope you will come soon and dine, at half-past two.

September 20. At the college library, verifying facts and dates for Dante Notes. Take the last thirteen cantos of the Purgatory to the printer. The new University Press is the old Brattle House, or hotel, which makes a spacious and commodious printing-office.

21st. Mr. M., a Frenchman of the old school, who used to live in the Place Royale, No. 6, where also Victor Hugo lived, came with his daughter, and a letter from

Chief Justice Chase, and I kept them to dinner, and showed them the college library.

To James T. Fields.

[Enclosing a poem.]

September 21, 1865.

Listen to the bells of Lynn, Lynn, Lynn!

What a pleasant glimpse I had of you yesterday. That corner room is charming as anything can be. Everything will prosper with you, till the Park Street steeple falls.

There are still extant four or five letters of Dante, which have never been translated entire. They would make a capital article for the Atlantic, and Greene is the man to do it.

Would you be kind enough to pay for me in New York the enclosed bill, through B. Ticknor, and pass to my account. If you are weak enough to do me this favor, you will much oblige me. It is not the amount of the bill which staggers me, but the amount of arithmetic involved in doing the sum; for if I get it right here, it would be wrong the next day in New York.[1]

October 9. Walked to the Port, to pay my taxes. Returning, overtook Sam. Ward and took him home to dinner. T. also came. We talked of spiritual manifestations, and of the Fox girls. There was a knock at the door, and cards were brought in, "Mr. and Mrs. T——," and "Miss Katie Fox"! Went into the library to see them, and had some rappings, — knocks on the door, on the table, on the floor. In the evening Professor Nichol returned from New York and the Hudson.

11th. We were all up at six o'clock. Drove E., S., and Professor N. to East Boston to take the steamer Cuba for

[1] Presumably on account of the fluctuations in the value of the paper currency of the time.

Liverpool. So E. departs on his travels. We shall miss him sorely. On reaching home find a note from Mr. Robert Ferguson, saying he has just arrived in the China.

12th. Mr. Ferguson comes to stay with me. We go in the evening to a supper at Dr. Gould's, where we meet Señor Sarmiento, Minister of the Argentine Republic; and I have a chance to try my Spanish, the first time for six years or more.

13th. The printers get on slowly with the *Dante*, which puts me quite in despair. The task seems endless; but will nevertheless come to an end some time or other.

To Charles Sumner.

October 24, 1865.

I found it impossible to engage "Smith and his men" [the caterers] for to-morrow; consequently I must postpone the great Mandarin Fan dinner until Friday. Will that suit you as well? I hope so; as the zig-zag of one who can, and one who cannot, makes life difficult.

25th. Lowell, Norton, and myself had the first meeting of our Dante Club. We read the xxv. *Purgatorio;* and then had a little supper. We are to meet every Wednesday evening at my house.[1]

[1] These meetings were held for the final revision of the Translation, which was going through the press. There was the fullest and frankest criticism. Mr. Longfellow noted upon the printed sheets before him the various suggestions of his friends, both Dantean experts; and the next day carefully weighed them, finally accepting or rejecting. Mr. Norton has given in the first Report of the Dante Society the following interesting account of these meetings, which were continued through this and the following winter: —

"In 1863, when Mr. Longfellow was experiencing a deeper need than at any other period of his life of occupation that should be of a nature congenial with his mood, and which should at least give him tranquil

29th. Sumner brought out the agreeable Marquis de Chambrun to dinner; very pleasant and full of conversation.

30th. I gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame, in honor of the Chinese Fan sent me by a mandarin, with the "Psalm of Life" written upon it in Chinese. Burlingame, Palfrey, Sumner, and Richard Dana, — all original Free-soilers.

November 30. Dante Club. Lowell did not come. Greene was here. Read the first canto of the *Paradiso*. My brother A. came in to supper.

December 1. A gentle rain and mist covering the whole landscape. The river changed to a lake. Not a breath of wind. The brown leafless branches all at rest. A day of quiet and seclusion.

and regular employment, he was led, partly by his own impulse, partly by friendly urgency, to resume the work long laid aside, and to engage in the restorative labor of translating the whole of the Divine Comedy. The work was steadily pursued, and with increasing interest. In the course of the year the greater part of the *Inferno* was finished. The sixth centenary of Dante's birth was approaching. Florence was about to celebrate the anniversary with unusual observances. She invited the lovers of her poet, wherever they might be, to unite with her in doing honor to his memory. Mr. Longfellow determined to send his translation to her, as a tribute from America. But master as he was of his own language and of that of Dante, and thorough as was his knowledge of the substance and significance of the poem, he was too modest to rely wholly upon his own judgment and genius in the performance of his work, and he called upon two of his friends to sit with him in the final revision of it.

"In 1865, the manuscript was put in the printers' hands, and every Wednesday evening Mr. Lowell and I met in Mr. Longfellow's study to listen while he read a canto of his translation from the proof-sheet. We paused over every doubtful passage, discussed the various readings, considered the true meaning of obscure words and phrases, sought for the most exact equivalent of Dante's expression, objected, criticised, praised, with a freedom that was made perfect by Mr. Longfellow's absolute sweetness, simplicity, and modesty, and by the entire

5th. Went to town; to the new "Corner."[1] Fields has hung Healy's portrait of me in his room. After dinner Captain Norris, of Sherman's army, now in the Law school, came with a letter from Sumner. Also Mr. Thomas, reporter for the Manchester Times.

To George W. Greene.

December 29, 1865.

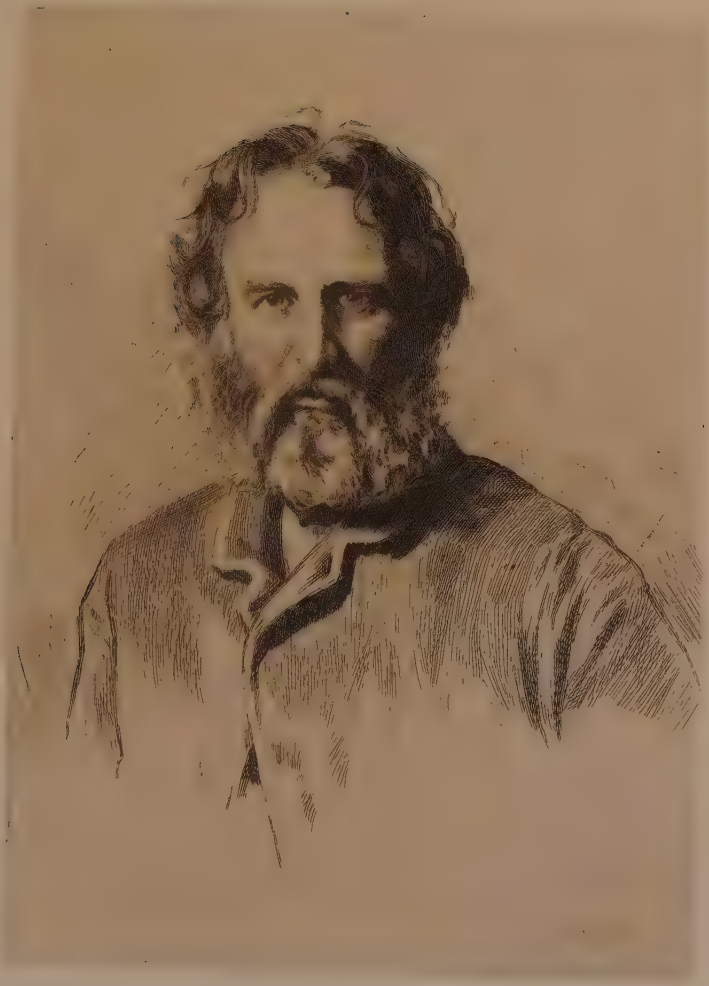
If you wish to contemplate the virtuous man, think of me on an allowance of one cigar a day! But if you wish to see the just man made perfect, wait till I give up that one!

Your letter has just come, with the extract from Vico, for which a thousand thanks. What a lucky escape you have had! A little harder blow and all your fine fancies

confidence that existed between us. Witte's text was always before us, and of the early commentators Buti was the one to whom we had most frequent and most serviceable recourse. They were delightful evenings; there could be no pleasanter occupation; the spirits of poetry, of learning, of friendship, were with us. Now and then some other friend or acquaintance would join us for the hours of study. Almost always one or two guests would come in at ten o'clock, when the work ended, and sit down with us to a supper, with which the evening closed. Mr. Longfellow had a special charm as a host, the charm of social grace and humor, by which his guests were brought into congenial disposition. His delicate and refined taste, his cheerful enjoyment of good things, showed themselves in the arrangement and order of the table, no less than in the talk that went on round about it. He was in truth

> 'A man of such a genial mood
> The heart of all things he embraced,
> And yet of such fastidious taste
> He never found the best too good.'"

[1] The firm of Ticknor and Fields for many years had occupied the old gambrel-roofed building on the corner of Washington and School streets, well known as "The Old Corner." They had now removed to Tremont Street and Hamilton Place.



From a painting by C P A Healey 1862

in this world would have been ended. What a shame it is that these accidents are always happening! The locomotive is the American Juggernaut; I am glad you were not made one of its victims. We miss you at the Dante Club; and I am sorry you are not here to-day to dine with "The Saturday." Here comes your second letter and second extract from Vico, and again I thank you.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

1867.

January 1. Corrected the last proof-sheets of the Notes to Dante; and the long labor is done. What next?

To Charles Sumner.

January 1, 1867.

Agassiz has just left me. He goes to Washington next week or the week after; but I must stay here and finish my work.

Pray do not let the matter of international copyright fade out of sight. Now is the time. A week hence may be too late. I hope it may take the shape of a treaty. Probably in that shape it would pass more readily than in any other.

I have just received a letter from Tennyson, in which he says: "We English and Americans should all be brothers as none other among the nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so, I trust."

To George W. Greene.

February 1, 1867.

In order to satisfy you and Sumner, I yesterday had a consultation with Dr. Brown Séquard. He says I am per-

fectly sound from attic to underpinning, — only my bell-wires a little jangled and out of order. Brain in good working condition; heart perfect in every pulsation; lungs equally so in every respiration. Nothing in the world the matter but nerves. This agrees precisely with Dr. Longfellow's opinion; though Dr. Sumner thought the brain was overworked, and Dr. Greene that there was trouble in the heart! But the remedy is severe. "Positively no smoking allowed here!" Only think of it!

February 27. My sixtieth birthday. Sundry bouquets, and presents from the children. Ernest presented me with his charming portrait of his sister, reading. In the Advertiser came this poem by Lowell:[1] —

TO H. W. L.

(On his birthday, 27th February, 1867.)

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds, his name
Is blown about the world; but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

[1] In the copy of these verses sent by Mr. Lowell to his friend was added this stanza: —

"A gift of symbol-flowers I meant to bring,
White for thy candor, for thy kindness red;
But Nature here denies them to the Spring,
And in forced blooms an odorous warmth will cling
Not artless: take this bunch of verse instead."

As I muse backward up the checkered years
  Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,
Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears, —
But, hush! this is not for profaner ears:
  Let them drink molten pearls, nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,
  As nought but nightshade grew upon earth's ground:
Love turned all his to heart's-ease; and the more
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door
  Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade
  Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,
So through his trial faith translucent rayed,
Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed
  A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely, if skill in song the shears may stay
  And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
  And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
  As gracious natures find his song to be!
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet,
Falling in music as for him were meet
  Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!

J. R. L.

In the afternoon Greene came on from Rhode Island, and in the evening we had our usual Dante Club. At supper Holmes read these lines: —

In gentle bosoms tried and true
  How oft the thought will be,
"Dear friend, shall I remember you
  Or you remember me?"

But thou, sweet singer of the West,
Whose song in every zone
Has soothed some aching grief to rest
And made some heart thine own,

Whene'er thy tranquil sun descends, —
Far, far that evening be! —
What mortal tongue may count the friends
That shall remember thee?

To Mrs. James T. Fields.

February 28, 1867.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind remembrance yesterday, and for sending such messengers to tell it to me. Their "voiceless lips" delivered the message of good-will, and sang it to the eye all supper-time, as your husband will bear witness. Many thanks — say sixty — for these lovely flowers.

From Henry Hart Milman.

Deanery, St. Paul's, April 18, 1867.

My dear Mr. Longfellow, — I am delighted to hear that my History has been of service to you in the illustration of Dante. The more extracts you make the more flattering to me; as no one can judge so well as a translator what throws the best and clearest light on his original. I have from my youth been a great worshipper of Dante, and from an accomplished Italian friend have received the high praise of having fairly comprehended the relation of the great poet to his time. I write this rather as a testimony to the accuracy of my observations than to any merit of my own.

I shall look with the utmost interest for the copy of your translation, which you are so kind as to promise me. We may expect great things from one who has

added so much to our English poetry, and has such varied command of our language.

You have, I trust, not recently visited England. I hope, if you think of doing so, that you will *make haste;* for, at my age, I have not long to wait; and I should be most glad to be able to show in how high respect and esteem you are held by men of letters in your mother country.

Believe me, dear Mr. Longfellow, with much regard,

Faithfully yours,

H. H. Milman.

From George Ticknor.

Park Street, June 1, 1867.

My dear Sir, — When I received the first volume of your translation of Dante, I thought I should not acknowledge your kindness in sending it until I had received the remainder. But I will wait no longer. The second volume has come out; and not only the main principles of the great work, but the details and finish are as plain as they ever will be.

There can be, I think, no doubt that you have done something astonishing. I should not have thought it possible beforehand, and do not altogether comprehend now how you have accomplished it. I was led on, canto by canto, wondering all the time whether you would give out or stumble; but you never did, so far as I could observe, and I meant to be watchful. The movement of your verse — its cadence and rhythm, I mean — explain, perhaps, a good deal of your power, or rather conceal it; although I confess I do not, after some consideration, understand how you make us feel a sort of presence of the *terza rima*, in a measure so different. But you do; at least to me. Whether you have not encumbered yourself

with heavier and more embarrassing conditions [1] than permit the free poetical movement which an absolutely English reader covets, is a question that must be settled by the popular voice, as separate from that of scholastic lovers of Dante. On that bench of judges I can never be competent to sit; I shall always read your translation with the original ringing in my ears.

I know nothing like it; *nil simile aut secundum.* It reminds me, however, of a few lines — not above ten or twelve — translated from the Odyssey by Wolf, which I read half a century ago, done with the most extraordinary strictness, and at the same time with grace and fluency. But I remember thinking, as I read them, that Wolf, with all his genius and pluck, could not in the same way make a translation of Homer, if he should have a thousand years given him for the task.

I did not receive the first volume of your Dante without many thoughts and recollections running far back into the darkening past. I shall gratefully keep the entire work, with such memories always legible to me between the lines.

Yours with much regard,

GEO. TICKNOR.

April 6, 1868. The printers get on slowly with the New England Tragedies.[2] The printing-office is a kind of court of chancery, — once in and you can never get out.

8th. In town. Muddy, sloppy, drippy. Dickens's last Reading, and a triumphant one, with abundant flowers and a "little speech."

[1] The translation follows the original line for line, and almost word for word.

[2] Only ten copies were printed at this time.

16th. A whole week of aches and pains and influenza. A young Prussian from Berlin, a pleasant youth, well read in German and English literature, and professing himself a firm believer in the Divine Right of Kings.

30th. Mr. and Mrs. Waterston came out, with Mr. Ernst Perabo, the young musician; and we had a charming musical evening. He played Beethoven divinely. I never heard such expression given to the music of the great master. My old schoolmate and classmate, Patrick Henry Greenleaf, was here, and we were all delighted.

May 17. Suddenly, with a gush of song and sunshine, after long days of rain and dreary weather, spring and summer come together, bride and bridegroom, — blush of youth, and heat of passion.

23d. Rain like the deluge. A parting dinner at the Fields's. Very beautiful with flowers and all pleasant things. The guests were Greene, Holmes, Agassiz, Dana, Lowell, Norton, and Whipple. Holmes read a charming poem, and we enjoyed ourselves extremely.

27th. Sailed from New York for Liverpool in the steamer Russia.

These were the verses read by Dr. Holmes at the farewell dinner: —

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach,
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel, who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah, gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe, and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find, —
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind, —
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAST VISIT IN EUROPE.

1868–1869.

Mr. Longfellow was now to carry out the long contemplated plan of another visit to Europe, to which his travelled heart had so often and so fondly turned. His son, just married, was about to make the tour, and he decided to accompany him, taking his three young daughters. The party was increased by his two sisters and a brother, and Mr. T. G. Appleton added his lively companionship. From Liverpool the party went at once to the English Lakes, a thing by all means to be done by American travellers arriving in June; for then the shores of Windermere, besides their constant beauty, are glorified by the great plantations of blooming rhododendrons which embellish the grounds about them. Mr. Longfellow especially enjoyed the brief visit at Bowness and its neighborhood, including the trip to Furness Abbey. From Keswick he went with his daughters to visit his friend Mr. Robert Ferguson, at Morton near Carlisle. Here he received a public address of

compliment and welcome, to which he replied.[1] And from here he visited Corby Castle and Eden Hall, where he saw the famous goblet still entirely unshattered, spite of Uhland's ballad which he had translated in former years. Returning to Lowood on Windermere, he set out for Cambridge, to be the guest of the Master of Gonville and Caius College. And here, in the Senate-House, "at the Congregation on Tuesday, June 16th," he was publicly admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, "in the presence of a large concourse of spectators." One of these gave to the press this description of the scene: —

"Amid a score or so of Heads of Houses and other Academic dignitaries conspicuous by their scarlet robes, the one on whom all eyes were turned was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The face was one which would have caught the spectator's glance, even if not called to it

[1] Mr. Longfellow, upon receiving the address, said: —

Mr. President and Gentlemen, — Being more accustomed to speak with the pen than with the tongue, it is somewhat difficult for me to find appropriate words now to thank you for the honor you have done me, and the very kind expressions you have used. Coming here as a stranger, this welcome makes me feel that I am not a stranger; for how can a man be a stranger in a country where he finds all doors and all hearts open to him? Besides, I myself am a Cumberland man, — I was born in the County of Cumberland, in the State of Maine, three thousand miles from here, — and you all know that the familiar name of a town or country has a home-like sound to our ears. . . . You can think then how very grateful it is to me — how very pleasant — to find my name has a place in your memories and your affections. For this kindness I most heartily thank you, and I reciprocate all the good wishes which you have expressed for perpetual peace and amity between our two nations. — *Carlisle Paper.*

by the cheers which greeted his appearance in the red robes of an LL.D. Long, white, silken hair and a beard of patriarchal whiteness enclosed a fresh-colored countenance, with fine-cut features and deep-sunken eyes, overshadowed by massive eyebrows. In a few well-rounded Latin sentences, Mr. Clark, the Public Orator, recited the claims of the distinguished visitor to the privilege of an honorary degree. The names of *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline* sounded strangely amid the sonorous periods." "In one portion [wrote another correspondent] he drew a picture of the function of poetry to solace the ills of life and draw men from its low cares *ad excelsiora*. This point was caught at once by the undergraduates, and drew forth hearty cheering. The degree was then conferred; after which Mr. Longfellow took his place upon the dais."

The English papers very generally gave a paragraph to Mr. Longfellow's arrival, usually with some criticism upon his poetry, in which the phrase, "household words" largely figured. The Daily News, in an elaborate article, said: —

"He is the familiar friend, who has sung to every household, and set to music their aspirations and their affections. He is the poet of our sober English nature, with its deep undercurrent of earnestness and enthusiasm, yet with its dislike of extravagance, and its joy in the tender relations of life. He shows us the poetic side of ordinary events."

The Spectator, after some satirical qualifications of his earlier and more popular poems, such as the 'Psalm of Life,' and 'Excelsior,' regrets that he should be known and loved for these rather than for —

"the sweet and limpid purity, the shy and graceful humor, the cool and perfectly natural colors and forms, and the thoroughly original conception and treatment, of his later poems, especially that which will doubtless live as long as the English language, Hiawatha. For playful and tender interpretation of the way in which the child-like tribes measure themselves against the powers and the creatures by which they are surrounded, there is not anything like it in any language." And after a column given to Hiawatha it adds: "It seems to us that the poem of which we have ventured to say so much, — not the only poem in which Mr. Longfellow's true genius is shown, — is one of the really permanent contributions to modern literature, and that no other genius known to us would have been in any way equal to the work. We wish that England could be as grateful to Mr. Longfellow for this as we think she ought to be."

Arrived in London on the 26th of June, Mr. Longfellow with his party took rooms in the Langham Hotel. Immediately a flood of hospitality flowed in upon him, — calls, cards, invitations, letters of welcome. He breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry Holland, the Duke of Argyll; lunched with Lord John Russell at Richmond, dined with various hosts, received midnight calls from Bulwer and Aubrey de Vere. Through Lady Augusta Stanley came an intimation that the Queen would be sorry to have Mr. Longfellow pass through England without her meeting him, and a day was named for his visit to Windsor. The Queen received him cordially and without ceremony in one of the galleries of the Castle. He also called, by

request, upon the Prince of Wales. With his daughters he spent a Sunday at Gadshill. By invitation of Dean Stanley he attended the evening service at Westminster Abbey to hear a sermon from Dr. Jowett, and took tea afterward at the Deanery; and there was a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace. His countryman, Mr. Bierstadt, the landscape painter, gave in his honor a great dinner, at the Langham Hotel, where were met several hundred of the celebrities in literature and art, science and politics. Mr. Longfellow had stipulated for "no speeches." But at the close of the dinner there were loud calls for Mr. Gladstone, in response to which he said, as reported, that

"they must be permitted to break through the restrictions which the authority of their respected host had imposed upon them, and to give expression to the feelings which one and all entertained on this occasion. After all, it was simply impossible to sit at the social board with a man of Mr. Longfellow's world-wide fame, without offering him some tribute of their admiration. There was perhaps no class of persons less fitted to do justice to an occasion of this character than those who were destined to tread the toilsome and dusty road of politics. Nevertheless, he was glad to render his tribute of hearty admiration to one whom they were glad to welcome not only as a poet but as a citizen of America."

Mr. Longfellow replied, in a few words, that

"they had taken him by surprise, a traveller but just landed and with Bradshaw still undigested upon his brain, and they would not expect him to make a speech. There

were times, indeed, when it was easier to speak than to act; but it was not so with him, now. He would, however, be strangely constituted if he did not in his heart respond to their kind and generous welcome. In the longest speech he could make, he could but say in many phrases what he now said in a few sincere words, — that he was deeply grateful for the kindness which had been shown him."[1]

After a fortnight in London, the party journeyed by Salisbury to the Isle of Wight, where was a pleasant visit of two days with Mr. Tennyson. From thence they went by way of Dover to the Continent, going up the Rhine to Switzerland. There the summer was spent, with a charming parenthesis of a trip over the St. Gothard pass to Lugano and Cadenabbia on the Lake of Como, — a delicious bit of Italy, long after embalmed in a poem. The autumn found the party in Paris. The Paris of the Second Empire had little in its literature to interest Mr. Longfellow. He was most interested in hearing Molière at the Théâtre Français, in exploring what remained of the old localities of literary history, or in haunting the booksellers and the stalls of the *quais*, in the company of M. Marmier, afterward Member of the

[1] Mr. R. C. Winthrop relates an incident of the London visit. As he was leaving the House of Lords in company with Mr. Longfellow, from out of a group of people upon the sidewalk a laboring man came forward, and asking if it were the poet, begged to be allowed to shake hands with him. This, of course, was willingly granted; but when he proceeded to recite a verse of 'Excelsior,' its author was glad to make his escape.

Academy, whose acquaintance he then made. At the close of the autumn, travel was resumed, southward, through Arles, with its Dantean *Aliscamps;* and then along the Cornice into Italy. This last journey was made in carriages, — the young people of the party finding endless pleasure in repeating Tennyson's poem, 'The Daisy,' which, stanza by stanza, paints in delicious vignettes every step of that lovely way.

After a few weeks' stay in Florence, the wings of travel were folded for the winter in Rome, — in the Hotel Costanzi, above the Piazza Barberini, whose windows command so fine a view over the whole city to where St. Peter's dome darkens against the sunset. Here Mr. Longfellow became for the season the centre of the group of American visitors and resident artists, whose well-known names need not be recounted. Here he made, also, acquaintances among the Italians, — especially the Duke of Sermoneta, the Dantean scholar, and Monsignore Nardi, of the papal court. The Pope himself he did not visit. An interesting acquaintance was that made with the Abbé Liszt, who was spending the winter in Rome, having rooms in the abandoned Convent of Santa Francesca, in the Forum. Calling there one evening, in company with Mr. Healy the artist, the inner door of the apartment was opened to them by Liszt himself, holding high in his hand a candle which illuminated his fine face. The picture was so striking that Mr. Longfellow begged his companion to put it upon

canvas, — which he did; and the painting now hangs in the library of Craigie House. At a morning visit, Liszt delighted the party with a performance upon his Chickering piano-forte.[1]

To "see Rome," as all travellers know, is a work for many months; and it was pursued with tolerable diligence. But Mr. Longfellow was never a good sight-seer. He was impatient of lingering in picture-galleries, churches, or ruins. He saw quickly the essential points, and soon tired of any minuter examination.

With the spring, travel was renewed, — still southward, to Naples and its environs.[2] There was a night with the Benedictines at Monte Casino, and a trip to Amalfi, both of which he afterwards sang in verse; an excursion to Pœstum; and a stay amid the siren charms of Sorrento. Then the party went northward to Venice, and over the Brenner to Innspruck, Munich, Nuremberg, and Dresden; and across Switzerland to

[1] Liszt afterward set to characteristic music the introduction to The Golden Legend.

[2] Soon after Mr. Longfellow's death, there appeared in the London Times a letter, purporting to give an account of the writer's acquaintance with the poet while in Naples. There was a detailed story of an ascent of Vesuvius, in which Mr. Longfellow insisted upon being left to spend the night alone upon the mountain, "to gain inspiration;" and a still more detailed report of his conversation on the return journey the next day. The whole is pure fiction. Mr. Longfellow did not visit, much less ascend, Vesuvius; least of all did he spend the night there, for "inspiration" or any other purpose. With this story, of course, the pretended conversation also falls to the ground. It is possible that some one may have passed himself off, in jest or otherwise, as the American poet.

Paris. A few days again in London, a day at Oxford where he received the degree of D. C. L., a tour through Devonshire, and then to Edinburgh, the Scottish lakes, and the Burns region, completed the European journey.

During this crowded eighteen months of travel, Mr. Longfellow had little time for journalizing, or even for letter-writing. There were two bits of diary, written in the days of quiet at Sorrento, and by the Lake of Como, — the two most enchanting spots of Italy, — and a few letters.

To James R. Lowell.

INTERLAKEN, August 14, 1868.

I fear I am a restless and uncomfortable kind of traveller. I no sooner reach a place than, like the character in the Vicar of Wakefield, who was collecting materials for the Life of the celebrated Mr. Trip, I "exhibit a great desire to be gone again." The truth is, I believe in rapid travelling, with one's eyes open; and I observe that people who stay long in places always waste their time in lounging about the hotels.

All summer long the heat has been almost intolerable and incessant, and I have oftener longed for Nahant than I confess to anybody. There is very little snow on the mountains, and the Jungfrau looks wrinkled, and brown, and old. Nevertheless, there is no disappointment in Switzerland. It outbids the imagination with its grandeurs and perpetual surprises.

The memory of my welcome in England is very pleasant to me. It was most cordial and sincere in every way. It was only by dint of great resolution that I escaped a

dozen public and semi-public dinners. The private hospitalities were more to my taste, and were endless.

I passed a couple of delightful days with Tennyson at the Isle of Wight, though I insisted on sleeping at my own inn. If two men should try to look alike, they could not do it better than he and Professor Lovering do without trying.

I write this in heat and weariness. My hand trembles; but it shall not tremble when I say how affectionately I am always yours.

To George W. Greene.

ROME, January 30, 1869.

I have just received your letter, the second I have had from you, and hasten to answer it; for, as you suggest, my conscience *da delle calcagne;* particularly for not writing from Genoa. But what with the shortness of the days there and the dim lamps at night, it was impossible. *Perdonate e compatite.*

In that quaint and ever-charming city I did not stop at our old hotel, but at a newer and better one, close by. I often took my girls to walk on the sea-wall, and pointed out to them our old terrace with its flower-pots and statues; though I confess that it had grown smaller and somewhat shorn of its former splendors. Still, it was a sweet memory, and I always thought of you, even if I did not write to you. Ah, if you were here!

Florence was charming. We were there only three weeks, but are going back again. We had a beautiful apartment close by the Ponte Vecchio, and right in the heart of the mediæval town. Close by, too, was the little church of San Stefano, where Boccaccio read his Comment on Dante; and the Uffizi and the Palazzo Vecchio and Giotto's tower and *il mio bel San Giovanni* [were near]. It was delightful to be there. Ah, if you were here!

Here in Rome we are at a new hotel built in the gardens of Sallust's villa; on a spur of the Quirinal, back of the Barberini palace. In the rear the windows look across the Campagna to the Alban hills. In front we have all Rome, unrolled like a panorama, and crowned by St. Peter's. But with all this, I find Rome very depressing. It is a death-in-life incredible, surprising beyond description, — a beleaguered city, bombarded by public opinion and the new ideas; still holding out, ringing its alarm bells and living on old shoes.[1] It is quite unchanged since you and I were here forty years ago. I said so to Cardinal Antonelli the other day; and he answered, taking a pinch of snuff, "Yes, thank God!"

I look out of the window this gray, rainy day, and see the streets all mud and the roofs all green mould, and the mist lying like a pall over the lower town, and Rome seems to me like king Lear staggering in the storm and crowned with weeds.

But this is altogether too fine writing. Let us come to prose. Prose is disillusion. But as a child of my century, I infinitely prefer our American prose to this kind of European poetry. And, as the Roman *ritornella* sings, —

> Se il Papa mi donasse Campidoglio
> E mi dicesse, "lascia andar sta figlia" (*America*)
> Quella che amava prima, quella voglio.

A Roman gentleman said to me a few days ago, "You as a stranger cannot conceive what an oppression comes over me here in Rome. I have to go out of town to breathe." The *life* of Italy is in the North, as it is in all countries. The Roman poets publish their books in Florence. Milan has become a great, roaring, industrial city. The port of Genoa is as busy as that of Boston.

[1] In 1869, it will be remembered, Rome was still under the Papal government.

The most sympathetic and cultivated man I have found here is the Duca di Sermoneta; about my age, but totally blind. He can repeat the *Divina Commedia* from beginning to end. We have long conferences together. I have broached here my idea of a landscape edition of Dante, which meets with great approval. But who will do it?

To George W. Greene.

ROME, February 7, 1869.

The carnival has begun, and is a pretty heavy kind of fun; quite fallen away from its pristine glory. I am longing to get off to Naples.

February 9. Yesterday I dined with the Dominican friars at their convent of San Clemente. Archbishop Manning was there, and the chief of the Sant' Offizio, whose name I do not remember. We had a jovial dinner, and good wine, and every dish Italian, not to say *Italianissimo*. After dinner, we went into a small coffee-room, where the inquisitor tried to light a fire, with small success. Some one cried out, "Ah, Padre! the days have gone by, when fires can be lighted by inquisitors!" and there was a great roar of laughter, in which the Padre aforesaid joined heartily.

To George W. Greene.

CRAIGIE HOUSE, September 1, 1869.

Here I am, once more at my desk, under the evening lamp; but there is not a drop of ink in my inkstand, and no bottle can be found. Still, I must write you one word to say that we are all safe again at home.

How strange and how familiar it all seems! And how thankful I am to have brought my little flock back to the fold. The young voices and little feet are musical

overhead; and the Year of Travel floats away and dissolves like a *Fata Morgana*.

Do come as soon as you can, before I grow vapid by being too long uncorked. I have seen no one, and want to see you among the first. Jump into the train and speed hitherward. I have brought across the sea a famous game-pie, to make merry with you and Sumner, and it will not keep. Write and say when you will come; or still better, come without writing.

We reached home to-day at sunset, and found Cambridge in all its beauty; not a leaf faded.

How glad I am to be at home! The quiet and rest are welcome after the surly sea. But there is a tinge of sadness in it, also.

13th. Paid my taxes, which gives one a home feeling. Met Dr. Holmes, also Lowell, and Cranch; and finally Agassiz, full of the discourse he is to make at the centennial celebration of Humboldt's birth, to-morrow. Go with him to the printing-office, where they are putting it in type.

To James T. Fields.

December 24, 1869.

A merry Christmas to the house of Fields!

What dusky splendors of song there are in King Alfred's new volume! It is always a delight to get anything from him. His 'Holy Grail' and Lowell's 'Cathedral' are enough for a holiday, and make this one notable. With such "good works," you can go forward to meet the New Year with a conscience void of reproach.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST YEARS.

1870–1881.

It will not be needful — nor, indeed, is there room — to continue this biography in the detailed manner of the preceding chapters. After his return from Europe Mr. Longfellow's life soon resumed its quiet and even tenor. The journals, growing gradually briefer, record incidents quite parallel to those of former years, with little more than change of the names of poems, books, and persons. The letters shrink more and more into notes.

Of his intimate friends, Felton and Hawthorne were gone. Agassiz was breaking in health; and one day he comes to his friend saying, "I cannot work," and puts his face in his hands and weeps. "I comfort him as well as I can with the thought that at sixty we must work more slowly and more calmly; that age is better than youth for system and supervision, though not for swift execution of details." Then, with restored health, he is absent for a year on his scientific voyage in the Hassler;

and a year after his return he too is gone, too early for science and for friendship. In the same year, 1874, Sumner is suddenly called from his career of noble service, and the unbroken and unshadowed intercourse of forty years is ended. Not long after, Lowell went abroad, first to Spain, then to England, to be seen no more by his friend and neighbor. So the loneliness grew deeper in the study of Craigie House. But Norton continued to come, drawn by the double attraction of scholarship and affection. Emerson and Holmes were met, at least at the Club. Nor was the cordial and enlivening presence of Fields wanting in Cambridge. Greene, the earliest friend, came frequently from his library in the windmill tower of his East Greenwich home; always welcome, not more from associations going far back into the years of youth and Italy, than from likeness of tastes and pursuits, and agreement of opinions. In his historical works, and his biography of his grandfather, General Greene, Mr. Longfellow took deep interest; and when despondency and infirmity came to his friend with increasing years, did much in many ways to make those years more comfortable and bright.

Many visitors, as before, came from abroad, to receive a hospitable welcome. In the journals we find the names, among others, of Thomas Hughes, James Anthony Froude, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, William Black, Charles Kingsley and his daughter, Professor Bonamy Price, Dr. Plumptre,

the admirable translator of Greek tragedies, Dean Stanley, Athanase Coquerel, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Duke of Argyll, Salvini, who read to him scenes from Alfieri to his great delight, Madame Titjens, Christine Nilson, the Governor of Victoria, Admiral Coffin of the British Navy, and Lord Ronald Gower, who has given the story of his visit in company with Mr. Sam. Ward. When the Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil, was travelling half-incognito through the United States, he came to a dinner, having named the guests he would like to meet, — Agassiz, Holmes, Emerson, and Lowell. At the close of 1879, Ole Bull appeared once more from Norway, to spend the winter at Elmwood, reviving its relations with Craigie House, and delighting Mr. Longfellow alike with his music, and his own charmingly simple and sincere nature.

Of course, there continued to be other visitors of less distinction and of less interest. On one day the journal records "fourteen visits, thirteen of them Englishmen." All who came were received with unfailing kindness and courtesy, and a quick, instinctive adaptation of his conversation to their measure. If, as was usual, they turned the conversation to his writings, he thanked them for the sympathy, which gratified him, but very quickly and easily turned the talk to some other topic. Doubtless his courtesy and his kindness were often subjected to a heavy strain, by some who forgot the law of limits in the duration or

frequency of their visits, and their claims. Mr. Norton relates that he once gently remonstrated with his friend for suffering an unworthy protégé to impose himself so long upon him; when he replied, with a humorous look, "Charles, who will be kind to him if I am not?" It may have been to one of these that the diary refers when, without mentioning any name, it records a day of distress, on which duty to himself obliged him to give pain to another. At this time, perhaps, it was that he learned, and wrote, that "A man's friends are oftener those who seek him than those whom he seeks."

His pen, of course, was not idle in these years. In January 1870 he began a second series of the Tales of a Wayside Inn. A task like this, not involving all the excitement of original invention, is one well suited to a poet's later years. To the stories, drawn from his various and sometimes recondite reading, our poet added the charm of his graceful, imaginative, sometimes gently humorous, telling. In May he prepared a supplement to the Poets and Poetry of Europe, making for it several new translations of his own,—a task that sadly revived memories of his early married life in Craigie House. In November of the same year he is actually writing The Divine Tragedy, the long-contemplated, long-postponed, first part of the Christus Trilogy, — postponed, it may be believed, from a reverent hesitation. In the first days of 1871 he writes: "The subject of The

Divine Tragedy has taken entire possession of me, so that I can think of nothing else. All day I am pondering upon and arranging it. I find all society and all hospitalities just now a great interruption." In a week he had written four scenes. By the end of the month it is finished, saving revision and some little after-amplification. In this work, in presenting the principal personage he confined himself scrupulously to the words of the English Gospels; in other characters he gave free play to poetic invention. When he began the printing, the next September, something of the old hesitancy returned, — "I never had so many doubts and hesitations about any book as about this." It was published in December, 1871, in two forms. No sooner is it fairly out of the press than we find him busy upon a new drama, Judas Maccabeus, of which he says, "The subject is tragic enough, but has it unity, and a catastrophe to end with?" He had noted it as a possible subject twenty years before. It was written in eleven days. Early in 1872 he is busy making notes for still another poem in dramatic form, the Michael Angelo. He reads for it Grimm's Life of Angelo, and Vasari's; with Condivi and Halford; and later, Gotti. He finds it "difficult to treat dramatically for want of plot and unity of action." "I shall have as hard a time," he adds, "in casting this statue, as Benvenuto had in casting his Perseus; but I am in no hurry. I want it for a long and delightful occupation." It was completed, however, in sixteen days;

that is, "in its first form." But he kept it by him for changes and additions; new scenes being written from time to time, and some of them rejected. Among the latter was a 'Last Scene' of the death of Michael Angelo. He decided it better to let the end remain vague; and he called the work A Fragment. It was not published till after his death, more than ten years later. Meanwhile, in the spring of 1872, he published a volume with the title, Three Books of Song, in a first edition of ten thousand copies; the "three books" being the second "day" of the 'Wayside,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' and 'A Handful of Translations.' In the autumn the complete Christus came out; the three parts — with introductions, interludes, and finale — making a large volume. After this The Golden Legend was withdrawn as a separate work. Thus was completed a design conceived more than twenty years before. Yet the third part of this Trilogy did not altogether satisfy him, and with reason, as representing the modern phase of Christianity. The New England Tragedies may not have been originally written for this use; at least it has the aspect of an after-thought. And his journal mentions a projected third drama, the scene to be laid among the Moravians of Bethlehem, by which he hoped to be "able to harmonize the discord of the New England Tragedies, and thus give a not unfitting close to the work." This, however, was not written. Had it been, it would have curiously linked his later days of poetry with

his earliest. This book fairly out of his hands, he is soon at work again upon more tales of the Wayside Inn, — a third and concluding "day." This, begun on the last day of December, is finished in February, 1873, on his sixty-sixth birth-day. It was published, with a number of lyrics, in a little volume called Aftermath.

On the fourth of January, 1874, he reads to Mr. Fields 'The Hanging of the Crane,' — that charming picture of domestic life, thrown upon the pages in a series of "dissolving views." His friend Sam. Ward had already seen it in one of his flying visits from New York, and unknown to the author, had entered into negotiations with Robert Bonner of the New York Ledger, "touched," as he wrote his friend, "by your kindness to poor ——, and haunted by the idea of increasing handsomely your noble charity fund."[1] The poem was afterwards published in a volume, with illustrations by Miss Mary Hallock, marked with all her pencil's wonted charm of grace and elegance. It was finally put into the volume called The Masque of Pandora and other Poems, which was published in the autumn of the next year. This contained also another important poem. In October of 1874 Mr. Longfellow received a letter from his classmate Benson urging him to prepare a poem for the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1825, which would be

[1] The result of the negotiation is well known. The poem was printed in the Ledger; and Mr. Bonner sent the author a check for $3,000, presenting Mr. Ward with another for $1,000.

celebrated the next July. On the same day came a request from over sea, that he would get up a subscription here for a statue to Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, at Bozen in the Tyrol, — "two equally difficult things to do," he wrote in his journal. At first he said that he could not write the poem; but ten days after, he notes that he has finished it.

On the 7th of May, 1877, he is "trying to write a poem on the potter's wheel." The then new interest in Ceramics had brought out a number of books upon that subject, one of which, it is likely, turned his thoughts in that direction. His memory recalled the old pottery, still standing in Portland, near Deering's Woods, where it had been a delight of his boyhood to stop and watch the bowl or pitcher of clay rise up under the workman's hand, as he stood at his wheel under the shadow of a thorn-tree. There, within doors, amid the shelves of pots and pans, he may have read the inscription upon a glazed tile, —

> "No handicraftsman's art can with our art compare;
> We potters make our pots of what we potters are."

On the third of August is an entry in the journal, — "Received, from the Harpers, one thousand dollars for 'Kéramos.'" The poem was published in their magazine with illustrations. Later, it gave the title to the volume dated 1878, which contains, beside this, the salutation to his friend Lowell, in 'The Herons of Elmwood,' and those to

[*From the lines, 'To the Avon.'*]

Flow on, fair stream! that dream is o'er;
He stands upon another shore;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

– Henry W. Longfellow.

Tennyson and to Whittier, in the sonnets, 'Wapentake,' and 'The Three Silences.' In this volume is also the 'Ballad of the French Fleet,' which was written to aid in saving from threatened destruction the historic Old South Meeting-House in Boston. The Rev. E. E. Hale had sent Mr. Longfellow a note, reminding him of his promise that he would write something for this good purpose "if the spirit should move," and sending him this story of Puritan times out of Hutchinson's History. "It is not for me to dictate to the poet who has Arcadia for his own, but it seems to me that this would make a ballad, — if the spirit should move."

In 1878, as Mr. Longfellow was closing a letter to the Bishop of Mississippi, with condolence on the death of his son,[1] the lamenting cry of David came to his mind, and he wrote the pathetic verses, 'The Chamber over the Gate.'

Unhappily for him, his pen was called upon to busy itself with a great deal of writing which was not poetry, and not always pleasure. The multitude of letters from entire strangers, old and young, instructed and illiterate, wise and foolish, increasingly encumbered his study table. His kindness prompted him to answer them, some of them very willingly, others with reluctance as so much taken from time valued for more valuable things. Autographs, which so many asked for,

[1] He had died at his post of duty and humanity, during the prevalence of the yellow fever.

were quickly answered with an enclosed signature, already prepared in some moment of leisure.[1]

By far the larger part of these letters were of the most trivial character; even to read them wasted time and patience. "Did the youth in 'Excelsior' attain his purpose, or die before he had crossed the pass?" "Please inform me whether or not your *feelings* were in sympathy with your immortal thought when you wrote the poem of the 'Bridge.'" "Please tell me who was Evangeline, what country did she belong to, also the place of her birth," — a request which came in the very same words, in one day, from two different towns. Sometimes the request was for an original poem. Of one such from a school-girl, he said, "I could not write it; but I tried to say *No* so softly that she would think it better than *Yes*." Of course, there were numberless letters enclosing verses, or even long poems, with a request for his "candid criticism," or his "real opinion." By far the largest part of these attempts were pathetically hopeless. Some of them were comically so; as those 'On the Taking of Ticonderoga,' beginning—

> "In dreams of bliss from Morpheus couch,
> The garrison are now aroused;
> Their commander at the door appears,
> Saying, 'Of this uproar I am not advised.'"

of which the writer said, "I did so much better

[1] To such of these applicants as showed the need of the hint, he at one time enclosed a slip which he had had printed, for the benefit of others than himself, — "In applying for an autograph, always enclose an addressed and stamped envelope."

than I thought I could, as a beginner [at the age of sixty-five], that I have really felt a little proud of my poems." Of course, in such cases Mr. Longfellow was too kind to send back his "real opinion," though it might have been given literally in a single word. But the letters, in their multitude, were none the less burdensome and unwarranted.[1] Charity suggests the excuse that each of the writers was ignorant that his or her letter was one of many hundreds like it. But it would be a relief to all literary men if this knowledge could be taught in our public schools.

During these years Mr. Longfellow continued to pass his summers at Nahant. But a week was always given to a visit to his sister in the old Portland home. There the passers-by could see his white locks, as he sat in the old arm-chair at the front window. In these visits it was always his choice to occupy the upper chamber, where he had slept as a boy. He could no longer look from it out to the light-house and the sea; he could only read under the branches of the elm-trees the new

[1] It must be said that not many were quite so exacting as this: —

SIR, — Inasmuch as I am preparing a treatise on American Literature, and desire to insert your name among the rest, you will much oblige by answering the following queries: When were you born? Where? Give your father's occupation, name, and circumstances, and your occupation in earlier life. State the various steps in gaining your education. Your first printed production. A list of your chief compositions, and the various little incidents of your life, which will tend to make a history interesting. Try and fill a foolscap sheet.

I have the honor to be, sir, yours, etc.

signs across the street. In July of 1875, he went to Brunswick to deliver his anniversary class-poem, the 'Morituri Salutamus,' which, as we have seen, he had written with characteristic promptness the autumn before. The occasion was one of great interest. He took his seat upon the stage, surrounded by the diminished circle of his classmates, white-haired like himself. The church was densely crowded. With reverential and hushed interest the audience listened to his low and mellow tones; and those too far off to catch all the words, enjoyed the sight of the poetic face and the music of his voice. The poem was given to the public the next day in Harper's Magazine, whose publication had been delayed for the purpose. It afterwards appeared in the volume with 'Pandora' and 'The Hanging of the Crane.'

The next year, drawn by the attractions of the great Centennial Exhibition, Mr. Longfellow visited Philadelphia; spending a week in the city, as the guest of Mr. George W. Childs, and a week in the country at Rosemont. While there he drove one day to the neighboring village of Radnor, and saw the ancient and lowly church whose attractive quiet he afterwards sang, in his verses, 'Old Saint David's.'

Of less distant excursions there was one to Portsmouth, after he had written his tale of 'Lady Wentworth.' Of this he wrote to Mr. Greene, "I had a most successful day with Fields at his native town, and saw sundry curious old houses;

among them the Wentworth house, which I was anxious to see, having already described it in a poem. I found it necessary to change only a single line, which was lucky. We saw also some very interesting old people with the grand manners of other days, always so attractive."

Into Boston he went less and less, as the years passed on, and he found that "to stay at home is best." He attended the public dinner given to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and a private one given by him. He returned to the dinners of the Saturday Club; at one of which, presiding, he offered a farewell toast to "dear Agassiz," who was setting out on his Hassler voyage, with a little preface: "Wordsworth once said that he could have written Shakspeare's Plays 'if he had had a mind to;'[1] and I suppose I could make a speech — if I had a mind to. But I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall limit myself to proposing 'the health of Agassiz; his deepest sea-soundings will not be deeper than our love and admiration for him.'" He was unable to be present at the dinner on the return of Agassiz, and so lost the opportunity of making a speech of welcome.

A very pleasant incident of the seventy-second birthday, in 1879, was the gift from the children of Cambridge of an arm-chair, which Mr. Longfellow found on coming into his study in the morning. It was made, as all the world knows, from

[1] Charles Lamb's *mot* will be remembered, — "So, you see, all that was wanting was the *mind*."

the wood of the horse-chestnut tree under which the "village smithy" of Cambridge had once stood.[1]

At the close of 1879 Mr. Longfellow received from a stranger an invitation to attend a dinner in New York on the anniversary of the birthday of Burns, which, he was informed, would be "in fact, as it were, not merely a meeting of mental and moral giants, but, metaphorically speaking, a council of literary gods." So portentous an invitation of course he humbly declined. But it turned his thoughts to the Scotch poet, and he soon after wrote his poem of 'Robert Burns.' Its publication brought him two letters from Scotland in which there is something more singular than their having reached him on the same day. One gratefully thanked him in a few words for his "wonderful verses, which will touch the heart of every true Scotsman." The other warned him that his poem was "an effort to hold fellowship and friendly intercourse with one in the place of eternal woe;" the ground of this extraordinary statement being a rather questionable story that Burns, when on his death-bed, having been urged

[1] There were some seven hundred children of the public schools who contributed their dimes. Of course there were older heads, hands, and purses back of them, to suggest and carry out the plan. There is no reason for keeping secret the names of Mr. Longfellow's friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Horsford. The artistic design of the chair was by the poet's nephew, Mr. W. P. P. Longfellow. Of the poem which was written in answer to this gift, the author gave a printed copy to every child who came to see and sit in the chair.

"to express his trust in Christ," had replied, "In a hundred years men will be worshipping me." "This prophecy," adds his correspondent, "is being fulfilled in many quarters. Your poem is an instance of it." But the reader who will recall the verses will know how little of "worship" they contain. They do not overlook the faults, while recognizing the nobler traits, of him whose

> "Master chords
> Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood;
> The discords but an interlude."

This poem was published in the thin volume which Mr. Longfellow put out in the autumn of 1880, called Ultima Thule. The title proved significant; for it was the last volume published under his own eye. The eighteen poems which it contains have the sweetness of ripened grain, and breathe the atmosphere of tranquil harvest-days. "Never," wrote Mr. Lowell, "was your hand firmer."

A very interesting event to Mr. Longfellow in the year 1880, was the celebration of his birthday in the public schools of Cincinnati. The superintendent of the schools, Mr. John B. Peaselee, had written to Mr. Longfellow in the previous December that he was making preparations for such a celebration; in which some fifteen thousand scholars, from the primary to the high schools, would take part, with addresses, biographical sketches, and recitation of poems or brief passages from the poet's works, and singing of his songs. It was a

part of a larger plan, — to introduce into the schools a series of celebrations of authors' birthdays, in order to create and elevate the taste for literature among the young. Mr. Longfellow had written him in reply: —

I have had the pleasure of receiving your very interesting letter, and wish it were in my power to comply with your request to send you some lines to be read on the occasion you mention. But want of time and numerous engagements render it impossible. I can only send you my Christmas and New Year's greeting to the grand army of your pupils, and ask you to tell them, as I am sure you have often told them before, to live up to the best that is in them; to live noble lives, — as they all may, in whatever condition they may find themselves, — so that their epitaph may be that of Euripides: —

"This monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides, but thou makest the monument famous."

The next year the idea spread through the country; and, especially in the West, the celebrations were very numerous, and numerous the letters from teachers and pupils which came to the poet. With patient good-nature, he replied to a great many of them so far as to send an autograph stanza, "with Mr. Longfellow's thanks and good wishes." The thought of the children evidently touched him; for he gathered into a scrap-book a multitude of the newspaper accounts of these celebrations.

In April, 1881, he notes in his journal: "A sorrowful and distracted week. Fields died on

Sunday, the 24th. Dr. Palfrey died on Tuesday. Two intimate friends in one week!" The poem 'Auf Wiedersehen' — "till we meet again" — recorded the poet's faith that such partings are not forever.

Under October in this year is the single entry, "This month, and all November and December, I was confined to my room by a violent attack of vertigo, followed by nervous prostration."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST DAYS.

1882.

After the note in his journal which speaks of his illness in October and the following months, there are but very few, and those trifling, entries. He was able to leave his bed in a few weeks, but remained quietly in his chamber, enjoying its seclusion as he began to recover from his prostration. He read a little, saw a few friends, wrote a very few letters, and played backgammon with his daughter, and sometimes played at playing it with his little grandson, who was staying in the house, and in whose society he took great pleasure. He was well enough at Christmas to go into Boston. On the day after, he wrote the touching sonnet, 'My Books,' in which he compares himself, as he looked at them on his study walls, to an old knight looking at the arms which he can no longer wield.

So I behold these books upon their shelf, —
My ornaments and arms of other days,
Not wholly useless, though no longer used;
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

In January he wrote the poem 'Mad River,' and the sonnet 'Possibilities;' and in February, the verses for Decoration Day, — a dirge of tender and calm memory for the soldiers who had died in defence of their country. A letter to a little girl who had sent him some verses for his birthday is dated the 16th of March. In the number of Harper's Magazine for that month he read, in an article on Mexico, a few lines speaking of the bells of the destroyed convent of San Blas on the Pacific coast. They touched his imagination; and on the 15th of March he wrote the closing stanza of the poem which they had suggested. Had he known that they were to be the last verses he would write, could he have chosen any more fitting close?

> Out of the shadow of night
> The world moves into light;
> It is daybreak everywhere!

Those friends who saw him on his seventy-fifth birthday had remarked how well and cheerful he appeared. He had exchanged telegrams with the Historical Society of Maine, which was celebrating it in Portland, little thinking how soon they would be meeting to mourn his death. On the forenoon of the 18th of March — it was Saturday — there came four schoolboys from Boston, who had asked permission to visit him. He received them with his wonted kindness and courtesy, showed them the objects of interest in his study and the view of the Charles from its windows, and

wrote his name in their albums. In the afternoon he walked for exercise upon the eastern veranda, wrapped in his long Italian fur-lined coat; for the air was chill, — alas, fatally chill! Mr. Monti, as was his wont on Saturdays, came to dine with him, noticed that he seemed unwell, and took his leave immediately after dinner, begging his friend to retire early. "I think I will," Mr. Longfellow answered, "for I do not feel well;" then, shaking his friend's hand, "God bless you! I hope I shall be better next Saturday." Mr. Monti, waiting a few moments outside for the car to Boston, saw the light in the study put out, and heard his friend's steps as he went up the stairs.

In the night, Mr. Longfellow was seized with violent pain, but, with characteristic consideration, was unwilling to disturb the household. A physician was called in the morning, and the disease proved to be *peritonitis*. The pain being very severe, ether and opiates were administered. When not under their influence, his mind was clear; but he spoke little. When his sister arrived from Portland, he said, "Now I know that I must be very ill, since you have been sent for." His sufferings were less on Wednesday, and his friends were encouraged. On Friday afternoon, the 24th, he sank quietly in death. The bells of Cambridge tolled the sorrowful news to the anxious, waiting people, whose sympathies had been so deeply touched by his illness that even the school-boys had hushed their voices as they passed his door.

[*The last verse written by Mr. Longfellow.*]

B. of S. B.

O Bells of Sans Souci, in vain
We call back the Past again;
The Past is dead to
It will never heed your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

March 15. 10

The long, busy, blameless life was ended. The loneliness of separation was over. He was dead. But the world was better and happier for his having lived.

Early on Sunday afternoon the funeral services were held in the home, very quietly, in accordance with his own well-known feeling. The family circle and a few of his most intimate friends met in the library, where the body lay in its coffin, upon whose lid was placed a palm-branch and a spray of passion-flower, — symbols of victory and the glory of suffering. Four voices sang, in low tones, a hymn. Then were read some verses of the poet, and some Scripture sentences, followed by a prayer; and the body was borne to Mount Auburn, under the gently falling snow. Later in the afternoon there was a public funeral service in the college chapel, closing with a eulogy by Professor C. C. Everett.

From the life that has been spread upon these pages, as much as possible in the words of him who lived it, it can hardly be needful to draw out the threads of character everywhere interwoven, in order to name them or to exhibit them by themselves. The *man* cannot fail to have been seen through what he did and what he wrote, — the good son, devoted husband, affectionate father; the generous, faithful friend; the urbane and cultivated host; the lover of children; the lover of his

country; the lover of liberty and of peace. The key to his character was *sympathy*. This made him the gentle and courteous receiver of every visitor, however obscure, however tedious; the ready responder to every appeal to his pity and his purse; the kindly encourager of literary aspirants, however unpromising; the charitable judge of motives, and excuser of mistakes and offences; the delicate yet large liker; the lenient critic, quick to see every merit beyond every defect. This gave to his poetry the *human* element, which made thousands feel as if this poem or that verse was written for each of them especially, and made in thousands of hearts in many lands a shrine of reverence and affection for his name. Through this sympathy thousands of grateful hearts had been touched, comforted, and lifted, — made more gentle, more courageous, more full of holy trust in God, of faith in immortality.

The gratitude of many of England's best and noblest has placed his marble image among her own honored dead in the shadowed seclusion of Westminster's Poets' Corner. In the city in which he was born, and in that in which he lived and died, his statues will keep alive his features and his fame. But his works are his lasting monument, and his memory is in the keeping of those whom his song has charmed and blessed.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Agassiz, Louis, ii. 74, 105, 115, 147, 299, 335, 415, 423, 453, 455; letter from, 417.
Akers, Paul, ii. 196.
Alcott, A. B., ii. 130, 421.
Allston, Washington, i. 315, 245; letters from, 340, 397.
Ampère, J. J., ii. 202.
Appleton, Thomas Gold, ii. 119 *note;* letter from, 206.
Appleton, William, i. 235, 237.
Arnold, Matthew, ii. 233.
Atlantic Monthly, The, ii. 297, 298, 299, 308.
Atlantic Telegraph, ii. 323.

B.

Bakounin, Mr., ii. 371.
Bancroft, George, ii. 251, 260; his praise of Hiawatha, 267.
Bartlett, Elizabeth, Longfellow's grandmother, i. 3.
Beck, Charles, i. 244.
Beecher, Dr., ii. 228.
Benjamin, Park, letters from, i. 344, 391; ii. 164.
Bowen, Francis, i. 244.
Bradbury, J. W., reminiscence of Longfellow at Bowdoin College, i. 27, 28, 32, 33.
Bremer, Frederika, ii. 160.
Bridgman, Laura, ii. 215, 217.
Brown, John, ii. 347.
Browne, W. G., i. 24, 41; ii. 216.
Bryant, William C., i. 43, 214; ii. 31, 356, 363, 400.
Bull, Ole, ii. 268, 454.
Bulwer, Sir Henry, ii. 176.
Burlingame, Anson, ii. 175.
Burns, Anthony, fugitive slave in Boston, ii. 246.
Burritt, Elihu, i. 363; ii. 247.
Bushnell, Dr., ii. 122.
Butler, Mrs. F. K., ii. 131, 132, 133, 161, 294.

C.

Carey, Alice and Phœbe, ii. 174.
Carter, J. G., i. 60.
Carter, N. H., teaching at Portland, i. 16, 17.
Channing, Edward Tyrrel, i. 244; ii. 274.
Channing, Dr. W. E., i. 370; ii. 51.
Clark, Lewis Gaylord, i. 306 *note.*
Clay, Henry, i. 313; ii. 169.
Cleaveland, Parker, i. 294 *note.*
Cleveland, Henry R., i. 243.
Cleveland, Nehemiah, letter of, quoted, i. 9.
Clough, Arthur Hugh, ii. 228, 230, 235.
Cogswell, Joseph Green, i. 294 *note.*
Conway, Moncure D., ii. 261.
Corwin, Thomas, ii. 80.
Crafts, Ellen, ii. 160.
Craigie, Andrew, i. 262.
Craigie, Mrs. Andrew, i. 262, 263, 264, 265.
Craigie House at Cambridge, i. 258, 259, 263.
Crawford, Thomas, ii. 307.
Curtis, George W., ii. 192; letters, 367, 370, 394.

D.

Dana, Richard H., i. 422; ii. 378, 415.
Dana, R. H., Jr., ii. 289, 356, 390.
De Tocqueville, Alexis, ii. 335.
Dewey, Rev. Orville, i. 237.
Dickens, Charles, i. 268; Longfellow's friendship with, 397; visits to, i.

420; ii. 444; letters, 398, 418, 419, 432, 433.
Duponceau, Peter S., i. 361.
Duxbury, early home of the Wadsworth family, i. 3.
Dwight, John S., Longfellow's letter to, regarding notice of Evangeline, ii. 101.

E.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo, i. 277, 301; ii. 30, 32, 67, 131, 132, 194, 195 and *note*, 215, 243; Longfellow's opinion of his poems, 69; Montégut's eulogy of, quoted, 94; letters from, 140, 154, 265, 402.
Everett, Alexander H., i. 185, 193.
Everett, Edward, ii. 37, 299.

F.

Felton, Cornelius C., i. 243, 251; ii. 105, 248, 280, 350, 377, 380, 381.
Ferguson, Robert, his account of a visit to Longfellow, quoted, ii. 412–416.
Fessenden, William Pitt, i. 286; ii. 242.
Fields, James T., letters to and from, ii. 171, 261, 341, 355, 386, 388, 391, 392, 394, 403, 407–409, 425–427, 444, 452; his death, 469.
Fields, Mrs. James T., ii. 401, 435.
Follen, Dr. Charles, i. 297 *note*.
Folsom, Charles, i. 191; ii. 86.
Forster, John, ii. 6, 7.
Freiligrath, Ferdinand, Longfellow's friendship with, i. 401; translates 'Skeleton in Armor,' and 'Excelsior,' 410, 411; letters to and from, 409–411, 414, 417; ii. 8–11, 14–17, 198, 199, 244, 257, 269, 292, 295, 307, 328, 362, 380.
Frémont, John C., ii. 287.
Frothingham, O. B., ii. 50.
Fuller, Margaret, ii. 26, 149, 173.

G.

Gallatin, Albert, i. 313.
Garrison, William Lloyd, i. 424.
Gladstone, W. E., ii. 443, 444.
Gorham, Longfellow homestead, i. 18.
Green, Priscilla, ii. 304.
Greene, General, anecdote of, i. 261.
Greene, Mrs. Anna, letter to, i. 247.
Greene, G. W., reminiscence of his visit with Longfellow to Naples, i. 146, 147; letters from Longfellow to, 153–155, 173, 183, 184, 192, 193, 198, 199, 217, 218, 222, 223, 248, 249, 252, 292–294, 300–303, 327. 328, 341–343, 355–357; ii. 13, 404, 405, 418, 423, 424, 430, 432, 433, 434–437, 439–441, 449–451; 454.
Greenleaf, Simon, i. 245.
Greenough, Horatio, ii. 215, 229.
Greenough, Richard, ii. 101.
Gurowski, Count, ii. 171, 176, 184, 192.

H.

Hale, Rev. E. E., i. 274; ii. 461.
Hallock, Mary, ii. 459.
Hawthorne, Mrs. Sophia, letters to and from, ii. 409–411.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, i. 249, 250, 300; letters, 250, 254, 255, 280, 281 and *note*, 298, 299, 311, 312, 337, 362, 422, 430, 431; ii. 60, 76, 98, 99, 115, 141, 195, 234, 258, 263, 276, 391, 399; proposed Book of Fairy Tales, i. 280; Scarlet Letter, ii. 162; House of Seven Gables, 189, 193; Marble Faun, 351; his death, 407.
Head, Sir Edmund, ii. 250.
Hillard, George S., i. 243, 256; letters from, 389; ii. 107–109, 154; verses to Longfellow on his departure for Europe, 399, 400.
Hiram, i. 20.
Holmes, Dr. O. W., quoted, i. 245, 310 and *note;* his praise of Evangeline and its form, ii. 72 *note;* verses to Longfellow on his sixtieth birthday, 434; farewell verses on Longfellow's departure for Europe, 438.
Hosmer, Harriet, ii. 251.
Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward, ii. 225, 237, 282.
Howe, Dr. S. G., i. 244 *note;* letter to Longfellow, ii. 97.
Hunt, Leigh, ii. 206.

I.

Irving, Pierre, i. 99.
Irving, Washington, i. 108, 117.

J.

James, G. P. R., ii. 177, 182.
Jameson, Mrs. Anna, letter to, ii. 158.
Johnson, Eastman, his portraits of Longfellow and his friends, ii. 56, 57.
Johnson, Samuel, ii. 50.

Judd, Sylvester, ii. 183.
Julius, Dr. H. N., letter from, i. 288.

K.

Kemble, Mrs. Frances, ii. 161, 294. *See* Butler, Mrs. F. K.
Kenyon, John, letter from, i. 368, 369.
Kingsley, Charles, ii. 219, 285.
Kirkland, Rev. John Thornton, i. 71, 353.
Kossuth, ii. 210, 211, 221, 222.

L.

Lafayette, General, letter from, i. 89.
Landor, Walter Savage, ii. 9, 40.
Legaré, H. S., ii. 38.
Lieber, Dr. F., ii. 147.
Lincoln, Abraham, ii. 353, 358, 361, 395, 417, 424.
Lind, Jenny, ii. 178, 197, 207, 208.
Liszt, Abbé, ii. 446.
Locke, John, quoted, i. 172.
Longfellow, Frances Elizabeth (Appleton), ii. 1; letter to Mr. Greene, 18; her death, 369.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, his birth and birthplace, i. 2; his early life at Portland, 3–25; home influences and training, 4, 5, 11–15; early family letters and their mention of, 6–9; his first letter and his father's reply, 7, 8; his peculiarities of character and disposition as a boy, 9, 10, 18; his early reading, 11, 12; his religious training, 11–14; school-days, 16–25; testimonials as to his work and standing at school, 17, 18; his first printed verses, 21, 22; enters Bowdoin College, 26; glimpses of his college career, 27–29; extracts from letters while at college to and from his family, 29–38; describes his first visit to Boston, 37, 38; his chivalrous feeling towards women, 39; contributes poems while at college to various papers and periodicals, 40–45; Bryant's influence upon, 43; his last years in college, 49–66; uncertainty as to his future occupation, with extracts from letters on the subject, 49–60; letters home from college in 1825, 61–66; obtains Chatterton's Works, 62 and *note*; graduates from college with high rank, 64; delivers the oration on graduation, 66; receives informal offer of Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College, 67; goes to New York preparatory to sailing for Europe, 70; visits Philadelphia, 73, 74; letters home from Havre, 76–78; letters from Paris, 79–84, 87–94, 97–99; his study of French, 82, 85, 87, 88, 94, 99, 138, 156; spends summer at Auteuil, 84–87; foot-journey through part of France, 89–94; American friends in Paris, 98; decides to visit Spain, 99, 101; at Bordeaux, 99–101; letters from Madrid, with description of his journey from Bordeaux, 102–109; American friends in Madrid, 108; his study of Spanish, 108, 120, 138, 156; visit to Segovia and the Escorial, 110–116; his acquaintance with and admiration for Washington Irving, 117, 118; journey through the South of Spain, 125–134; his delight with the visit to Spain, 134, 142; sails for Italy, 135; journey from Marseilles to Florence, 136, 137; letters home from Florence, 137–142; his study of Italian, 137, 138, 143, 149, 156; journey to Rome, 142; letters to his family from Rome and Naples, 143–149, 151–153; his visit to Naples with Mr. Greene, 146, 147; sick with fever at Rome, 149; goes to Ariccia, — letters home from that place, 149–151; starts for Germany, 153; letters from Venice *en route*, 153–158; letter to his father regarding the withdrawal of the expected offer of an appointment at Bowdoin, 155, 156; letters from Trieste and Vienna, 159–162; journal notes at Dresden, 163–165; life at Göttingen, — letters home, 166–172; his studies there, 166, 168, 171, 172; makes a short visit to England and Holland, 169–171; his estimate of Wordsworth, 172; returns to America, 172, 173; appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Librarian at Bowdoin, 174, 175; publishes text-books for use in his classes, 175; his activity and interest in his work, 176, 177; his popularity with the students, 177–180; his inaugural address, 180–183; the duties of his position, 183, 184; becomes a contributor to the North American Review, 185, 186; his marriage, 187; his increased activity and interest in his work, 188–190; reads a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, 191; his publications since his return from Europe, 192, 193; contributes to the New England

Magazine, 193, 194; publishes in parts his Outre-Mer, 193, 194; begins at this time his scrap-book collections of newspaper notices of his publications, 194, 195; rare instances of personal defence in public against criticisms, 195 and *note;* publishes his first book, — Manrique's *Coplas*, 196 and *note;* his growing dissatisfaction with his position at Bowdoin and proposed changes, 200, 201; receives appointment as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, 201, 202; the offer accepted, and arrangements made for a second visit to Europe, 203; his visit in London and acquaintances formed there, 204; arranges for an English edition of Outre-Mer, 205; visits Denmark and Sweden, 205, 206; acquaintances formed at Stockholm, 206; his impressions of Sweden and its language, 206, 207; letters from Gothenberg and Copenhagen, 208, 209; his Danish studies, 209; illness of his wife, 210, 211; his journey to Heidelberg, 212, 213; introductions to men of letters at Heidelberg, 214; his close application to study, 216, 217; letters from Heidelberg, 217–219, 222, 223; his life at Heidelberg during the spring of 1836, 219–222; plans a journey to Switzerland, 222; incidents of his journey to the Tyrol, 224–228; journal of his journey through Switzerland to Paris and Havre, 228–242: enters upon his duties at Cambridge, 243; his early friendships there, and the formation of "The Five of Clubs," 243, 244; Cambridge society at the time, and his connection therewith, 244–246; his early residence in Cambridge as mentioned in his correspondence, 247–253; beginning of his friendship with Hawthorne, 249, 250; college work, 251, 252, 253, 266, 267, 273–275, 279, 280, 281, 285, 286, 287, 289, 295, 296, 297, 300, 303, 304, 316, 318, 330, 332, 345, 350, 353, 371, 381, 383; ii. 59, 61; his early residence at the Craigie House, i. 253, 263–266, 268; his circle of young literary friends at Cambridge, 268, 269; his first poems from the Craigie House, 269–272; proposed partnership with Hawthorne in child's book of Fairy Tales, 280, 281 and *note;* letters in 1838 to Charles Sumner, his father, and others, 282–284, 285, 288, 289, 292–294, 295, 300–303; Hyperion published, 308–310, 324, 325, 326, 329, 330, 333; publishes his first book of poems, — Voices of the Night, 310, 335, 338, 341; vacation visit to Washington, 313, 314; writes the 'Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus,' 339; lectures in New York, 346 and *note*, 347; his 'Skeleton in Armor,' 366, 367; The Spanish Student, 367; 'Excelsior' and its history, 384 *note;* plans, in part, the later publication of 'Christus,' 388, 389, 403; his friendship with Charles Dickens, 397; his third visit to Europe, 399; his friendship with Ferdinand Freiligrath, 401; his acquaintance with Jules Janin in Paris, 402; visit to Bruges, 403; visit to London, 420, 421; publishes his Poems on Slavery, 424; his marriage to Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, ii. 1; his wedding journey, 2, 3; the Craigie House purchased for a permanent home, 3; suffers serious trouble with his eyes, 3; edits, with Mr. Felton, the Poets and Poetry of Europe, 3; publishes his Belfry of Bruges collection, 27; publishes Evangeline, 70, 73; summer vacation at Portland, Westbrook, and Nahant, 88–93; summer vacation at Pittsfield, 117–122; the death of his daughter Fanny, 123; By the Fireside, and By the Seaside, delivered to printers, 138; Kavanagh published, 140; called to Portland on his father's illness, 143; his father's death, 145; finishes 'Building of the Ship,' 147; visit to Philadelphia and Washington, 166; summer at Nahant, 172–176; contemplates resigning his professorship, 179; lectures on Italian literature quoted, 186, 187 and *note;* called to Portland by the sudden death of his mother, 191; goes to Nahant for the summer, 197; the Golden Legend, — its publication and general theme, 212, 213; goes to Newport for the summer, 223; present at Lowell's supper to Thackeray, 231; his continued dissatisfaction with his college work and lack of time for writing, 235, 238; letters to Sumner in relation to the latter's Nebraska Bill speeches, 240, 241, 242; decides to resign his professorship, 243, 244; plans and begins Hiawatha, 247, 248; spends summer at Nahant, 248; his resignation of professorship accepted, 250; writes Victor Galbraith, 256; summer at Newport, 260; Hiawatha published, — its success, 263,

269, 272, 351; his excitement and indignation at Brooks's assault on Sumner, 280; gives up proposed visit to Europe on account of injury to his knee, 282, 283; begins Courtship of Miles Standish, 289; becomes a member of the Saturday Club, 294, 306; copyright statement of his books sold to date, 295 *note;* contributes 'Santa Filomena' to the first number of the Atlantic Monthly, 298 and *note*, 308; makes rough draft of 'Wenlock Christison,' 304; publishes 'Sandalphon,' 313, 315; publishes Miles Standish, 316, 317, 326; "Enceladus" written, 332, 341, 342; receives degree of LL.D. from Harvard College, 340; writes 'Paul Revere's Ride,' 352; a member of the committee to receive the Prince of Wales in Boston, 357; writes 'The Saga of King Olaf,' 358; the death of his wife, 369; resumes the translation of Dante, 372; visits Niagara Falls, 383; finishes the translation of Dante but delays its publication, 393; publishes Tales of a Wayside Inn, 395; called to Washington by news of his son being wounded, 395, 396; publishes the translation of Dante and forwards the first volume to Italy, 420, 421; its careful revision by the Dante Club, 428 and *note;* finishes his notes to Dante, 432; sails for Europe, — farewell verses by Holmes on his departure, 438; visit to the Lake Country, 440; his reply to an address of welcome at Carlisle, England, 441 *note;* admitted to the honorary degree of LL.D. at Cambridge, 441; public press comments on his arrival in England, 442, 443; hospitalities enjoyed in London, 443, 444; Mr. Gladstone's tribute of respect to, 444; his visit to the continent, 445–448; acquaintances at Rome, 446; fictitious account of his visit to Naples exposed, 447 *note;* receives degree of D. C. L. at Oxford on his return to England, 448; his return to America, 451; literary productions of his later years, 456–461; completes the Christus Trilogy, 458; publishes The Hanging of the Crane, 459 and *note;* delivers the anniversary class poem at Brunswick, 464; visits the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 464; presented by the school children of Cambridge on his seventy-second birthday with an arm-chair, 465, 466; publishes Ultima Thule, 466, 467; celebration of his birthday by the school children throughout the country, 467, 468; the comparative seclusion of his last days, 470; his last poems, 470, 471; his last illness, 472; his death and funeral, 472, 473.

Longfellow, Mary Storer (Potter), i. 187; her mention of the Carlyles, 204, 205; her illness and death at Rotterdam, 211.

Longfellow, Stephen, first, i. 361 *note.*

Longfellow, Judge Stephen, i. 19.

Longfellow, Stephen, Henry's father, i. 5; his death, 145.

Longfellow, Stephen, Jr., letters to, i. 77, 78, 83, 89–94, 144, 146, 147, 148, 160–162.

Longfellow, Zilpah Wadsworth, Henry's mother, i. 3, 4; letters quoted, 6, 8, 30, 31, 48; her death, ii. 191.

Lovell's Pond, the subject of Longfellow's first printed verses, i. 21, 22.

Lovering, Joseph, i. 244; ii. 449.

Lowell, Rev. Charles, i. 71.

Lowell, James Russell, ii. 103, 116, 126 *note*, 127, 158, 298, 332, 395, 415, 454; appointed Longfellow's successor at Harvard, 254, 257, 259; assists in the final revision of Longfellow's translation of Dante, 428; his poem to Longfellow on the latter's sixtieth birthday, 433; letters from Longfellow, in Europe, 448.

Lunt, George, ii. 7, 8.

M.

Mackay, Charles, ii. 306.

Mackenzie, A. Slidell, i. 109; ii. 67.

Mackintosh, Robert J., i. 334 *note*, ii. 367.

Marsh, George P., ii. 314.

McLellan, Isaac, reminiscence of Longfellow at college, i. 28, 29.

Mellen, Judge, i. 23.

Milman, Henry Hart, ii. 435.

Montégut, Émile, his eulogy of Emerson quoted, ii. 94; review of Hiawatha cited, 303.

Monti, Luigi, ii. 199, 398 *note.*

Morpeth, Lord, i. 385; letter from, ii. 5, 6.

Morphy, Paul, ii. 336.

Motley, John Lothrop, i. 323 *note;* ii. 33, 278.

N.

Nahant, i. 381 *note.*

Neal, John, letters from, i. 345, 396, 431.

Nebraska Bill, ii. 239.
Newman, Professor F., ii. 388.
Nichol, Dr. J., ii. 104, 105.
Nichols, Rev. Ichabod, i. 13, 294; ii. 330.
Norton, Andrews, i. 244; ii. 133, 235.
Norton, Charles Eliot, Longfellow's letters to, ii. 159, 192, 395; reminiscence of Longfellow's courteous treatment of visitors, 456.
Norton, Mrs. Andrews, Longfellow's letters to, i. 404–407, 413; ii. 12.

O.

Otis, Harrison Gray, i. 366 and *note*.
Otis, Mrs. Harrison Gray, Jr., letter from, i. 379.

P.

Page, William, ii. 84.
Palfrey, Dr. John Gorham, i. 244; ii. 348, 469.
Parker, Theodore, ii. 100, 239.
Parsons, Theophilus, editor of the U. S. Literary Gazette, i. 42, 46, 47.
Parsons, Thomas W., ii. 267, 398 *note*.
Peirce, Benjamin, i. 244.
Perkins, Charles, ii. 254.
Phillips, Wendell, i. 424.
Pierce, George W., i. 216 *note*.
Poe, Edgar A., i. 195, 376, 377.
Poems, quoted: —
'Battle of Lovell's Pond,' i. 21, 22.
'Lost Youth,' i. 25.
'To Ianthe,' i. 40, 41.
'Thanksgiving,' i. 42.
'The Angler's Song,' i. 44, 45.
'Song' sent to Miss Caroline Doane, i. 69.
'Flowers,' i. 269, 270.
'Evening Shadows,' i. 276, 277.
'Mezzo Cammin,' i. 404.
'The Cross of Snow,' ii. 373.
Portland, i. 1, 2, 15; ii. 144.
Prescott, William H., i. 300; letters from, i. 394, 395; ii. 266; his death, 331, 332.
Pulszky, Madame, ii. 222.
Putnam, General, anecdote of, i. 261.

Q.

Quincy, Josiah, letter to Longfellow, offering the Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, i. 201, 202; ii. 361.
Quentin Durward, i. 93.

R.

Rae, Dr., ii. 303.
Read, Buchanan, ii. 62.
Read, General Meredith, mention of incident in connection with Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' i. 271, 272.
Rogers, Samuel, i. 419, 420.
Rouquette, Abbé, ii. 303.
Ruskin, John, quoted, ii. 212.

S.

Sales, Francis, i. 274; ii. 240.
Sand, George, ii. 236, 351.
Scherb, E. V., ii. 113, 151, 152, 185.
Schurz, Carl, ii. 334, 335.
Scott, Sir Walter, ii. 219.
Sebago Lake, i. 165 *note*.
Sedgwick, Catharine, ii. 229.
Shadrach, a fugitive slave, — excitement at Boston over his escape, ii. 190.
Simms, Thomas, a fugitive slave captured in Boston and returned to slavery, ii. 192.
Sophocles, E. A., ii. 378, 382.
Soulé, Pierre, ii. 169, 313.
Sparks, Jared, i. 244.
Stephenson, Captain Samuel, i. 2.
Story, Judge Joseph, i. 245, 314.
Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, ii. 233, 249, 339; her Uncle Tom, 222, 223.
Sumner, Charles, his intimacy with Longfellow, i. 243; letters from, 401, 414; ii. 145, 300, 304, 322; quoted, 354 *notes*; delivers Phi Beta Kappa oration, ii. 55; mentioned, 88, 95, 122, 153, 187, 189, 216, 294, 309, 317, 347, 354, 414; prominent in politics, 126, 127; Free Soil candidate for Congress, 127; elected to U. S. Senate, 194 and *note*; assaulted in the Senate Chamber, 279, 280; returns to Boston, 289; re-elected to Congress, 291; his death, 454.
Sumner, George, ii. 341, 394.

T.

Talfourd, T. N., ii. 243.
Taylor, Bayard, ii. 56, 125, 252; letter in praise of Hiawatha, 264.
Taylor, Father, ii. 96, 232.
Taylor, President, ii. 127, 167, 171, 172.
Tennyson, Alfred, ii. 168, 339, 341, 432, 445, 449.

Thackeray, W. M., ii. 229, 270; Lowell's supper to, 231; letter from, 346.
Thalberg, Sigismund, ii. 291.
Ticknor, Professor George, Longfellow's early acquaintance with, i. 71 and *note*; quoted in regard to Longfellow's French and Spanish textbooks, 175; his letter in connection with the publication of Outre-Mer, 197; his recommendation of Longfellow's ability, 201 *note*; quoted, 216; letter to Longfellow on the receipt of his translation of Dante, ii. 436.
Ticknor, W. D., ii. 405.
Treadwell, Professor, ii. 398 *note*.
Trumbull, Colonel John, i. 260.

U.

United States Literary Gazette, The, i. 41; Longfellow's connection with, 42–44, 46, 47.

V.

Vassall, Colonel John, i. 259.
Von Hohenhausen, Baroness Elize, ii. 301, 315.
Von Ramm, Baron J., i. 214; letter from, 321.

W.

Wadsworth, General Peleg, Longfellow's grandfather, i. 3; his house at Portland, 3; later residence at Hiram, 20; Mrs. Longfellow's description of his appearance, 20 *note*; his several positions of honor and trust, 20 *note*; his death, 20 *note*.
Wadsworth, Henry, Longfellow's uncle, i. 3; his heroic death at Tripoli, 3.
Wadsworth, Lucia, Longfellow's aunt, i. 4; letter quoted, 6.
Wales, Henry Ware, ii. 248 and *note*, 398 *note*.
Wales, Prince of, his reception at Boston and Cambridge, ii. 357.
Walker, Dr. James, i. 252; ii. 129.
Ward, Samuel, beginning of Longfellow's acquaintance with, i. 215, 269; Longfellow's letters to and from, 315, 319–321, 323, 326, 363, 365, 371, 373, 377, 380, 382–388, 390, 391, 394, 411–413, 423, 429; mentioned, ii. 459 *note*.
Ware, Henry, i. 244.
Ware, Henry, Jr., congratulatory letter on Longfellow's publication of Poems on Slavery, i. 430.
Ware, Mrs. Mary, ii. 232.
Washington, George, his headquarters at the Craigie House, i. 260; extract from his Account Book, 260 *note*; traditions of, as connected with the Craigie House, 261.
Webster, Daniel, quoted, ii. 119 *note*, 162, 181; his death, 227.
Wells, George W., Longfellow's letters to, on the choice of a profession, i. 52, 54.
Whewell, Dr. William, ii. 72, 112, 277.
White, Richard Grant, ii. 253.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, i. 424; ii. 20, 311; Longfellow's letter to, declining proposed Congressional nomination, 20; letter from Longfellow in regard to Evangeline, 102.
Willis, N. P., i. 356; ii. 300.
Winthrop, R. C., ii. 445 *note*.
Winthrop, Theodore, ii. 368.
Worcester, Joseph E., i. 377; ii. 250.
Wordsworth, Longfellow's estimate of, i. 172; ii. 175.

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